

DAILY NOTES
OF A TRIP
AROUND *the* WORLD

E.W. HOWE



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BY

E. W. HOWE

Author of *The Story of a Country Town, Ventures in Common
Sense, Travel Letters from Africa, New Zealand
and Australia, etc.*



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PREFACE TO NEW EDITION

I have read descriptions of strange countries so involved in words I could not understand them. I do not believe such fault will be found with this book. I went for a look at the world, and saw it not as writer or ambassador, but as a plain traveler; I saw only what any one may see: ships, hotels, crowds, unusual places guides clamor for the privilege of pointing out to everyone.

The notes about India were written in India; every reference to the sea on ships:—the writing was done every day as the journey progressed, and sent back to the newspaper of which I was editor and publisher, as my part of the daily work.

The journey actually began October 26, 1905, and ended March 10, 1906; but travel letters never grow old, if reasonably well done in the first place.

The many commendations mine have received have resulted in this new edition. Original publication was in two volumes, usually objectionable to readers, and this fault has been overcome by careful revision.

I went over the route usually followed, and a good many who have taken the same trip since the war write me that conditions have not greatly changed. Later I went around the world by way of the South Sea Islands, Australia, New Zealand and Africa, and found very much less of interest. So far as I know, India is the show spot of the world, and in centuries there has been little change there. Travel is a delight to the young, but on both journeys I saw mainly elderly people who were not having a very good time.

So many have written to inquire as to the daughter who accompanied me on the journey, and was called "The Educational Bureau," that I state she is now Mrs. Dwight Farnham,

of New York City, lately widely mentioned in the papers as winning the Dodd, Mead prize with a first novel.

Two sons are also referred to. Jim is an Associated Press man abroad, and accompanied Colonel Lindbergh on the cruiser "Memphis" from France to Washington. Eugene has also progressed with the years, and is publisher of three newspapers, including the one for which the letters were originally written.

E. W. HOWE.

June 20, 1927.

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FRIDAY, October 27.

When a man starts on a trip around the world, his neighbors say to him:

"What a good time you will have!"

I haven't had a very good time, so far, although I rather enjoyed the trip last night between Atchison and Topeka, because Dad Griffith, the Santa Fé conductor, sat with me part of the time, and told me how he quit smoking. He quit fifteen years ago, and his wife praised him so much that he has never smoked since—in her presence. When away from home, however, he smokes as much as anybody, but always fumigates himself before returning to his family. He has been a sneak fifteen years, and does not enjoy his wife's praise. When the subject of smoking comes up, Mrs. Griffith says any "respectable" man can quit the vile habit, and Dad is compelled to take it. He says that nearly every day he resolves to confess to his wife, but she is so proud of him that he has put it off fifteen years.

At Topeka, while standing on the station platform, waiting for No. 9, the Flyer (due in ten minutes), two railroad men carrying lanterns met in front of me.

"How is No. 9?" one man asked the other.

"Fifty minutes late," was the reply.

"Well, that means an hour and a half," the other said, and he made a good guess.

Thereupon I said to myself:

"That good time the neighbors talked about—I am still looking for it."

Last night a railroad man came into the car, and took my railroad and Pullman tickets. I should have given him my money and my watch had he asked for them, for I have learned to trust railroad men. A good many years ago, I bought a long tourist ticket from Paris to London, by way of Switzerland, the Rhine, the battlefield of Waterloo, etc. The foreign railroad man taught me to trust his brethren everywhere. When I first started on the long tour, with its many changes, I would collect my baggage, and attempt to get off every time the train stopped, but a railroad man would shove me back. When I finally arrived at a junction point, a railroad man would appear at the car door, and pull me out. When my train departed, the same man would shove me into the proper car and close the door. I couldn't speak a word of his language, and he couldn't speak a word of mine, but he took the best possible care of me. All this impressed me so much that I turned myself over to the railroad men unreservedly, and enjoyed my trip without the slightest care. At one place, no train was waiting when the railroad man pulled me out of the coach, and I judged that the train on which I should resume my journey was not due for some time. I therefore concluded to go up town and look around, knowing that the railroad men would look after me. The town was Lausanne, and after I had looked about for an hour or two, a railroad man came up hurriedly, and began pushing me toward the station. It seemed that he had considerable trouble in finding me, for he was in a hurry, and pushed me along rapidly. Arriving at the station, he shoved me into the proper coach, handed in my baggage, and closed the door. I visited a great many points of interest, necessitating a very circuitous tour, but I never missed a connection; the railroad men took care of me, and they found me very willing and appreciative. The trip included a trip over the Alps, by stage, and when the tourists arrived at the place where they were to change to stages, they dashed up to the stage station, and secured all the seats. But I knew the rail-

road men would look after me, since I had a ticket, so I was very deliberate and waited. When it was time to start over the Alps, and it was found I had no seat, the agent ordered out a carriage, and I rode in it all day, alone, while the piggish passengers, the passengers who didn't trust the railroad men, were crowded into the stages, inside and outside. . . . At Wiesbaden I met an American, and we determined one Saturday night to go to Mayence. The time card we carried showed a train to Mayence at 11 P. M., so we went to the station, and waited for the 11 o'clock train. Presently a railroad man came in and tried to turn us out. I was anxious to go, for I had confidence in the railroad man's judgment, but the other American believed that he could speak German, and talked with the railroad man, who was gesticulating violently. I felt there was something wrong, the other railroad men had known their business so well, but my companion translated the railroad man's talk to me, and said the 11 o'clock train was half an hour late. My companion would jabber a while with the excited railroad man, and then gravely translate to me.

"He says," the American translated to me, "that he has an uncle in Iowa, and is always pleased to meet Americans."

At another time, the American laughed heartily, after jabbering with the now thoroughly excited railroad man, and explained to me that they had been exchanging German jokes, the point of which would be lost in translation.

But I was satisfied something was wrong: when a railroad man acts as that railroad man acted, I have always found it safe to conclude that there is something wrong. But he disappeared presently, and remained so long that I wondered what had become of him; I wondered, too, that he did not return and exchange more jokes with my companion, who could speak German. And the 11 o'clock train was evidently more than half an hour late, for it was after midnight when the railroad man came back, accompanied by a man who could speak English.

"He has been trying to tell you," the new-comer said, "that

on Saturday nights the 11 o'clock train to Mayence is abandoned."

I thought something was the matter, all the time. But the foreign railroad man didn't lay up my companion's stupidity against us; he shoved us out of the station, and up the street to a very good hotel, where we secured rooms, and went to bed.

Ever since that trip, I have trusted railroad men implicitly; if you have a ticket, they'll get you to the place named on the last coupon.

SATURDAY, October 28.

When I awoke this morning, I looked out of the window and saw a village of Pueblo Indians. The houses were of adobe, or dried mud. There was no railroad station at the village, as these Indians buy little, and have little to sell except crude pottery, and pictures of themselves. The railroad ran down a dusty valley, and through this valley ran a poor little stream. The Indians utilize the water in a crude way, for irrigating, and raise a little corn and wheat. They have horses and cattle and sheep. The Pueblos are known as "the village Indians"; wherever you find them, you find them living in villages of adobe. The Pueblo Indians are a very old people, and have improved so little that in building its stations the Pueblo towns were not considered by the railroad company; the Pueblos do not travel, and ship neither stock nor grain. If you want to visit a Pueblo village, you get off at a white man's town, and drive back to the Indian town. It has happened in a few cases that the railroad has built a station near an Indian town, as at Albuquerque, but this was accidental; the Pueblos have no stores, no travelers.

I have an ambition to write a letter every day of my journey, but find that writing on a railroad train, with a pencil, is slow work. At home, I use a typewriter, and find, since beginning these letters, that I have almost forgotten how to write. Besides, when I write, I cannot look out of the car window. Even in this desolate country, there is a great deal to see. In

Arizona, the section-houses along the railroad are built for Mexican section-men, and built after the Mexican fashion: these low houses are covered with a continuous roof, leaving two open passage-ways through the house. The Mexicans look very much like negroes, except that they have straight hair. If I were a negro, I would give a thousand dollars to be a Mexican. . . . In the valleys they raise a little corn, and you ought to see it: it looks like doll corn. I wish I had brought a Kansas ear along, to show these people. . . . Travel is becoming an American habit. Travel is cheap, and many people who have the means travel all the time. I heard a man say to-day that he could travel all the time on an income of two thousand dollars a year. I believe he could do it by economizing. The facilities for handling tourist travel are becoming better every day, and cheaper. In a few years the trip around the world will be easily, quickly, and cheaply made. Facilities for tourists will be provided everywhere, and prices lowered. There is rest and recreation in travel. It is restful to see things that are "different." It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of time in seeing a "sight." I saw a number of Pueblo villages this morning, while traveling forty miles an hour. I had no desire to stop; I have the "idea."

This section was settled long ago. Santa Fé, which we passed last night, is one of the very oldest towns in the United States. The Aztecs, a very ancient people, lived not far south of here; many of them found their way into Arizona and New Mexico, and fought the fierce Apache for the right to live peaceful lives. The Cliff Dwellers were Aztecs, or closely allied to them, and there are cliff dwellings in this section in a fine state of preservation. Any railroad agent will supply, free, a fine story of the Aztecs; a fine story of Montezuma, an early Mexican king. Some scientists claim that the very earliest civilization sprang from Mexico and the region through which I am now traveling. Travelers by this line may stop at certain stations and visit the abandoned homes of the Cliff Dwellers. The history of these people is shrouded in as much mystery as the history of the ancient Egyptians; nobody

knows when they lived—it is only known that they lived a long time ago. At some of these cliff dwellings may be heard to-day the rumble of railroad trains.

SUNDAY, October 29.

Williams, Arizona, where I changed cars to go to the Grand Canyon, is wide open. In the evening I walked around, and found gambling and music in all the saloons. Women mingled promiscuously with the men, and drank and gambled as recklessly as the most hardened. One young woman sang, with piano accompaniment played by a nervous genius ruined by drink, and I have not heard a better soprano in some time. . . . The branch of the Santa Fé running to the Grand Canyon is sixty-three miles long, and runs through a barren country, so far as traffic is concerned. The branch has no source of revenue, except the travel to the canyon. In addition to two daily passenger trains, a freight train is devoted entirely to hauling water and supplies to the two hotels, as there is no water at the canyon, or between Williams and the canyon. There is the Colorado river, but it is a mile below the rim of the canyon, and therefore water is hauled in tanks from Williams. It is said it costs the two Harvey hotels at the canyon eighty dollars a day to secure a water supply. But this is only a small part of the expense of operating the branch. Four work trains are constantly employed, with five hundred Japanese and Mexican laborers. The cost of these trains, and the expense of hundreds of laborers, must be paid out of the passenger travel, and by thinking of the future. Travel to the canyon has doubled every year since the branch was opened, so that the Santa Fé officials probably know what they are about.

There are two hotels at the canyon: El Tovar and Bright Angel. The last named is the old hotel. Originally a log cabin, when travel was very light, because of the tedious stage journey from Flagstaff, it has been added to as the resort became better known, and is now a collection of log and frame

houses and tents, capable of accommodating a good many people. The Bright Angel is the popular price hotel, with lunch-counter annex; a room may be obtained for seventy-five cents, and the lunch counter enables travelers to live as cheaply as they please. The conductor of the train told me that the other day one hundred W. C. T. U. excursionists visited the canyon, and they all stopped at the Bright Angel. The total receipts from the party amounted to \$22. W. C. T. U. women do not drink, as is well known, and it seems from this that they do not eat. . . . A livery stable is also operated here, where horses may be hired for the ride down Bright Angel trail. No horseman is allowed on the trail without a guide. The trip down the trail to the river and back is made in nine hours. Down in the canyon is a collection of tents, where the travelers stop for lunch and the noonday rest. There is a little independent hotel here, and its water supply is carried from the river on the backs of burros. When it is time to water unemployed horses, mules and donkeys, they are started down the trail. They go to the river, drink their fill and return. A mule always leads these expeditions, because of his superior intelligence. . . . Around the hotel where I am staying, I saw the city-bred cowboys and girls getting ready for the trail by putting on all sorts of outlandish hats and costumes. . . . I say girls; not many girls—mostly elderly women who have accumulated money. They say here that more than half the women who visit the canyon come on life-insurance money. The large number of rich widows should set the men to thinking, and cause them to eat and drink less.

Next to the canyon itself, the great sight here is El Tovar, the new hotel, lately completed at great cost. It is a palace of logs. I have been around a good deal, and have never before seen anything like it. It is operated on the American plan, and the price is \$3.50 a day. If you want a room with bath, you pay more. And when you consider that the water is hauled sixty-three miles, the extra price is not unreasonable. While taking a bath this morning, I made a calculation and came to the conclusion that I used sixty cents' worth of water.

To wash your face and your teeth you use four cents' worth of water; a drink costs half a cent. At breakfast I was ushered into the most impressive dining-room I have even seen, and the breakfast here in the wilderness was equal to that served at the best city hotels. My enthusiasm about El Tovar is not due to any special attention paid me by the management. Nature has done so much for the Grand Canyon that I am glad to find that man has done a notable thing on the rim of the canyon, and that notable thing is El Tovar. On the second story, there is a "well" looking down into the office; the columns here, and in the office, are huge logs, and the paintings on the walls are masterpieces by Moran and others, the subjects being appropriate to the locality. There is a smoking-room adjoining the office, and this is as wonderful as the dining-room. On the walls of the smoking-room are animal heads: elk, moose, buffalo, etc., in addition to old Spanish firearms. All over the house is the dark mission furniture. The floors are polished, and the rugs are made by the Navajos. The outside of the hotel is as impressive as the inside, and the "effects" are produced, in a rugged way, with heavy timbers. The hotel is located on a high point, and is beautiful any way you look at it. Wide porches surround it, the log effect always present. . . . I arrived late at night, and went to bed at once. Soon after daylight the next morning I awoke, and sat up in bed to look out of the window. Before me lay the Grand Canyon, or a part of it; that was my first view. . . . As men grow older, they are more easily moved to tears. I have a friend who is an elderly man, and tears come into his eyes when I go to see him, and when I leave him. I am beginning to notice that I am more easily moved to tears than I formerly was, though no one ever catches me at it. Once, not long ago, when I was particularly nervous, a particularly annoying thing caused me to hurry away to a lonely place, and for a moment I was in danger of crying like a child. The incident frightened me; I kept thinking: "You're getting along; you're getting along." The great things of nature and art impress me,, but only the incidents of life affect me deeply. I have never

stood in awe before a great picture. A funeral impresses me more than a masterpiece in art; a crying child, the unhappiness of people, the ordinary affairs of men,—these are things that make the cold chills run over me, or make my knees weak, as if standing on the brink of a precipice. . . . I was not greatly impressed, therefore, with my first view of the Grand Canyon; principally because I did not see it first from the most favorable place. After walking and driving to the various places along the rim, and viewing the canyon from different points of advantage, I find it growing on me. Had I not engagements ahead I would remain another day. And if I should remain over another day, I should probably long for a stay of a week. . . . No picture, no description, can give you an idea of it. . . . In the first place, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is 217 miles long: El Tovar is built at one of many notable spots along the river's course. A photographer can stand on one of the high spots along the rim, and take a dozen notable pictures; but the canyon is 217 miles long, and there are two sides to it. What can art do with such a canyon as that? And it should be remembered that the canyon is not straight; it is crooked, on an immense scale. The Wind and Green rivers, in Wyoming, pour their waters into the Little Colorado; the Little Colorado empties into the Colorado, and the Colorado empties into the Gulf of California. And scenery every foot of the way; wonderful scenery for 217 miles, and marvelous scenery at thousands of points. That is a summary of the tremendous story. And then think of a picture on the wall, 10 x 18 inches, labeled "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado river"! . . . From rim to rim, the canyon is thirteen miles wide; from where I sat two hours, and looked at the canyon, the depth to the river was a little over a mile. The first ledge of rock on the rim is a thousand feet thick, and it is of limestone—white, of course, with green pines above it. The next ledge is of sandstone, a red or bronze; iron discolorations. These are the colors, with their variations: white, gray, dull red, bronze, brown, etc. This red sandstone, beginning just below the white rim, continues apparently to the bottom; to

the igneous rock, which means the rock below which man knows nothing. If you dig a great hole into the earth, many thousands of feet deep, you will encounter rock which tells a story to geologists; they can tell when and how it was made. But after a time you will come to the igneous rock, and continue in that until the heat drives you out. How far this igneous rock continues, no one knows; there is no hole in the earth below it. . . . Standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon, and looking into it, you see fantastically shaped mountains below you, and between you and the river, which may be seen at different points; at one place I saw it at five different spots. This river is a stream two or three hundred feet wide; deep, and flowing swiftly, with many rapids, yet from the top of the canyon it seems only a few feet wide. The general shape of the canyon is like the letter V, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom; but the canyon is always twisting and turning, in its immense way, although pursuing the same general course—from the north to the southwest. As you stand on the rim, and look down, you see below you mountains of queer shape. One is called "The Battleship," and there is a marked resemblance to a battleship. Another is called "The Alligator," because of its resemblance, in huge outline, to an alligator. One towering point is called "The Queen of Sheba." As many grand names are heard along the Grand Canyon as may be found in the register of a breeder of fancy stock. . . . How did all this happen? I have heard, and have read the story, but have forgotten. Only trained geologists can understand it. And they do understand it, perfectly. . . . A California man who sat with me on the rim, and looked at the canyon with wonder, said: "Well, the Lord may have done the work in Palestine in six days, and rested on the seventh, but he worked several million years overtime here." . . . A Wise Man who accompanied me from the hotel, and who was looking into the canyon, knew all about it. But he talked in an unknown tongue to me. I couldn't follow him, and finally became more interested in a gold tooth in his lower jaw: I wondered how a dentist had managed to build it up.

MONDAY, October 30.

I left the Grand Canyon this morning with regret. It is not so highly colored as represented in pictures, but in other respects you will find it more wonderful than you expected. A magazine lately printed a series of pictures of the Grand Canyon. They were so highly colored as to be caricatures. The coloring in the Yellowstone Canyon is very much more decided than in the Canyon of the Colorado, but in immensity there is no comparison between the two. They say no one is ever disappointed in the Canyon of the Colorado. If this is true, no greater compliment can be paid the great show place.

Arizona undoubtedly has a favorable climate for consumptives, but I imagine they find trouble in securing accommodations. A hotel proprietor told me yesterday that he received letters every day from persons suffering with "throat trouble." They never call it anything else—and he advises them not to come to Arizona, although he knows consumptives find Arizona a blessing. He says he does not want consumptives as guests, because other guests object to them. He has gone so far as to induce two physicians to give him a written opinion that consumptives should remain away from Arizona.

On the sleeping-car on which this is written are a father and a mother with five noisy children. The father and the mother are, at this writing, sound asleep, and the other passengers are taking care of the children. Their berths are near mine, and I fear trouble to-night. The children are entirely neglected by their parents. When not asleep, the parents read. The parents are rather nice-looking people, but the children, because of neglect, look like immigrants. A man went through the car just now, carrying one of the smallest of the children, and amusing it by jumping it up and down in his arms. "It will be your turn next," he said to me, as he passed. I couldn't do anything with a baby, now: I am out of practice—my youngest is nineteen; when my turn comes, I shall arouse the parents.

The eldest of the five noisy children on the Pullman has been hanging around me, and trying to look through my valise. Two of the smaller ones are crying. I hope these people will leave the train at some junction point, so I asked the boy: "Where are you going?" He replied with great promptness: "We are going to China." A light dawned on me: his father is a missionary. As soon as I can collect my nerve, I intend to ask the boy if he is going on the "Siberia."

In the smoking-room, where I went to smoke after dinner at Seligman, a traveler was telling of an experience he once had in India. He was walking along the streets of Bombay, with a party of friends, when he saw a crowd of people surrounding an Indian juggler. The juggler had a piece of ordinary rope, about fifteen feet long, which he threw into the air. Very much to the surprise of the travelers, the rope remained upright in the air. Then the juggler called a little Indian boy and the boy climbed the rope; then the juggler produced a sword, and cut the rope at a point about three feet from the ground. Then the rope came tumbling down, but the boy had disappeared! How did the juggler perform the trick? This question was discussed in the smoking-room a long time, but no conclusion was reached.

"How much did you give the juggler for performing the trick?" I asked the traveler.

"O, a mere trifle," he replied; "a few pennies."

"Well," I replied, "I am going to India, and to Bombay, and if the juggler will do that trick for me, I shall be more appreciative; I will give him a million dollars."

I am becoming more and more convinced that the father of the large family is a missionary: the only thing his five children have to play with is a Bible. Every little while the father calls the oldest boy to him, and demands that he read a chapter. As I write this, I can hear the boy droning away: "And the Lord said unto Moses," etc.

The blow has fallen. The father of the big family of little children is a missionary, and he will sail on the "Siberia" next Saturday, at 1 P. M. The oldest boy came out to the smoking-room, to which I had retreated to avoid the noise, and he told me his father was a missionary, and that they would sail on the "Siberia," on which I am booked. I shall therefore have their company for nearly a month; until we reach Shanghai. I know the names of three of the children already: Louise, Dorothy, and Henry George. The oldest boy is named Henry George; and they do not call him Henry or George, but always Henry George. All the children were born in China, where their father's work has called him for the past twenty years.

TUESDAY, October 31.

Usually, when I travel, the Pullman sleeper is the rear car of the train. In the smoking-room of this car I nearly always meet a tall, angular man who is connected with the railroad; a head man of the track department, as a rule. Occasionally the conductor comes in and gives him a telegram, which the man reads in an indifferent way, and then puts in his pocket. I met such a man in the smoking-room last night, who advised me to get up early this morning, and see the pass over the Tchacipi mountains. Therefore I dressed at daylight, and spent an hour on the rear platform. In crossing the mountains, there are eighteen tunnels in eighteen miles. In getting off the mountain, the train winds around a distance of fourteen miles to make three miles. During this twisting and turning the track crosses itself, by means of a trestle. Finally it reaches the San Joaquin valley, down which the train runs nearly all the way to San Francisco. I haven't much part in it, but we are a wonderful people; as I travel about and see the great things Americans have accomplished, I find myself shrinking up, from modesty.

Imagine spending a night and a day in a small room with five noisy and impudent children. That's what I am doing.

The missionary has no notion that his children are a nuisance; neither has his wife. Every moment they can be heard; the passengers are greatly annoyed, but can do nothing. Last night, after I had gone to bed, the missionary, having coaxed the children to bed, proceeded to amuse himself by telling the conductor about his "work" in China. . . . On this sleeper there is a Japanese woman, with two little girls. Her children are splendidly behaved, and under control. As soon as the missionary civilizes the Chinese, he will probably try to civilize the Japanese. The missionary's family is a thousand years behind the Japanese family. If the missionary will civilize his own children, he will never be missed in China. Yet think of the tired, hard-working people who have been bully-ragged to give money with which to send this missionary to China! . . . There is another man on this car who has a suspicious look; I think he is a missionary also. He is a thin, cadaverous man; so thin, indeed, that the bows of the spectacles he wears wrap twice around his ears. He is smooth-faced, and watery-eyed, and his teeth are wide apart in front. Will this man be a passenger on the "Siberia," also? I think so, for the "Siberia's" passengers are already collecting in San Francisco; I have met several in this train.

When the train stopped at Fresno the missionary's three eldest children climbed off, and raced up and down the platform. When the train started, the passengers managed to catch the children, and put them back on the train. The missionary, who was in the smoking-room, telling about his "work," laughed heartily when told of the incident. I do not wish to be unjust to anyone, but I have never seen such indifferent parents as the missionary and his wife. If my children should annoy others as these children annoy the passengers on this Pullman, I should die of humiliation.

I have been talking with the missionary in the smoking-room. He came in there, carrying the baby. I found him

rather interesting; but I had to take care of the baby while he talked. The baby was restless, and rolled everywhere, and as the father paid no attention to it, I was compelled to care for it, to save its life. The missionary's trouble seems to be that he is easy-going, and does not realize that he has five children. Presently the other four came in, and the father read a chapter out of the Bible to them, but Henry George ate a match, and there was a slight disturbance; not much, however, for a passenger took Henry George out to administer an antidote, and the missionary continued telling me how he was civilizing China: a little slowly, perhaps, but he was greatly encouraged. . . . This man has certainly made a bad impression in this car. Is he doing any better in China?

When the train stops at dining-stations the missionary goes out and eats his fill, but his wife and children dine out of a lunch basket. I heard the missionary's wife say a while ago that her health is not good, and I am almost ashamed of what I have said about her children, but it is all true. The baby cries by the hour, and when Henry George speaks to a passenger, he says: "Say, fellow, what town is this?" When I reach San Francisco (we are due there in three hours), I intend to give both my children a good spanking, to make up for those I neglected to give them when they were little.

When I came in from lunch, the missionary's wife was telling a gentleman and his wife about her husband's work in China, and how he was sorely in need of funds, although Americans spend money freely on football, theaters, etc. She was quite a good talker, but the children interrupted her rudely. "Dorothy," she would say, "when mamma is talking, little girls should not be naughty"; or, "Henry George, how often must I tell you not to tease the baby?" or, "Louise, I am astonished at you!" (I have been astonished at Louise since yesterday at noon.) The woman's talk did not impress me favorably; it seemed pitiful.

At Stockton, the river running along the valley becomes important, and some pretty large steamboats are seen. An hour and a half out of San Francisco an arm of the bay is encountered, and real ships are seen. Then the train leaves the bay, and comes through mountains that seem as wild as those in Arizona. Suddenly the bay reappears, and the train halts at Port Richmond, exactly on time. Everybody hurries out for the ferry, which makes a run of forty-five minutes to the great ferry-house, one of the sights of San Francisco. From the bay at 6:45 P. M. San Francisco looks like a world's fair at night. The pilot whistles for the landing, and throws out a search-light looking for it. He creeps in carefully, the landing-stage is thrown out, and the hundreds of passengers hurry off the ferry. My two children met me very much as I expected, and we hurried away to the hotel.

WEDNESDAY, November 1.

We visited the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. this morning, and found Chinese and Japanese transacting business at the counter. It begins to "look different." When we came out, I said to Mateel:

"Did you notice who paid the money for the tickets?"

"Yes," she said; "you did."

"Well," I replied, "the rule is, the one who pays for the tickets is the head of the expedition. You are to pretend to like everything I do. I brought you along because of your education: you are not supposed to have a good time. When I see anything strange, I shall ask you about it, and you will be supposed to reply promptly, because you are a graduate of Mrs. Sommer's select school in Washington. I was compelled to pay a good deal of money to put you through that school: it was necessary to secure a letter from a noted man to get you in, and you ought to know a lot. The man in the steamship office said we should be in Colombo three days. Where is Colombo?"

Speaking of a trusting spirit, I have one. My trunk was packed for me at home, and I do not intend to open it until after I am at sea. I brought a suitcase with me for present necessities, but very heavy clothing for the return trip on the Atlantic, and very light clothing for India, are in the trunk. . . . My college graduate has gone out. My impression is that she has gone out to buy a geography, and possibly a guide-book. I think she is beginning to regret that she didn't pay more attention to geography at Mrs. Sommer's school in Washington, and less to art and architecture. When she was graduated she took part in a Greek play, and her simple gown cost me eighty-three dollars. I am about to realize on that education.

As this is a sort of letter home, I suppose no one will object much if I say my son, Eugene, is a fine young man. He is only nineteen years old, and for a year past has been a reporter on the *Portland Oregonian*, the leading paper of the Northwest coast. His sister is disposed to find considerable fault with him, but I take his part; a boy of nineteen who can hold a job like that, is all right. And I have another good son at Honolulu: he has just resigned a position on the *San Francisco Chronicle*, to accept a better one in Honolulu. Neither of these young men was graduated from an exclusive Washington school, and it is true that they occasionally use big words that do not mean what they think they mean, but they have good positions, and every Saturday night they get a pay envelope. . . . I remember that Mateel used to "pick" at Eugene when they were little. I once took these two on a trip when they were almost babies, and the girl was always chasing the boy with a wash-rag. We went out to Wyoming, and when we arrived there the boy was so dirty that Mrs. B. B. Brooks, our hostess, was compelled to put him through two waters, and blue him, to get him clean. Mrs. Brooks, poor woman, had no boys: only girls. These girls used to follow the Atchison boy everywhere: they had never seen a boy before, as they lived on a ranch in Wyoming. Every time I looked out of

the door I saw the boy running to one of the irrigating ditches, where he had water-wheels in operation, or gopher traps set, and behind him, stringing along from the one two years old to the one of nine, were the Brooks girls. When these same girls, students at Wellesley, visited the Portland Exposition, and when their father delivered an address as Governor of Wyoming, the Atchison boy made a report of the affair for the *Oregonian*. . . . Those boys of mine have done so well I shall be compelled to take chloroform to keep from talking about them. The nineteen-year-old one has always had a habit of doing whatever I suggested: I think he regrets he is taller than I am; he knows I do not like it. When he was twelve years old, I suggested that he learn to set type. He worked so hard that I begged him to quit. When he first began as a reporter on a strange paper, his work was so bad that I almost screamed when I read the papers he marked and sent me. But I noted that within a week or two he seemed to be doing a little better. In a month he was a good deal better, and he is better now than he was then. If a young man will improve every month, nothing can keep him down. If the young man will continue to take my advice, I shall make him President yet. I do not know a great deal, but I have had a great deal of experience. I have been through the woods: I know the places to avoid. Jim, the other boy, is also disposed to take my advice, and I suppose I shall have to make him President first, but he shall have only one term, for he was very tough when little. I used to discover that he hadn't been at school for a month, and when I reprimanded him for it he would run off, and I had to advertise for him in the paper. But he's all right now: he has already advanced to a place where he is able to ride out in the customs boat to meet incoming ships at Honolulu. . . . I am enjoying my visit with the children, after a separation of two years. We have two connecting rooms, with a bath between. In my room there are two beds: I sleep in one, and the young man sleeps in the other. Girls always have the best of it, so the girl has a room to herself. Another reason I am taking her on my

trip is that so much attention is paid to women. Usually, when you engage passage on a steamship you must bribe the purser, in order to secure a favorable seat at table. But this time I paid no attention to that matter: the fact that I had a woman with me insured us good seats. Had I traveled alone. I should have had a bad seat. . . . Here at the hotel, We Men, as we call ourselves, are thoroughly under the control of the girl. She bosses us, and we eat and sleep and take recreation as she directs. Every little while she dresses preparatory to going out; she has, no doubt been looking over the drygoods advertisements in the papers. (In the morning I always buy the *Chronicle*, because Jim used to work on it.) And as she puts on her gloves, she says to me: "Have you any money?" Of course I have money: if I hadn't, I shouldn't be staying at the Palace Hotel. But I shall have a good deal less before my return. When I went into the steamship office this morning, I was lopsided from carrying money in my right-hand pants' pocket: but when I came out, the bulge in my right-hand pants' pocket had disappeared. . . . I don't sleep very well here, and as I lie in bed at night, with the young man in the bed beside mine, I think of the time when the children were little. I remember when the girl had scarlet fever, and the complications were very serious: so serious that we didn't think she could ever get well. A while ago she told me she was having trouble with her eyes: that complication is still showing itself. . . . And the boy used to come home at night looking like a tramp, carrying a lot of squirrels. And his sister would say it was a shame to shoot them. But I thought it was pretty good for a boy of eight to find them, and hit them. How things come to me as I lie in bed! When they met me at the ferry, and we walked up the street, arm in arm, I asked them: "Well, how do I look? Do I look pretty thin?" They said: "No-o-o," in chorus. I wonder what they said about it to each other when they were alone.

I met the missionary on the streets to-day. Henry George accompanied him. The missionary complained that when he

went to claim his baggage he found that storage charges amounting to \$9.70 had accumulated. Here's a chance for a missionary tea: the great need of the workers in China is more money.

When I reach foreign lands it will not be necessary to hire guides: my daughter's education will be of some use to me then. She speaks all languages: at least, I suppose she does. She was at Mrs. Sommer's school long enough to acquire them. If it turns out she does not understand Turkish, I shall write to Mrs. Sommers, and demand the return of some of my money.

Ever remark the difference in the weight of a man's baggage and the weight of a woman's baggage? The girl turned up in San Francisco with exactly the same amount of baggage I have: a steamer-trunk, and a suit-case. I thought to myself: "The girl hasn't a thing to wear." But every time she has gone out, she has worn a new gown and a new hat. As I see her things lying about, they do not seem to amount to much, but she can combine a few of them, and make a new suit. I don't know exactly what is in my trunk, but if I have two extra suits I am doing well. My winter overcoat weighs more than all the girl's clothes put together. . . . She had the same knack when she was little. She once accompanied me to a summer resort, and I was immensely proud of her clothes, when she went out to play with the children. When we began packing to return home, I couldn't get a part of her things into the trunk, so I put them into a bureau drawer, when she wasn't looking, and left them, and she never missed them.

THURSDAY, November 2.

I have called on several big men to-day, and my calls were brief. I remembered an experience I once had with Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press. I was one of a committee appointed to call on him, and some of the

members of the committee were very long-winded. Finally there was a ring on Mr. Stone's telephone. He excused himself, and talked over the telephone. His conversation ran something like this: "Yes; all right. Well, I have a committee of gentlemen in my office now, but shall be at liberty in five minutes. Good-bye." Of course the members of the committee took the hint, and Mr. Stone was soon relieved of their presence. Afterwards I learned that he had a private arrangement whereby his clerk, when he saw a visitor was becoming tedious, and had transacted all the business under discussion, rang a bell, and Mr. Stone had a supposed conversation like the one I have quoted. This apparatus is called "The Walk-out," and is supplied by any telephone company. It is said all busy men in the cities have them.

FRIDAY, November 3.

Last evening, we were going out to hear "Traviata." I wore a colored tie, and the young lady said to me: "Haven't you a black tie?" As soon as the young man caught me alone, he said, referring to the incident: "She is beginning on you, too." At the theater, when the young lady took her hat off, I noticed that she had her hair "done up" in the fluffy way young girls are just now affecting. I really admired it; it looked well, but I said to her: "Haven't you a comb?" The young man was amused, and said: "You got back at her all right. You will have to assert yourself on your trip, or you will come back as meek as I am. I shouldn't dare act as I do here, if you were not around."

When people call to see us at the hotel, we are notified in our rooms by telephone, and Eugene and I invite them to come up, but the young lady says this is very improper; she says we should meet them in the palm garden, where an orchestra plays. And the rooms have looked pretty tough when some of the visitors called: we have things scattered everywhere, and the beds are never made until late.

The young man was disposed to sleep late this morning, so we went to breakfast without him: we travelers around the world didn't propose to wait for a plain newspaper reporter. When we came back at ten o'clock, having taken a little sight-seeing trip, he was still sound asleep. If I could sleep like that I should give up the trip around the world.

I sent my baggage to the steamship, and will ride to the dock in a street car: I shall thus save several hundred dollars on hack fare. A hackman charges a steamship passenger as much as he charges a bride and groom when he drives them from the church to the train. When I arrive at the ship, I shall find my baggage in my room. . . . The young man has gone out to buy steamer-chairs; chairs on which passengers recline on deck. The Educational Bureau has gone downstairs to write a few parting notes on the fine stationery to be found in the palm room: the paper in the rooms didn't suit her. . . . A lot of violets have just arrived for the Educational Bureau; I have arranged for mine to be sent to the ship. . . . Prospects are good that a pretty fair crowd will assemble to see us sail. We have worked hard on this feature, though a few of those who have promised, may disappoint us. . . . The porter has just arrived and taken the baggage away with him, after wishing us a pleasant journey. We seem to be about to start.

SATURDAY, November 4.

When we left the hotel for the Pacific mail dock, the clerk directed us to take a certain car and get a transfer. When paying the conductor and getting a transfer, I asked him to notify me at the transfer point. "You can't go wrong," he said; "all the people on this car are going to the Pacific Mail dock." We were not so very exclusive, for the car was crowded; mostly with Chinese. Which reminded Mateel that before starting she called on a lady to say good-bye, explaining that she was going around the world. "So many are going now," the lady replied. . . . We entered an immense

building, and away down at the further end we got our first glimpse of the "Siberia," on which we are to live a month and two days: one of the newest and best of the Pacific Mail fleet. The dock was already crowded with drays, wagons, carriages, and foot passengers, as the ship was advertised to sail in an hour and a half. We walked up the gang-plank to the steerage deck, and then up a stairway to the main deck, where we began looking for our rooms. Mine was No. 24, and was very favorably located amidships, with a door opening on deck. Mateel's was also an outside room, No. 7, but her door opened on an inside hall. Both rooms had been decorated with flowers by Eugene: we remarked that he climbed out of bed particularly early that morning. I suppose people will say the boy never thought of that; they will say, no doubt, that some woman suggested the idea to him. A boy never gets any credit. In order to gain admission to the ship, he had probably gone to the general offices of the company, and secured an admission card. Eugene didn't appear for half an hour, and when he did come, he rode in a carriage. . . . There were thousands of people on the dock; mostly Chinese and Japanese. The ship was to sail at 1 P. M.; at 12:30 officers went about the decks ordering all visitors ashore. . . . At 1 P. M. two clerks were busy selling tickets to Chinese steerage passengers, who went aboard the ship by means of a gang-plank near the stern. At 1:20 this plank was drawn in, the lines cast off, and a tug began pulling the ship into the stream. There was a great waving of handkerchiefs. Away down at the extreme end of the dock, among the thousands of Chinese, we saw Eugene; he was the last one of our friends we saw, and he waved a handkerchief until our ship began moving with its own power, and passed out among the shipping toward the Golden Gate. . . . In working its way along at half-speed, the ship used its whistle a good deal. In case of fog, we shall hear a lot of this whistle. It is terribly hoarse, and seems to have a bad cold. . . . The ship gains speed, and by the time we pass out of the Golden Gate it is using its full power. The day is bright, but the wind fresh, and already

the ship is gaining motion; dipping and rolling. A Chinaman comes along beating a gong, announcing that lunch is ready. The young lady goes downstairs, and reappears within twenty minutes. By this time we are outside and the motion is very pronounced. She is not doing very well, and shows it. After returning from the rail and wiping her mouth with a fluffy handkerchief, she said:

"I thought so; the first one on board to get sick."

So far as I noticed, she was the only passenger who was sick over the rail, as they say here, although a good many were sick during the night, in their rooms. At 3:30 P. M. the pilot went off, and we were out of sight of land. A pilot-boat sent a little rowboat off, and the pilot stepped into it from a rope ladder that had been let down the side of the ship. . . . Great flocks of sea-gulls followed us, and every time anything was emptied from the kitchen they dashed at it, and fought and cackled. . . . At 4 P. M. I took the young lady to her room, and she did not reappear until the following evening, when the sea was much smoother. I was uncomfortable, but managed to stagger about until five o'clock, when I went to bed with my clothes on. . . . During the night the wind blew fiercely, and not one passenger in ten appeared at dinner; about midnight a big wave washed over the lower deck, and flooded some of the rooms. . . . There is an indescribable smell about a ship that brings about seasickness. Take a Holland herring that has been pickled in salt two or three years, fry it in rancid butter, and the smell given off in the cooking will give you an idea of what I mean. That is, I think it would, for at home I have never known anyone to fry Holland herring in rancid butter.

SUNDAY, November 5.

This morning I got out of bed at 5:30; I had slept a good deal, but was very tired of being in bed. When I went on deck, daylight was just appearing. I stumbled into the smoking-room, determined to smoke, but was soon as sick as ever,

and went out on deck, to get the fresh air. Here I found several Chinese scrubbing the decks. I determined to throw the cigar away, but was befuddled, like a man under the influence of opiates, and, instead of throwing the cigar away, threw my hat over the rail into the sea. It took a flip-flop on top of an immense wave, and disappeared. Whoever finds it may have it. Then I determined to go back to my room and look for a cap that had been packed in my trunk. But the trunk was under the bed and troublesome to get at. So I resolved to go to bed instead. . . . When you are in bed, and seasick, your bed seems to fall out from under you; gently, but you seem to be just above it, chasing it. Then, when the ship starts upward, you float upward just above your bed. When you lose this sensation, you are no longer seasick. I noticed, also, that at a certain place on the downward motion, I was also gently shaken three or four times. Then away down in the ship was the constant beating of the engines: *chug*, *chug*; *chug*, *chug*; the downward stroke a little heavier than the upward stroke. . . . My steward is a Chinese, and I like him, but he cannot coax me to eat; at the first five meals on board I ate nothing, save an orange and a bowl of soup. I heard in my room, somehow, that I had been assigned a seat at the captain's table, but did not see it until Monday morning. . . . Occasionally I would get out of bed and stagger over to No. 7, where Mateel was sicker than I was. She said she was able to sleep a good deal, and that the stewardess was giving her every possible attention. . . . At 5 o'clock this afternoon, while standing at the rail, she surprised me by appearing on deck. We walked about until after dark, and we had a bowl of soup on deck. I kept mine down, but she didn't fare as well. I took her to her room at 8:30, but I lounged about the smoking-room until nearly ten, feeling miserable.

MONDAY, November 6.

I am "at" myself this morning, and, in company with the young lady, appeared in the dining-room for the first time.

The other passengers looked at us in an amused way, as if they would say: "Well, they are pretty bad!" And I think we were; I think we were the last to appear. The steward did not know us when we appeared, and we were compelled to give him our names. He consulted his list, and we found we had been assigned to the captain's table. . . . The sea is very calm, and all the passengers are on deck, loafing about in the lazy way common to travelers at sea. On the forward steerage deck are hundreds of Japanese passengers, and the cabin passengers lounge about on the two decks above, and watch them a good deal. The costumes worn by women in "The Mikado" are very pretty, but the costumes worn by Japanese women of the lower class are ugly and dirty, as are the women wearing them. . . . On the rear steerage deck are hundreds of Chinese passengers. They seem to be eating most of the time. A half-dozen of them sit around a board on which has been placed a big pan of rice; every man has a bowl and two chopsticks. Filling his bowl from the pan, he proceeds to shovel the rice into his mouth. On the board, in the center, there is a large bowl full of meat chopped into squares, and occasionally the Chinese take a piece of meat, dexterously lifting it from the bowl to their mouths with the chopsticks. There is also a bowl of gravy on the board in the center, and before being eaten the squares of meat are dipped in the gravy, or grease, or whatever it is. The Japanese eat in the same way. On board are kitchens where food is prepared in the native Chinese and Japanese way. With ten or fifteen exceptions, all the steerage passengers are Chinese or Japanese. Several of the first-cabin passengers are Japanese gentlemen, and I hear them speaking English. . . . All the members of the crew are Chinese, and they are not allowed to land in San Francisco. The waiters wear long blue gowns, and are very polite and efficient. All of them seem to understand English. On English and German boats, there are religious services on Sunday in the main cabin, but if there were any on the "Siberia" yesterday, I did not hear of it. The bar in the smoking-room was open as usual yesterday,

but it was not patronized much; nor is it any other day. I have seen no gambling, as is the rule on the Atlantic. . . . The missionary is on board, with his wife and children; this morning I heard the familiar, "Henry George, let Dorothy alone!" Either because the ship is so large, or because the captain has suppressed them, I do not hear much of them. . . . The Japanese being at one end of the promenade deck and the Chinese at the other, results in a good deal of discussion as to their relative merits among the cabin passengers, who hang over the rail and look at them hour after hour. Very much to my surprise, I find the Chinese the more popular.

The ship is crowded, and I have two gentlemen in my room: Dr. Freeman, a Canadian, who is *en route* to work in a Methodist hospital in China, and the other a Mr. Macauley, a traveling-man of the better class who sells Carter's ink. He lives in Boston, and "makes" Paris, London, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, and on around the world. He is an experienced traveler, very polite, and full of information. . . . While I was laid up in my room, a Mr. Watson, of Greeley, Colorado, came in with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend at Denver. He is going around the world with his wife, but will devote ten months to it, whereas I am going hurriedly, and we shall leave him at Honolulu, much to our regret. About a quarter of the passengers will leave us at Honolulu, and those remaining on board will have rooms to themselves for the remaining three weeks of the voyage. I do not, however, object to my room-mates. Indeed, while I was sick, they took care of me, and were very polite and agreeable. When I was unable to go over and inquire how Mateel was getting along, they did it for me.

On the Atlantic there is seldom an hour when you do not see a sail or a steamer, but the Pacific is very lonely; so far we have not seen a vessel of any kind. We have seen no sign of life, except that a single albatross has followed us night and day. Early in the morning I see the huge bird flying

leisurely about. The bird is the subject of a good deal of talk among the passengers.

The story of my throwing away my hat has been noised about the ship, and several gentlemen have offered me hats to use until we get to Honolulu. I have accepted one, but it does not "look well" on me. I spend a good deal of time in front of the glass, trying to decide whether the borrowed hat looks better than the cap I found in my trunk. Some days I decide on the cap, and some days on the hat. Neither looks very well on me.

There are almost no young girls on board; the passengers are mostly elderly people. Mateel's room-mate is a Mrs. Frazier, whose husband is an American merchant in Yokohama. Mateel is infatuated with the stewardess, who has been very kind, and I shall remember the stewardess when I divide my money with the crew at Hong Kong. But I do not like the deck boy; I have no particular reason. I just naturally don't like his looks. The Chinese who has charge of the bar in the smoking-room also meets with my displeasure; in a yellow sort of way, he looks like a man I hate at home. The other members of the crew, from the captain down, suit me.

I hope I am not vicious, but a fight happened this morning that pleased me: one of the little boys on board whipped Henry George over a game of shuffleboard on the upper deck. Henry George went bawling to his mother.

While being shaved this morning the barber told me that the ship would probably arrive in Honolulu between six and eight o'clock Friday morning; that it does this as regularly as clockwork. In that event it will depart about six o'clock in the evening. That will give us ten hours of daylight in which to look at Jim. I should like very much to remain there several days, but if I do not proceed on this steamer, I must remain at Honolulu eleven days.

There was a little excitement shortly after noon to-day: the lonely albatross which has been following us, has a mate; two are now following us. A while ago, a basket was thrown overboard, and it floated as far as I could see. The birds apparently paid no attention to it, though they hovered in its vicinity and disappeared for a while. Hour after hour, day after day, these birds soar in the wake of the ship. I cannot help wondering when they rest, and what they find to eat. I shall look up the albatross in the bird book. I have been thinking all afternoon that the first albatross must have had a good time welcoming his friend, but they do not seem at all sociable; anyway, they are never anywhere near together.

As I was leaning over the rail a while ago, looking down at the Chinese, my attention was attracted to a very old man who was being "doctored" by a fat Chinaman. The fat doctor was painting the old man's eyes with a little brush. Afterwards the old man paid the doctor a few small coins, and the fat doctor didn't seem satisfied with the amount he received. Later it developed that the old man is blind; he stood at the rail, motionless, for a long time, and when he went away, another Chinese led him. The old man is probably returning to China to die. The missionary tells me that the lower class of Chinese have no conception of heaven; they all expect to go to hell, but they believe that, if their friends burn money, they will get the money, and be able to bribe the devil with it, to relieve their torture a little. This poor old wretch, after years of hard work in America, is returning home, hoping to find friends who will save him from the terrible fate of being a moneyless ghost. What a cold reception a blind pauper, and a stranger at that, will receive in poverty-stricken China!

TUESDAY, November 7.

I am on friendly terms with the sea this morning, but I am more than ever convinced that I do not like it. The weather is fine, and there is very little motion, but I have a

consciousness that a very little would send me to bed again. I do not like the smell of my room. The door is open all day, but when I step into it for a moment, the smell sickens me. The room is very clean, and this is true of the ship, but in the fine assembly-room above the dining-saloon an odor arises from the cooking. The Chinese servants are the best I have ever encountered, and the food is liberal and dainty; we have strawberries, raspberries, cantaloupe, and everything else to tempt the appetite, but I do not like the bill of fare; I long for something to eat from home. Last night I fell asleep in a chair on the upper deck, and, in a lazy way, dreamed I was on the porch at home; the rush of the waves I thought of as indicating a storm, and I thought of going upstairs to close the windows. When I awoke, I regretted that my dream did not include something to eat at home.

The gentleman who sits at my right is an Englishman, from London. He is making a tour of the world with his wife. He seemed acquainted with the fact that many of the flowers on the table had been sent to the young lady accompanying me, and remarked that it was a very pretty American custom, unknown in England. If I do say it myself, we did get a good many flowers. They were placed on the dining-room table, and were there to-day—when we were a thousand miles out. The cards of the donors are still attached to the flowers, and we intend to save these as souvenirs of the trip. . . . On my daughter's left sits a woman who is believed to be an actress. She is well-behaved, but the women do not like her. This morning at breakfast a gentleman sitting opposite the actress attempted a conversation; he was merely being civil, but the manner in which his wife reprimanded him, without saying a word, was very amusing. When I see the man and his wife standing alone on deck, and talking excitedly, I know they are discussing the actress incident, and that the husband is apologizing. Everybody knows everybody on board ship, but men accompanied by their wives must not speak to actresses.

From watching the Chinese steerage passengers on the lower deck, I have come to the conclusion that they like the poorer quality in everything. They prefer poor meat to good; everything they have seems to be inferior, and they prefer it. Certain thrifty ones among the Chinese passengers have things to sell; a while ago, a Chinaman appeared with a lot of roasted chickens. They were little chickens; they looked like bantams, killed while in poor condition. These chickens had been dried and imported from China, whereas fat fresh ones might have been obtained for less money in San Francisco. These chickens were chopped up with a hatchet and sold to the waiting mob. With every lot of chicken went a piece of liver and a little gravy. . . . Still, these Chinese are not so remarkable: there are people in our country who prefer a cheap show to a good one. There are thousands of Americans who will not attend a dramatic performance unless it is a poor one; who will not attend a concert unless it is a poor one. In Chicago there is a theater devoted entirely to drink plays; where the hero is a noble man, except that he is a slave to drink. The hero is always an intellectual giant, and a phenomenon in every way, but, alas! he has the drink habit. These plays are patronized entirely by drunkards; by men who drink to excess. These plays apologize for wife-beatings, but they are popular. . . . The Chinese passengers in the steerage seem very kind to one another. They seem to eat in messes. Five or six of them squat around a lot of food, and, in their way, are as polite as we of the first cabin. I often go down to see them eat. They are very kind to the old blind man, and lead him about every day. . . . Several of the cabin passengers have gone down to the steerage deck, and patronized the gambling games. One Chinaman who was running a gambling game also had a bucket of peanut candy, and occasionally he would stop dealing long enough to make a sale.

I had an unusual experience yesterday afternoon: I went down to afternoon tea. Five meals a day are served on board, and one is an afternoon tea, at 3:30. It is patronized mainly

by women, and only two tables are set. The women sit about and have a great time drinking tea and eating wafers. This was my second experience of the kind. A year ago last summer, while I was in the North Woods, I attended an afternoon tea. Afterwards I amused the ladies by letting the guide shave me on the porch: they said they never passed a barber shop without longing to go in and see the performance. So they sat about while the guide shaved me, made comments, and had a good time.

Speaking of gambling, the Chinese have a game of matching coins. The "dealer" lays down a coin, covers it with his hand, and lets his opponent guess as to which side is up. The human judgment is so poor that the man who guesses usually loses his money.

To a man living in a prairie country, as I do, the ocean is always wonderful. Think of a ship starting from San Francisco, sailing straight away for fifteen days at an average speed of nearly four hundred miles a day, and encountering only one lonely group of islands. When you think of this and of the numerous other seas and oceans, it is easy to conceive that three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with water. The entire earth's surface was originally covered with water, and there is a good deal left. You needn't worry about it, but the earth's supply of water is slowly, though surely, diminishing; the sun every year takes a little more water out of the oceans and seas than gets back to them. . . . I should like to find a book, simply written, devoted to the ocean; those I have met have been beyond my understanding. Why is the ocean salt? The Educational Bureau does not know. As I supposed, she purchased a little book of facts in San Francisco, and to-day I caught her studying it. We could not make much out of it. There is so much to know, and so little time! I have remarked that guide-books are always lame on the places you intend to visit.

The old men in the steerage going back to China to die, continue to interest me. I often wonder, when I am lame and blind and sick, and start out to find a better place in which to die, shall I go steerage? . . . Among the old men is an Englishman, formerly a teacher. In his old age he went to Florida, believing it to be an earthly paradise. After trying it seven years, he gave up, and is now going to Honolulu, which he has heard has a climate particularly agreeable to the old. The venerable white man attracts attention, standing down among the Chinese, and I frequently talk with him. He is intelligent, and has a liberal education. He told me to-day that the mistake of his life was in neglecting to marry when young; he believes that had he married when young, he would now have children to care for him. I felt like saying to him: "I am married, and have three children, but they are not caring for me."

WEDNESDAY, November 8.

There was another slight diversion this morning: rain fell at 6 o'clock, which I enjoyed almost alone, as few of the other passengers were up. I enjoyed the rain: the kind of water I am familiar with, cistern water, falls during a rain. . . . The water on board is very bad; it assists in disordering the stomach, so I drink bottled mineral water, purchased at the bar. . . . After the rain the sun came out, and the weather is quite warm.

Every day the passengers take what they call a "constitutional"; a walk about the deck. Ten times around the deck is supposed to represent a mile. The girl and I vary the monotony of the "Constitutional" by going once around the deck on which our rooms are located, and then climbing the stairs to the upper deck, where the captain's bridge is located. There we make another round, and then descend to our own deck, walk around, and up the stairs again. The passengers sit about in steamer-chairs, and they are a polite and interesting

lot. Some of them never appear at the table; at least, I never see them in the dining-room: I see them only on deck, sitting in their chairs, and wrapped in blankets. Two fine-looking old gentlemen always sit together, and talk and sleep and read. There are several stout elderly ladies, and several who seem to be invalids. I have not met many people; I do not "make up" with strangers very well: Mr. Macauley told me this morning that it is said of me among the passengers that I am the most solitary man on board.

When you get on your back at home you can have funny dreams, but you can have funnier ones when you are at sea, and not doing very well. Last night I got on my back, and dreamed that the room steward aroused me. I knew, as you do in dreams, that I was to leave the boat. All the small boats hanging over the side had disappeared, save one, and into this I climbed, with Mateel, who was waiting for me. The boatswain has amused me ever since we started; he is a fat, good-natured Chinaman, who seems to be good to his men, and very lazy himself. The boatswain seemed to be in charge of the little boat, and I remember hearing the captain say the boatswain was a good sailor. Another member of our crew was a little Chinese sailor I had noticed working about the ship, and whom I had mentally dubbed Shorty. The little man carried a knife in his belt, and an iron pin, used in untying knots. These two, the boatswain and Shorty, made up our crew, except the room steward, who devoted most of his time to looking after the two passengers. Time passes rapidly in a nightmare, and the room steward served us many meals; stale bread out of one box, and stale water out of another box. And I became so tired of it! The boatswain and Shorty had rigged a sail, and we sailed and sailed; I didn't know where we were going, and didn't care: I only knew I was tired of that stale water out of the box forward, and of the stale bread out of the box aft. And so we sailed and sailed: always at night. I wasn't hungry or thirsty; there was plenty of water in one box and plenty of bread in the other, such as they

were, but I wanted a change. . . . At last, a peculiar thing happened: we seemed to be floating down a river. I kept thinking: "This is a land of plenty: why doesn't the boatswain land, and get some fresh water and some fresh bread?" But I couldn't talk to him, and so we sailed and sailed, and we had seven meals a day: stale bread out of one box and stale water out of another. Shorty and the stateroom steward were always busy, as I had seen them on the ship, scrubbing and scouring, but the boatswain stood around in his lazy, fat way, and looked after things. . . . And then, another odd thing happened: I recognized my home, and we were sailing toward it, and the boatswain was making arrangements to land. We landed near the bridge, and Mateel and I hurried off toward the house where we live. It was still night, and we took the three Chinese with us, or rather, they followed us, Shorty carrying my trunk, the room steward Mateel's, and the boatswain the two valises. I realized in a dim sort of way that the Chinese had been sent to take us home because we were seasick, and the food didn't agree with us. But my mind was made up to one thing: before the three Chinese started back to the boat, and sailed away to catch up with the "Siberia," I intended to give them one square meal. The very first thing I would take them back to the kitchen porch, and give them a drink of cistern water; after working the pump-handle a while to get the very best, freshest and coolest water in town. Then I would take them into the kitchen, and give them some of that whole-wheat bread we are so fond of, with fresh butter on it. Then I would have a steak broiled, and put some red raspberry jam on the table, and some blackberry marmalade. And I enjoyed thinking how the boatswain and Shorty and the room steward would enjoy real coffee with real cream. . . . And then I awoke, as homesick and hungry as ever.

The weather has been extremely pleasant to-day but the pitch and roll are very noticeable. They say that every seventh pitch is a heavy one. I have kept count, and there is something in it. The ship will travel along quietly for a time,

when suddenly there will be an enormous pitch and roll. They also say that every seventh year the ocean is "different"; the tides are lower, or higher, or storms are more numerous, or fewer.

A piece of deck gossip is that the beautiful hair worn by the actress is false. It looks pretty well. It fooled me. Of course the women say the woman's beautiful complexion is due to enamel. They call her the "soubrette," but she is no soubrette; I should say she is a leading woman in heavy lines.

Smoking-room joke: A passenger wandered in awhile ago and said he never knew until last night that a man could get drunk on water, but that he had accomplished it. You may need a chart, but it seemed easy to me.

A lady told me to-day that she shaves her husband every morning. He wouldn't shave regularly, and went around with a stubby beard; so she bought a razor, and now goes after him every morning.

The Chinese waiters in the dining-room are not referred to as "John," but as "boy." They all understand English, but do not speak it very well. Most of them read English. They understand me when I speak to them, but I cannot understand them. They know the words, but do not pronounce them very well. . . . I like the Chinese servants so well that I am beginning to include the deck boy, and the boy in the smoking-room, in my admiration. They are extremely civil, quiet, and efficient. In our country there is almost no such thing known as a real servant.

I was born too far from the sea ever to become accustomed to it, I fear. Every little while I am compelled to go to my room and lie down. When the wind is high it whistles around the corner in such a way as to make a noise resembling the beating of the dinner-gong; even the wind, which ought to be

impartial, conspires against me. I asked the doctor in my room about seasickness to-day. He says he knows nothing about it; that medical literature tells as many stories about it as may be heard in the smoking-room. Seasickness seems to result, he says, from the brain, the eye, the ear and the stomach, or all four combined. I haven't eaten enough to-day to give dyspepsia to a humming-bird, but I am all wrong. They promise me, however, that I shall be all right beyond Honolulu. . . . There is one woman on board who seems to be affected worse than I am. She sits opposite me at the table, and every time the ship makes that famous seventh lunge she braces herself as if to have a tooth pulled. Some men follow the sea for years, and then suffer from seasickness occasionally. A sailing captain once told me that he never began a voyage without having a little touch of it. The average traveler is as ashamed of being seasick as the average candidate is of having said something against the farmers, but very few escape it. You know how unreliable people are; well, they are particularly unreliable when they say they enjoyed every moment at sea, and do not know what seasickness is. Some of the nicest people I know are untruthful when they return from a journey with a ship in it.

The captain's Chinese "boy" amuses me. He is older than the captain, and a grandfather. The captain says the "boy" is as respectful as he was seventeen years ago, but the passengers, particularly the American passengers, insist that the servant bullies the master; they say old servants always do. The captain confesses that the "boy" to-day told him to put on lighter underwear, as we are approaching warm weather at Honolulu. Day after to-morrow, at 7 P. M., the passengers will have opportunity to see a fine young man: they have arranged to stand along the rail and say, "Hello, Jim!" when the custom-house boat comes alongside. If we do not visit him more than twelve hours, it will be because I do not believe in kin staying too long.

THURSDAY, November 9.

The weather was so warm last night that I left the door of my room open. This door opens on the deck, and whenever I awoke I could look out on the sea and admire the moonlight. I arose very early, as usual, and walked around alone in the way of the members of the crew, who were washing down the decks with hose. As I looked at the Chinese talking with one another, I could not hear what they were saying, and they seemed to be speaking English; they acted just as people do who speak English.

I often think we men are not very interesting. I sat in the smoking-room this morning and listened to the talk, without hearing anything interesting or clever. The talk is about Honolulu and Yokohama, and Kobe, instead of about Chicago or Kansas City; that's about the only difference. One man told of a remarkably interesting place in Yokohama. I heard the same story told of New York, years ago, and, upon investigation, found it untrue. Nine-tenths of the "talk" you hear everywhere is untrue and unimportant. The old Englishman down in the steerage interests me as much as anyone I have met in the cabin. I wish I could speak Chinese; there must be many interesting characters among the old Chinamen in the steerage. The people in the steerage are natural; many of those in the cabin are on dress parade, and trying to attract attention.

My room being an outside one, with a door opening on the principal deck, occasionally the passengers come in to visit me. This morning a gentleman I have become acquainted with brought in a lady he was promenading with. My daughter went by presently, and when I met her later, she said: "I do not like that woman!" I seem to be approaching a family jar.

How the people look for amusement, and how little they find! This morning most of the passengers collected under the awning on the upper deck and watched the children and

young people engage in potato races, needle-threading contests, etc. It was the only attempt at amusement made since the voyage began, and it ended in a fat young man's slipping on the deck and breaking his arm.

At one table in the dining-room there are twelve Japanese, two Chinese, and a Portuguese woman. The Portuguese woman is married to a fine-looking American, and he is about the most attentive husband I have ever seen. I was sitting near him on deck when his wife appeared, and he said very cordially: "Ah, good morning!" as politely as he might have done to a young lady of a day's acquaintance. At my table there is a Frenchman who bows politely to me every time he appears. There are also a considerable number of Englishmen. Out here they have scarcely heard of Kansas; beyond Honolulu, they will not have heard of Chicago, and beyond Hong Kong they will not have heard of New York. I was looking through a guide-book awhile ago, and ran across a city of which I had never heard, although it has a population of nearly a million people. . . .

To-morrow will be a busy day; it will be spent in Honolulu. There, also, we shall get a fresh supply of fruit, flowers, eggs, and milk; and, I hope, some cistern water. I shall eat three meals in Honolulu tomorrow; my Chinese waiter on the ship will not see me to-morrow. . . . We have also been informed that we may have laundry work done at Honolulu: an agent will take it as soon as the ship ties up at the dock, and return it by the time the ship sails. My manager will send out a bundle, and has already collected my part of it.

The purser of the ship makes me think of myself. His disposition is to be polite, but he has been at the business so long that he is tired of the petty details, and finds politeness a burden. If I need a trip on the Pacific ocean, he needs a trip to Kansas. The officer does not look like me, but he has a

played-out, weary way that makes me think of myself. He has been seeing travelers and answering their questions so long, that he needs a complete change, and plowing corn with a team of mules would supply it. The officer is an excellent one, so far as I know, but he looks and acts as though he had been a candidate for office every day of the past ten years. The election is yet to come off, and he is polite, but he is polite wearily; he looks as though, to his intimate friends, he might tell pretty tough stories about the bothersome ways of voters—and travelers. One day I heard a passenger say to him: "They told me that when I met you, I should meet the crossest man on the line." The passenger said it as a "joke," but I noticed that the officer didn't laugh.

In wandering aimlessly about, looking for amusement, I encountered two boys playing shuffle-board on the upper deck. They were the best of friends until two little girls appeared and wanted to play; then each boy wanted a girl named Helen as his partner, and neither would give in. "Quit fussing about me," Helen said in a coquettish way; but she enjoyed it. A freckle-faced boy who had refused to play, sat around and made remarks about the game his rival had originated, with Helen as partner. "I will be your partner next," I heard Helen whisper to the freckle-faced boy, but the freckle-faced boy was mad, and said he didn't want her as his partner; in the next game or any other game, or on any other day. But he did; the freckle-faced boy was jealous of Helen, and he wasn't over ten years old. He'll have a lot of that to contend with before he gets through with life. That's the way it goes. When a girl or a woman appears, there is trouble among the boys or the men. Men would amount to more if they didn't expend so much energy in being jealous. I doubt if women know how jealous men are. . . . And women know what the feeling is like: when a girl decides on her ideal man, and concludes to make him happy for life, she acts like a tigress if he seems to find happiness in the smiles of some other woman.

I am alone in the smoking-room: the men have all gone down to lunch, and even the two Chinamen have put on the lid and gone away. Presently the men will reappear, and gather in little groups, and pick their teeth and smoke, and play cards and patronize the Chinamen, and "talk" in the usual uninteresting way. Then they will lounge in and out, and long for something to do. It is all very well for one to want to rest, but I cannot help feeling mighty shiftless. Those of you at home should not feel dissatisfied because you are not taking a "trip."

I do not go down to lunch, and eat sparingly at breakfast and dinner, therefore I know I am not eating too much; but I am certain I smoke too much. Every time I get a cigar I am compelled to sign my name to a card, giving destination. I sign so many cards that I have shortened Hong Kong to H. K. to save labor. . . . The captain also smokes too much. I wonder whether people mention the fact to him; so many people mention it to me. But I suppose people are afraid of the captain of a steamship, and he thus loses good advice; he does not, in short, know that so much tobacco is not good for him. You know the official you are most afraid of? Well, he is nothing compared with the captain of a steamship. Captain Smith is a very pleasant man, and turns up everywhere at all sorts of unexpected moments, but he is busy and the passengers are afraid of him; no one seems to be very intimate with him.

Flying-fish began appearing to-day: a small fish is able to jump out of the water and fly twenty or thirty feet with the aid of peculiar-looking wings. One fell on the steerage deck on the afternoon, and attracted as much attention from the bored passengers as a whale would have attracted.

Dorothy, one of the missionary's little girls, to-day struck another little girl. The missionary's children do not improve on acquaintance; they are the worst-behaved children I ever

knew. Possibly it is due to the fact that their mother is not well, and their father has been assigned to the job of saving the Chinese. There are several Chinese children in the steerage, and they are well-behaved. The missionary's wife spends most of her time in a steamer-chair, and looks very frail. Dorothy said to a man to-day, a man who had a heavy beard, "Don't you ever shave?" A woman sitting near was much amused at the remark, whereupon Dorothy said to her: "You don't ever shave either, do you?" As the lady has a pronounced mustache, it was an embarrassing moment; more embarrassing to the lady, possibly, than to the gentleman. That was what she got for "noticing" the missionary's children; one doesn't dare pay any attention to them.

We had a fire drill late this afternoon. The big whistle was blown, and members of the crew came running from everywhere, and lined up on the two sides of the upper deck near the boats. The officers stood among the sailors, carrying revolvers in their belts: in case of a wreck and panic you have, of course, read how the officers preserve order with pistols. The sailors looked pretty awkward to me.

FRIDAY, November 10.

At half-past five o'clock this morning, I awoke. The door of my room was still open, and I looked out and saw a light on the water. I sprang out of bed, and Dr. Freeman joined me. He got his clothes on first and went on deck, but he didn't play fair: he left his money and his watch under his pillow. Going forward, I saw a mountain: one of many in the Hawaiian group, and away off to the right a lighthouse in the uncertain, hazy distance. Daylight was just appearing. All the people in the steerage were up, and a good many of the cabin passengers. I walked about a while, and then went in and tapped on the girl's door. She looked out the window, saw the mountain, and we rejoiced together. Going on deck again, the ship's lookout called from his high perch in the

crow's-nest: "Six o'clock, and all's well." . . . The ship ran along the mountain for an hour. Presently Honolulu appears. . . . The custom-house boat comes alongside, and the officers make their inspection while the ship is lying at anchor. My son Jim came out on the boat, and the passengers cheered him, as they had said they would. . . . Big hotels and other institutions of Honolulu loom up in the light mist along the shore. . . . At 8:20 the inspection seems to be finished, and the ship steams slowly toward its dock in the harbor. As we go down the gang-plank we are confronted with this notice on the bulletin board: "The ship sails at 6 P. M."

The arrival of a ship at Honolulu is as much of an event as the arrival of a steamboat at a sleepy country town on the Mississippi River. Until the cable was completed, the people of Honolulu received all their news of the outside world by means of newspapers brought in by ships. So the custom originated of ringing the bells and blowing the whistles whenever a ship was sighted, and the people assembled at the dock to get the papers and hear the news. This custom still continues. Away out on Diamond Head there is a resort which has telephone connection with the city. When a ship appears, he telephones the power-house of the street railway company, and immediately the curfew whistle is blown. Then the fruit-peddlers, and the hack-drivers, and the flower-sellers, and others interested, begin to collect at the dock, and we found a big crowd there when we landed.

I spent one of the happiest days of my life at Honolulu. Friends met us, and drove us about the city. At noon, Jim completed his work, through the kindness of his employer, and it was a very great pleasure to be one of a party of five Atchison people in a strange country and city. Jim's work is on the water-front. He goes out with the custom-house boat to meet incoming ships and picks up news. The afternoon edition of the *Bulletin*, on which he is employed, contained a

couple of columns of news about the "Siberia" and its passengers. Frank E. Pixley told him that the first act of his new comic opera will be located in Honolulu, which was a pretty good item, and Judge Tracy, *en route* to the Philippines, was interviewed.

Honolulu is the first tropical town I have ever visited, and the wonderful vegetation impressed me. At home, trees grow five months in the year; here they grow all the time. Dozens of trees, flowers, vines, etc., were entirely new to me. At many places we saw fields of bananas. At home we are told that the bananas we buy are picked green, and that they are neither so good nor so wholesome as when picked ripe. I picked a ripe banana to-day, and it did not taste any better than the bananas I buy at home. . . . The thing that impressed me most at Honolulu was a hedge with a bright red flower. These flowers appear on the hedges all the time; the hedges look about the same every day in the year, and are beautiful. I expressed my admiration for the hedges, and Mateel said, in the condescending way women have in referring to the tastes of men, "Men always like red."

It is said people living in the tropics are indolent and shiftless. Honolulu is unusual in this respect, for it is beautifully kept. In driving about the city it seemed I was driving in some famous garden or show place maintained at great expense by the public. . . . At one place we passed a great rice-field, and saw men working with water buffalo. In the rice-fields we saw the work of harvesting in progress, while just across the way, workmen were engaged in planting seed. This is the rule here: harvesting and planting continue all the year round; the markets are supplied with vegetables, fruits and flowers every day in the year; there is no winter. . . . We took a ride into the mountains, back of Honolulu, and from a high place could see the ocean in two directions: east and west. The mountains reminded me of Switzerland. . . . My state is "run" by railroad barons; Hawaii is run by sugar

barons: wherever you go, you find the boss. Five sugar firms control the islands, and are in a trust, of course; you can't get away from the trust, either. Hawaii seemed a paradise to me, but I was told there were many reforms to work out. It seemed to me, in a vague sort of way, that I had heard that word before, somewhere. . . . The sugar barons are "viewed with alarm," but they do a great deal for the country, which is also true of the railroads and packing-houses at home, if I may be pardoned for saying so.

On our way up the mountain we stopped at a little roadside place to rest. The keeper owned a Jersey cow, and I gorged myself with milk, which tasted surprisingly good after an experience of six days with the condensed article. On our way down the mountain we stopped at the same place again, and I secured all of the "morning's milk," carrying away in a bottle that which I could not drink. A friend had arranged for an expensive luncheon for us, but I told him that if he would take me where I could secure a bowl, a spoon, and bread, we could cut out the expensive luncheon. So he took us to his home, and I proceeded to enjoy myself. They also brought in a number of native fruits and vegetables, including taro, the native potato. The taro is ground into a paste, and, after fermentation, becomes poi, on which the natives mainly live. I tasted the poi. It tasted like sour paste, and may be used as paste. When the taro crop fails, the natives make poi out of American flour, and it seems to answer the purpose, though it is light in color, instead of dark. Americans soon learn to like poi, and it is said to be very wholesome. (I hate a man who, in writing travel notes, frequently uses queer words taken out of the guide-books. I apologize for "taro," and "poi," and shall not offend again.)

In the afternoon we all went bathing at a noted beach four miles from the city, reached by fine and rapid electric cars. When we went out into the water, I noticed with regret that

Jim is becoming bald. He later informed me that he was also denying his age.

Honolulu, although controlled by Americans, is intensely foreign. In one of the sugar districts there is a school attended by 600 children. Of these, 400 are Asiatics, 199 natives, and one American. There are three Japanese newspapers in Honolulu, and my son Jim is greatly interested in a newspaper row going on between two of the Japanese editors; the Japanese interpreter at the police court reads the articles to him, and interprets them. . . . Formerly there were no mosquitoes on the islands, but a whaling-ship brought them over in infected water. I am prepared to believe that the water carried on ships will produce mosquitoes. Flowers are so cheap and easily grown that laborers wear garlands of them in their hats when at work.

Many of the gentlemen here wear white suits and white shoes. The officers of the ship appeared in white suits to-day, discarding the dark blue they had been wearing.

When we left Honolulu, a large number of people gathered to see us off. Most of the passengers, who had been out sight-seeing for eight or nine hours, appeared wearing floral wreaths around their necks, purchased of women and children at the entrance to the dock. As the ship began moving out to sea the passengers threw these floral wreaths to friends on the dock. . . . When landing this morning, I saw another pretty sight: whenever a Honolulu passenger went down the gang-plank he was received by friends, and after greetings were exchanged one of the floral wreaths was thrown over his head and around his neck; then he was taken away by his happy friends.

This is the thirteenth voyage of the "Siberia," and something has happened: while leaving Honolulu at 5 o'clock this afternoon, one of the ship's screws became tangled in the chain

of a buoy, and we are now lying a mile off Honolulu, trying to find out what the damage is. A boat-load of officers went over the side just now, and tugs are coming out from the town, the lights of which are plainly visible. The ship was compelled to make a complete and very short turn in leaving Honolulu; the harbor is small and the channel shallow. A tug was at each end of the ship, turning it; I was on deck with the other passengers when I heard a man on the tug near me sing out: "Look out for your screw!" Then several sharp blasts from the tug were blown and the ship's engines were shut off. But presently they started again, slowly, and we proceeded out of the harbor with great caution. After we were a mile or more away, a tug came racing after us with some word about the buoy-chain, whereupon the engines of the ship were stopped again, and we have been lying here ever since; two hours. We may remain here until morning; we may proceed at any moment. There is all sorts of gossip about the accident. Probably it does not amount to much, but it may be necessary to send down divers, which will take time, etc.

SATURDAY, November, 11.

When I awoke at six o'clock this morning we were at sea, but proceeding at half-speed. I learned later that we left Honolulu at 1 A. M. As the passengers appeared on deck, there was a good deal of curiosity to know why we were running so slowly. Presently a man appeared who knew all about it: we were proceeding at half-speed because we were using but one screw; the other was hopelessly damaged for the voyage, and we should go into dry dock at Nagasaki for repairs. Instead of making Yokohama in nine days, we should reach there in fifteen. The news spread rapidly, and there was a good deal of consternation. If we are not reported at Yokohama in nine days, our friends will be worried: they will be wild in fifteen days, and the papers will be full of the overdue "Siberia," so the passengers say. . . . But it has all

turned out to be a mistake.. The buoy-chain was successfully removed from the starboard screw at 1 A. M., and we put out to sea, but a little later a steam-pipe began leaking, and one engine was shut down in order that repairs might be made. It was started up again while the excitement was highest among the passengers, and we were soon running at the usual fifteen knots. The passenger who knew all about it had obtained his information of the boatswain, who cannot speak a word of English.

At 11 A. M. we passed a little island, the last of the Hawaiian group. There is a heavy swell, and a strong wind, but no one is sick. The pitching this afternoon is heavier than it was the day we left San Francisco.

The Japanese spend a good deal of time at one of the tables in the smoking-room, playing a sort of checker game. Henry George appeared awhile ago, proceeded to examine the checkers on the board, and was ordered out of the room. I admire the Japanese more than ever. Then the boy came over to the table where I sat, and began striking safety matches by rubbing them against the box. I stood it pretty well; one of the Japanese afterwards said he wondered at my patience. Several additional Japanese passengers came on board at Honolulu for Yokohama.

At dinner to-night the Chinese waiters wore white gowns. Heretofore they have worn blue ones, and the change made them look very odd, for the gowns were nothing more than the night-gowns men wear at home when they go to bed. There is a very decided thinning-out in the dining-room, owing to the number that left the ship at Honolulu. Not more than half the tables seem to be occupied.

We had the Hawaiian roasting-ear for dinner. It was boiled with the husks on, and was not at all sweet, as are roasting-ears at home. The soups and meats are particularly

excellent. I asked the waiter for nuts and fruit, and he brought me a glass of milk. I tasted it; it wasn't at all bad. If it weren't for the idea, condensed milk would do very well. . . .

There is one blessed thing about the sea: one can sleep well. I not only sleep well at night, but twice a day I take a "nap."

It having been stated that there will be services in the music-room to-morrow (Sunday), the men are going on to-night in the smoking-room about the missionaries, who seem to be unpopular. One man who lives in Japan says the missionaries are disliked everywhere. I take no part in the discussion, but it seems that except the missionaries, there is not a religious man on board. Why not convert the Americans, the English, the French and the Germans, as well as the Chinese?

The passengers are becoming rather tired of one another, after nine days; I notice that they are not quite so polite as they were at first. They are beginning to "talk" about one another a little; I have heard it said of several men that they are tiresome. They are not tiresome to me, because I do not talk with them. I do not know many of the passengers; I can recall only a few of their names.

I seem to be becoming slow in this warm climate. I am ashamed of the length of time I lately require in dressing; I am becoming as slow as a woman. Next thing, I shall sit on the floor to put on my shoes and stockings. . . . I awoke this morning at 4 o'clock, and wanted a drink. The water does not agree with me, and while thinking that the bar was closed, and I couldn't get a lemonade, I remembered that there was part of a pineapple in the room, which I found and enjoyed. Then I went to sleep again, and slept until seven. After dressing, I fell asleep again on the couch before breakfast. The best part of an ocean voyage is the sleeping.

SUNDAY, November 12.

A Japanese man in the steerage died last night, and was buried at 9 o'clock this morning. The ship's engines stopped, which attracted attention, but the burial was over before I reached the stern, where it took place. A passenger who was present says an officer of the ship read the burial service; at the conclusion of this, the body was thrown into the sea.

There were church services at 10:30 this morning. Yesterday afternoon a notice was posted saying that Rev. (I have forgotten his name) would hold services in the music-room Sunday morning, and the programme was carried out. I attended the services, in sheer desperation, for there was nothing else going on. About twenty-five others attended, but the captain was not there, nor were any of the ship's officers. The man selected to conduct the services was one of four missionaries on board. When the services began, I do not believe ten persons were present, but several others dropped in. First, there was a hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall," which was pretty well rendered, as all those present knew it. Then the missionary prayed for the rulers of the world, for those at home, for the officers of the ship, returned thanks for the safe voyage, etc. The next hymn did not go so well, as very few seemed to know it. Then the missionary preached: the entire services lasted an hour and a quarter. The music-room is a fine apartment in plush, and in the center there is a well looking down into the dining-saloon; above this well there is a really beautiful dome. Among those in attendance was the man I had heard arguing against missionaries the night before, in the smoking-room, and he sang heartily, and remained until the doxology was pronounced. There are many church-goers of this type. Several children attended, which made me think of a story I read the other day, in a comic weekly. "Tommy," a minister is represented as saying to a boy, "I suppose you go to church regularly?" "Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I am not old enough to get out of it." . . . The children yawned, and their mothers

shook their fingers at them, in a way I remembered quite distinctly. The ship provided song-books and Bibles, all marked "P. M. S. S. Co." I noted that the missionary in charge was a man I had not seen before, but I knew he was the father of a boy I had seen on deck a good deal; they looked exactly alike. The missionary I picked up at Williams, Arizona, was present, with the baby. This he leads about the deck with a strap. The missionary went to sleep, and during the sermon the baby bumped around among the worshippers, until led away by one of the women. The fact that my missionary went to sleep amused us all; I suppose he will say he was enjoying the sermon, and let the baby get away in a moment of bliss, but we all know he was asleep. Henry George was present, and for a wonder, behaved pretty well. A little girl who looks like a girl I know, sat beside me, and I held her hand in recollection of home. A woman I could not see played the hymns on a piano, and the presiding missionary led them: we sang five verses of each one, which seemed to me a good many. . . . The missionary took a text from John, and preached three-quarters of an hour. I had not attended church before in many years, but everything the speaker said seemed strangely familiar; I had heard sermons like it dozens of times. He spoke of meeting loved ones beyond the grave, and a pale young woman who sat near me, put her handkerchief to her eyes. The sermon was divided into three parts, and a summing-up; I think he had notes in the back part of the hymn-book he held in his hand. The missionary was a poor talker, and I am sure the other missionaries present told their wives afterward that they could have done better. The missionary spoke of his trip to the home-land (as he called it), but found no fault; I found no fault with the sermon, except that it was extremely dull. . . . Then he gave out another hymn, but he was the only person present who knew the tune, and he couldn't sing very well: this part of the service was almost ludicrous. At the conclusion of the missionary's solo the doxology was pronounced, and the congregation scattered about the decks. When I went back to the smoking-room I found

four of the men who had attended the service, abusing missionaries.

There is a man on board who wants the passengers to know that he is a singer. He hums a good deal, and I heard him regretting a while ago that there was no one on board to play accompaniments. But there is; I have seen a certain shrinking woman wavering about the piano. These two will finally get together and there will be trouble. So far, there has been no piano-playing, and no singing.

MONDAY, November 13.

This is the tenth day out from San Francisco, and the sea is as smooth as glass. The roll and pitch continue, but so gently that no one notices it. The young girls on board feel so well that they are talking of making fudge; I heard them wondering a while ago whether the head steward would allow it.

Last night, at 6:30, with the first gong for dinner sounding in my ears, I saw the full moon rise out of the water. We figured it out that it was near midnight at home. At first we saw what looked like the reflection of a fire away to eastward. Then the rim of the moon began to appear; it was a dull yellow in color, and seemed many times larger than the moon. When the great orb appeared above the water, it looked like a large pumpkin prepared by boys on Hallowe'en. Later it looked like a golden balloon, lighted on the inside, rising from the ocean. All the passengers were out to look at the moon rise, and they remained until the second and final gong for dinner sounded at seven o'clock.

I am often impressed with the ignorance of intelligent men. I was talking this morning with an intelligent Englishman: a prominent citizen of Manchester. He had been thinking several days of Kansas as a town. Of our form of government he knows almost nothing; as little as I know of England and the English. I made crude maps for him, and he apologized

in a hearty way for his ignorance, saying he had been busy in other ways. Yet he is a prominent man in his native city. He is a walking cyclopedia of English affairs, but America has only interested him as a show place, in a general way, as Singapore interests me. Without looking it up, answer this question: Where is Singapore? Until I started on this trip, and began looking up such things, I had the city located in the wrong country. An intelligent child in the eighth grade at school knows more geography than I do. And after the child passes out of the eighth grade it will forget its geography in learning other things; the young lady who accompanies me, lately graduated from an expensive school, knows as little geography as I do. We learn, and we forget; we retain only a little.

Everything about the ship interested me the first few days of the voyage, but little interests me now. I have not looked down at the Chinese and Japanese in the steerage for days; I no longer care for their games, which seem to continue night and day. Yesterday at dinner there was a great laugh at the table. I inquired the cause, and found that a dyspeptic, sitting near the captain, had ordered mince pie. That was the cause of the merriment; people are easily amused at sea; if they are not, they are not amused at all. . . . As I sit in the smoking-room I see the passengers pass the doors, in taking their walks; when I become weary, and go on deck, I see other passengers sitting in their chairs, and still others sitting in their doorways. They will gladly talk about anything, so little goes on; not a single sail has been seen since we left San Francisco, except those we saw in the harbor at Honolulu. And we shall not see land until a week from to-morrow.

Am I having a good time? Not yet. But I am certainly having a rest. Judge Tracy, who is going to his station in the Philippines, said to me this morning: "You are looking

much better than when you came on board." That's encouraging; that's better than: "What's the matter? You are looking thin." I do not talk with a half-dozen people in a day, because I do not care to: the freedom from the eternal talk, talk, talk, is what is doing me good. For years I have discussed politics, and the wheat prospect, and the corn prospect, and the Doniphan road, and the various other things that enter into the average man's life. When a man at home begins talking to me, and discusses an ordinary subject, I know exactly what he will say. When there is an election, I am as familiar with what is coming as I am with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," since all elections are alike. I have been witness to so many elections, and witness to so many other of the common events of life, that I am tired of them. To the young man just coming of age, there is excitement in an election, but to an old fellow who has heard the same talk a hundred times before, it is all very uninteresting. I have been on the streets so long that I know a year or two in advance that a man is a candidate: they all act alike; they all have a forced geniality that cannot be mistaken. The same thing is true in the other affairs of life: a man of experience has seen the same things repeated so many times that he becomes tired of them. . . . I am not saying this to pose as a wise man: rather, it is a frank confession that I am getting old and weary. Therefore, I am enjoying the loneliness; the freedom from conversation. I take my "constitutional" with Mateel, and she often comes into my room, and we "visit" together. Now that she has recovered from seasickness, she is thoroughly enjoying the trip, and knows nearly every one on board. Both of us are having a "good time," but in a different way. It is rather surprising to me that I am as solitary as I am turning out to be.

Henry George appeared in the smoking-room this morning, and upbraided the men for smoking, saying it was a shame to waste money in that way when money was so badly needed in missionary work.

About noon we ran into a rain-storm with wind. The storm increased, and soon a very bad sea was running; from the nicest morning of the voyage, within six or eight hours we changed to the worst weather since leaving San Francisco. At first the passengers rather enjoyed the pitching of the ship, and the dashing of waves over the lower decks, and they ran races around Cape Horn, as they called the forward deck. But the terrific motion soon told, and the passengers, formerly so gay, began sneaking off to their rooms. At dinner, racks were placed on the tables, to prevent the dishes from rolling off. This is the second time in the history of the "Siberia," that racks have been put on the tables, so it will be imagined that the storm was a severe one. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the night was a wretched one. The weight of the "Siberia" is eighteen thousand tons, and it is no exaggeration to say that it tossed like a chip. The storm lasted thirty-six hours, and I remained in bed most of the time with pillows stuffed about me. Fortunately I slept a good deal. The Atchison girl, who had been so gay in the morning, was completely knocked out again by the storm, and cried from homesickness. "I don't care," she said; "I had a good time thinking about the trip." . . . The next time you hear a man telling about his experiences abroad, don't envy him; you were wiser than he, in remaining at home. To pay out a large sum of money for a spell of sickness is a trick no sensible person should be guilty of.

WEDNESDAY, November 15.

You will observe that I have dropped Tuesday. That's what happened when we crossed the 180th meridian: we lost a day.

THURSDAY, November 16.

The sea is smoother this morning, and the passengers are appearing on deck again. . . . The run from yesterday noon until noon to-day was 385 miles, the best record during the

voyage. At noon to-day we were eighteen hundred miles from Yokohama, and thirty-seven hundred from San Francisco. It has been figured out that we shall reach Yokohama shortly before noon on Tuesday next. Our big run of yesterday was due in a measure to a favorable wind which accompanied the storm. A ship, like a horse or an automobile, does best with a downhill pull.

Yesterday, while I was seasick, it seemed to me I couldn't stand six days more of it, or any more of it. Which reminded me of a remark I once heard a very old man make. He was ill, and was telling me of his troubles. Without thinking, I said: "I don't see how you stand it." The old man thought a while, and then replied feebly: "I have to stand it." There are many disagreeable things we can't get away from: we are compelled to stand them.

The gambling among the Chinese on the steerage deck seems to flag. To-day, while I was looking down there, the dealer motioned to me to come down, and try my luck. . . . You see a great deal in the newspapers about "loud" Americans abroad. There are none on this ship. The passengers are all well-behaved; all very quiet and well-bred. And the Americans are rather better-behaved than the others. I am inclined to believe that the stories about "loud" Americans traveling abroad, are inventions. Americans themselves invent and circulate stories "on" each other.

As I went to bed very early last night, I was awake at 4 o'clock this morning and took a stroll on deck. I seemed to be the only person on the ship, which was steaming along as usual in a quiet sea. At six o'clock every morning the bath-room boy comes after me; he has learned that I am an early riser. In passing down the hall to the bath-room, I passed several stateroom doors that had been left open, owing to the warm night. You can't help seeing into rooms when you pass, and the doors are open, and in one of these rooms I saw

an old lady sitting in the upper berth, knitting. She wore spectacles, and was knitting away as industriously as though waiting for daylight at home. "Surely," I thought, "this old lady is going to join a daughter, or nothing would induce her to attempt the long journey." I have never seen the old lady in the dining-room; she must be having a lonely and miserable time.

There was talk to-day of getting up a paper to be read at dinner on Sunday next. The passengers are not only tiring of each other, but they want to "pick" at each other. Still they are a very polite lot. They cause me to be rather proud of my kind. It has probably occurred to you that people are becoming kinder all the time. People are pretty nice. And I do not refer particularly to the people on shipboard; indeed, I refer to the people at home, whom I greatly admire after a long acquaintance.

The talk of a paper to be read at dinner on Sunday has gone so far that there is already a movement to get out an opposition sheet. A man named Thomas, a steel-man from Pittsburgh, somehow became editor of the paper at first proposed. He invited contributions, and the passengers began handing them in. But it seems Mr. Thomas objected to many of the contributions, as too long, or unsuitable: hence the talk of an opposition sheet. How people dislike to have their contributions censored! But there is a good deal of it; for all of us. Editor Thomas informed me a while ago that he was no writer, but an excellent critic. Every man who can't write, by the way, thinks he is a first-class critic. If I contribute anything to either sheet, I think I will favor the opposition. If the proposed paper is at all interesting, it will be surprising; no one has any sense at sea.

I have seen the statement made that the sea is impressive. To me it is not more impressive than a desert. We seem to be sailing on a lake not more than ten miles across. I looked out of the window just now, and it did not seem to be five

miles to where the sky dipped down and joined the water. While thousands of miles from land, you do not realize the immensity of the body of water on which you are sailing. I do not think anyone is ever afraid at sea; in all the trying lurches of the ship it seems perfectly staunch and safe, and you cannot realize the distance you would be compelled to swim in case of accident.

Riches and poverty are largely a matter of comparison. When we are at dinner the Japanese steerage passengers look in at the windows and envy us the luxury of the cabin. But we can't eat the food offered, and are not comfortable. After dinner, we walk about the gaily lighted decks, and the Chinese steerage passengers look up at us as if they were thinking: "The swells in the cabin are having a gay time!" But we are not swells, and we are not having a gay time. . . . How often I have heard people at home say: "The dream of my life is to take an ocean voyage."

FRIDAY, November 17.

There is gossip on deck this morning to the effect that last night the editors of the proposed ship newspaper had a stormy time deciding what should go in, and what should not. The editors are Frank E. Pixley, the writer of comic operas; Judge Tracy, of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, and Mr. Thomas, already mentioned. Mr. Thomas was originally the editor, but modestly invited Mr. Pixley and Judge Tracy to assist him. Mr. Thomas supposed they would be figureheads, and accept his judgment, but it seems they did not, and started a rough house. One story on deck is that bottles were thrown.

I was talking to-day with a marine officers who was stationed three years at Guam. He says that, although a Methodist, he was well pleased with the Catholics there. The Catholics converted the natives many years ago, and their influence over them was good. The old priest in charge was a kindly, intelli-

gent man, and did such excellent work among the natives that the army officers, all Protestants, were pleased. While the marine officer was living there, four Protestant missionaries arrived, and at once began a crusade against the Catholics. The result was a lot of trouble for everybody. Right or wrong, there seems to be no doubt that missionaries are very unpopular where best known.

Another rain fell to-day, and the weather is what they call "nasty." There is a heavy swell, and a good many of the passengers have gone to their cabins. When the weather is fine we all do pretty well, but when the rolling and pitching become violent, we all lose our sea-legs.

SATURDAY, November 18.

Speaking of the difference in time, while we are having Saturday here, you are having Friday at home. In addition, when you are sound asleep at midnight, we have had breakfast an hour, and are walking about looking for amusement. This is my fourteenth day at sea, but I am still squeamish in the dining-room, although I am very careful in my diet, and eat sparingly. Still, everything is as clean as scouring can make it, and the food as good as possible. Every time you leave your room a Chinaman cleans it, and puts it to rights. But there is proof everywhere to convince me that my neighbors who remained at home were wise. Heaven knows I shall never again long to travel.

Every woman claims to be a mystery; and she is. I can tell you about men, but I know nothing about women. I laugh every time I think how badly I was mistaken in a certain woman passenger. Soon after we left San Francisco, I saw her walking about the decks with a handsome young man. They were a fine-looking couple, and I decided they were bride and groom. I thought of the bride as a shrinking, modest young woman, carefully reared by nice parents, and

admired her. At Honolulu, it developed that the young man was not her husband at all: he left the ship there, and she continued on to Hong Kong. When the ship left Honolulu, the woman tore her handkerchief to pieces, waving it at the young man, although she is going to Hong Kong to join a husband to whom she has been married eight years. She missed the young man for a few days, and read a good deal, but soon made up with other men, and is now as gay as ever. I think she has flirted with every man on board, with one exception. She is now busy with a married man from Nagasaki, and the man's wife is so angry that she will not leave her stateroom. The other women are in a beautiful state of indignation. Incidentally, I cannot help thinking what a "time" the married man has when he returns to his room late at night after a flirtation on the upper deck. If I were that married man, I would rather not flirt than be subject to the "jawing" and tears he must submit to. The other women say the men have noticed the flirtation of the married man with the married woman, and are indignant. The men may be indignant, but I have not heard them say anything. . . . The woman, however, does not seem to think she is doing anything wrong. She no doubt believes she is so attractive that men cannot help hovering about her. I talked with her one day, while we were leaning over the rail, and she seemed to think she had as much right to flirt as a girl. She has lived all her life in boarding-houses, and her husband never lives long in one place; he is a traveling auditor, or something of that kind. Possibly she does not know that the man she has been amusing herself with has a wife on board who is so angry that she will not leave her room. The men who "understand" women are smarter than I am.

The woman known on board as "the soubrette" sits next to me at table. For several days it has been evident to me that she was anxious to tell her age: so I gave her a chance last night. She was married at seventeen and is now twenty-nine. I knew I could raise a storm among the women, and

did it: I told one of them that the soubrette had confided to me her age: twenty-nine. The news was all over the ship in five minutes. Twenty-nine! None of the women said the woman was under forty-five, and some said fifty. Even the men took an interest; the men didn't venture any figures, but they laughed with the wise air men assume when they discuss the ages of women. While I do not know much about women, I can't help being able to tell an old one from a young one, and "the soubrette" is certainly as old as I am. Why do people tell ridiculous stories of this kind? But how many do it! Do you not know people who tell you ridiculous stories about themselves every day?

SUNDAY, November 19.

The much talked of ship newspaper, "The Siberian Chestnut," appeared this morning, and created only a ripple of excitement. Twenty copies were printed on a hectograph and handed around. As I have been the most solitary man on board, the editors took a shot at me in poetry. It was by Frank Pixley, and read:

The days pass swiftly,
As the ocean we plow,
We'd all be happy,
If we only knew How(e).

One of the best things in the "paper" was a "smash" at two young Englishmen on board, named Hodgson. They are university-bred, but half the passengers do not understand them readily; a good many English do not seem to speak English. The item read:

"The Hodgson brothers are among those present. On the trip, they have managed to pick up considerable English."

The young men could not see the "joke," although several tried to explain it to them.

I have several times referred in these letters to the missionary and his children. I have said nothing about them on board, therefore the following item from the ship paper may be taken as a fair indication that they annoy others:

“All the missionary children seem to be going out to China. We cannot commend this course too highly, as we expect to return to the United States.”

I heard the missionary say to a friend, soon after the paper appeared: “I am the last man in the world to object to a joke, but——.” The remainder of the sentence was lost in the wind and waves.

A poem:

STRAIGHT DOWN

We haven't seen a sail so far,
And it's hard to understand,
For on this trip we always are,
Within five miles of land.

Among other contributions was one headed “Advertisement,” and calling attention to a model ship now building. The advertisement read, in part:

“We beg to announce the building of a Model Ship, which will be ready for service by the time passengers on the ‘Siberia’ are ready to return home. Among the advantages the Model Ship will offer, attention is called to the following: 1. The waiters will not be permitted to wear night-gowns while serving dinner; 2. The kitchen and machinery will be located in the ninth story; 3. The officers will be seasick during bad weather, instead of the passengers, who have paid their money for a good time; 4. Passengers will be permitted on the bridge; 5. Cows and chickens will be kept on board and fresh milk and eggs served. Also cistern water. Breakfast will be announced by the crowing of roosters, instead of by beating a gong; 6. When a ship's officer says a witty thing

at table, convulsing the ladies about him, he will arise, and repeat his remark, for the benefit of all, as jokes by ship's officers, like bishops' jokes, are always good; 7. Horses and buggies will be provided in which passengers may take rides in the surrounding country; 8. The only motion of the Model Ship will be straight ahead, at sixty miles an hour; the roll and pitch will be dispensed with.

Here is some more verse:

A ship is designated she:
The reason, I infer,
Is that it always takes a man,
To rightly manage her.

Another:

UNSETTLED

Two weeks have wrought a wondrous change
In us, it seems to me;
No matter what our plans were then,
To-day we're all at sea.

The opposition sheet did not appear: it turned out to be a "joke" on the editors.

This is the third Sunday out. Religious services were held in the music-room, a rather smaller audience than usual appearing. A new missionary officiated: not my missionary—no one seems to think much of him. The new man devoted his time to telling of his experiences in China, and was rather interesting; the other man had been dull with his sermon, so the new man told bear stories: he told how the Chinese had chased him, and how they had burned his buildings. The speaker said he was going back to the turbulent town; to renew the trouble. Then we sang another hymn, and went out to wonder why the missionary had devoted his life to such a

cause; according to his own confession, he had accomplished nothing save building a hospital, after years of toil and danger. While he was away, the building was burned and five people killed.

On leaving home, a lady gave me a book entitled "Of the Imitation of Christ," accompanied by a card which read: "Please read this; I am sure it will comfort you." On returning to my room from the services, I read the book. I do not understand it; at this moment I haven't the remotest idea as to what it means. It is a famous book; I have heard that it has comforted many people, but I could not find anything in it for me. . . . Several days ago a Japanese died, and was buried at sea. If I should be forced to jump overboard, and swim back a thousand miles to try to find his body, it would be no greater impossibility than to find comfort in the little book mentioned. I do not say this flippantly, or with a view to being offensive, but because I wonder that a book that has appealed to so many, so utterly fails to appeal to me.

The quarrels between the English and the Americans continue to afford amusement. At dinner to-day, Mrs. Frank Pixley objected because an Englishman named Hume was traveling without his wife. "In America," she said, "a wife may travel for pleasure without her husband, but a husband must not go on a pleasure trip without his wife." The Englishman was in a beautiful rage because of the suggestion that a husband was not so free as his wife; but Mrs. Pixley stated the American position correctly; we all admitted that.

When this ship started out from San Francisco the passengers had all sorts of exalted notions about one another. But we are finding out the truth: one man I thought was a lord, turns out to be a clerk in the office of a London branch in Japan. When a number of tourists get together, several days are required to discover that they are plain human beings. A woman we all thought had a title and great estates, turns out to be a widow who has about exhausted her first husband's

life insurance, and is looking for a fresh start in life. I don't believe there is anything very promising on board in the way of rich men.

MONDAY, November 20.

It was expected that we should land at Yokohama to-morrow between 10 A. M. and noon, but we are behind-time, owing to head-winds, and shall not make it before 3 P. M., according to gossip in the smoking-room. Besides, we were delayed eight hours in Honolulu, by the accident already mentioned. . . . The passengers began packing up to-day. The sailors also had the steam windlasses going, getting ready for the landing to-morrow, so that altogether it has been a busy day. Toward dark, a very stiff head-wind came up, and there was no real comfort anywhere except in bed. When I determined to go to my room I found it difficult to get there. My room is amidships, with the door opening on the deck, and the wind was blowing the spray against my door with such fury that I was drenched before I got inside. You may think the wind whistles dismal tunes around a house on a wild night, but you should hear it around a ship at sea.

TUESDAY, November 21.

There was a very heavy head-wind all through last night, and at one o'clock this morning the seas were breaking over the prow so heavily that speed was reduced. This will delay our arrival in Yokohama this afternoon to four or five o'clock. The weather is so cold this morning that the passengers keep warm with difficulty. . . . There was a concert in the music-room last night, but few attended, owing to the bad weather. . . . At 9 A. M. a passenger called my attention to two blue mounds straight ahead that looked like clouds, but were a little too low for clouds. They turned out to be LAND, and we spread the glad news about the ship. How the passengers stood and gazed and gazed! Japan is very mountainous, and by noon there were mountains all about us, but long

distances away. At that hour the run for the preceding twenty-four hours was posted, and we found we were still sixty-one miles from Yokohama. By two o'clock we were in a broad inland sea, with fishing fleets and villages in sight. By three o'clock we began passing frowning forts, and navy-yards, and lighthouses, and a smoking mountain was pointed out, which was said to be a volcano. At four the engines stopped in sight of Yokohama, to await the coming of the port doctors and the customs officers. In half an hour these officials arrived, and the cabin passengers were notified by a gong to assemble in the dining-room, to be inspected by the doctors. This performance consisted of three serious Japanese doctors going about, and counting us, after which we were dismissed, and went up on deck to look at the great number of ships in the harbor. By this time, the principal hotels had sent off private launches, which hovered about the ship. In addition to the hotel boats, dozens of row-boats hovered about. Then the ship began to move slowly, and finally cast anchor inside the breakwater. The ship's tender came alongside, and the hotel boats ranged next to that. Then we all went down a stairway which had been let down the ship's side, and crossed the tender to the hotel boats we intended to take. We selected the Oriental Palace, and the porter of this hotel took our baggage, first telling us to leave it unlocked for inspection in the custom-house. When the hotel boat pulled away from the ship, it was after dark, and the "Siberia," being lighted up, looked like a city: we had not before appreciated its great size. As soon as we landed we were at liberty to go at once to the hotel, as the porter had our baggage, and would attend to the customs' examination. So we called two rickshaws, climbed in, and were soon on the streets of Yokohama. A rickshaw is a two-wheeled buggy pulled by a man, used here almost to the exclusion of carriages. The little men who pulled our rickshaws proceeded at a lively trot, and it was a funny experience, being on the streets of a foreign city at night in these strange vehicles. You will never forget your first ride in a Japanese rickshaw. We rode side by side, and laughed all the way to

the hotel, we were so conscious that we looked funny. But our little men were very serious, and kept up a brisk trot until the hotel was reached, where we robbed ourselves by paying them a quarter each, as the regular price is only five cents each. When we reached our rooms in the hotel we indulged in a dance, it was such a pleasure to get away from the ship. . . . The difference in time is becoming more confusing. The Educational Bureau says that at this hour, 9 P. M., Tuesday, it is noon of Wednesday at home.

WEDNESDAY, November 22.

It was a pleasure to awaken this morning in a real bed, in a real room with high ceilings. This pleasure was mine, as a guest of the Oriental Palace Hotel, in Yokohama, Japan. For the past seventeen days, with the exception of eight hours' respite at Honolulu, I have been almost dead. I was out of order all the time I was at sea; nothing agreed with me. This morning at daylight, I came to; I was myself again, physically and mentally. A steamship is fine, but its interior has been compressed into small spaces. The ceilings are low; your bed is narrow; your room is small; the entire ship seems to have been placed in a huge hydraulic machine, and squeezed as much as the traveling public will possibly stand. You can swing your hat and hit the ceilings anywhere in a ship. . . . Therefore, blessings on Yokohama, where I had a big room with high ceilings, and a wide bed. It was dark last night when I arrived, and the paper lantern carried by my rickshaw man did not greatly illuminate the city; but when I looked out of my windows shortly after daylight this morning, the bay, filled with shipping, lay before me. My room was on the top story of the hotel; hotel clerks always give me rooms high up; but they are afraid of earthquakes here, so the worst the clerk could do was the third story. Across the narrow street from my window lay enough of Japan to interest a Kansas man: quaint houses built in a way I had never seen before. English sparrows, which I hate at home, were flying about in their busy

way, and I was glad to see them. In the yard below, a boy came out, pumped a pailful of water, and washed his face. Presently the hired girl appeared and hurried about, apparently preparing breakfast. I couldn't help wondering how much she got a week. In and out the girl went, always hurrying. Once she came out with three blazing sticks and doused a pan of water on them: she had used the meager fire for some domestic purpose, and then thrown water on the sticks to save the wood for future use. So much that was interesting was going on in the yard that I called Mateel; we had adjoining rooms, connected by a door. We greatly enjoyed the domestic scene, until our eyes wandered out into the harbor beyond, and there we saw a sight that chilled our enthusiasm: the "Siberia" with its two big smokestacks, its spars and white paint.

Soon after arriving in Japan you learn to respect the Japanese; they are so energetic, so polite, so much in earnest. I have been hearing all the way over that the Chinese are superior to the Japanese: we Yankees are becoming jealous of the Japanese because of their recent remarkable achievements in war and in civilization, and I heard on the ship that the Chinese were more honorable than the Japanese and more intelligent: but after you have seen the Japanese fortifications and the Japanese navy-yards, and a Japanese city or two, you admire the Japanese without reserve, even if they are becoming rivals of the Yankees in push and progress. I visited nearly every part of Yokohama to-day, and the politeness of the Japanese everywhere was nearly as agreeable and impressive as the English signs we encountered at every turn.

If I have not seen a great deal of Yokohama, it is because I have been so much interested in the rickshaw men, the men who pull the two-wheeled buggies. The Japanese are small, and the smaller the Jap, the more he exerts himself: if we hired two rickshaws, one pulled by a big man and the other by a little man, the little man was always in the lead. And

these little men pull you at a brisk trot; they must do this to compete with the one-horse carriages that are now being introduced. You are taken any reasonable distance in a rickshaw for five or ten cents. If I have seen one rickshaw to-day I have seen a thousand, for they are very numerous, and may be taken in any part of the city.

This morning we secured a guide and started out to "do" the town in a hurry. As we should find it necessary to climb a good many hills, an extra man was hired for each rickshaw, as an extra locomotive is attached to an American railway train when a mountain is to be crossed. Our train, therefore, consisted of seven men when we started from the hotel. Away the little men went at a keen trot, and this they kept up until we reached a place of interest, where the guide proceeded to lecture, though we could not understand a word he said.

The guide would stop, and tell us a long story. Being at a loss to comprehend him, we would venture a guess and say: "A temple where the people worship?"

And he would reply briskly: "Yes, sir; yes, sir," so that we really named all the objects of interest we saw. But this made little difference; it was a day of surpassing interest. I didn't care what the buildings were, or who lived in them: it seemed like a day spent in Bagdad, or some other wonderful city out of the "Arabian Nights." And this impression was increased by seeing a good many men with one eye: you may remember that in the "Arabian Nights," many of the men have but one eye, and they tell wonderful stories of how their eyes were put out for admiring beautiful women who flirted with them. . . . As we trotted along through the strange, narrow, crooked streets, I remember fearing occasionally, for a moment, that my horse would frighten at some of the unusual sights, and then I looked down at my little man, and felt languor and safety and joy. At home horses are named Dick or Tom or Prince, but my little man was named "Yasu"; this name was painted on his back. If I never see any more of

Japan, I have an impression of it that will last me as long as I live. I shall see Tokio, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Yokohama, in addition to passing through a good deal of the country by rail, and am content, although people laugh at me for my haste; they say that to spend only six or seven days in Japan is not enough to do it justice. I think most travelers remain too long in strange places, and wear off the glamor.

While our procession of seven men and three rickshaws was passing through the streets of Yokohama, we ran across little Miss Burgess, whom we had known on the ship. She sat at our table; and how she laughed at us when she met us in Yokohama! We promised to meet her at tiffin (on the ship, lunch is always tiffin). On our return, she called on us at the hotel and settled a bet.

While passing through the streets of Yokohama, what did we talk about? Mainly we fussed over the spelling of the word huge. Mateel said it was "hugh," and offered to bet on it. Finally I said: "Of course you have no money, and never will have any, but I will do this: If you are right, I will buy you the silk kimono you say you want. But if I am right, you are to renounce being a princess forever, and become my vassal, my slave. You are not to suggest anything to me, in case I win; on the contrary, you are to wait on me, and I will call you 'boy,' as they call the servants on the ship."

She agreed to the proposition, and Miss Burgess decided I was right. I am now carrying things with a high hand.

You cannot see all there is to see, anywhere. One place where our procession stopped is known as "The Hundred Steps." I refused to go up, and when Mateel came back, she said the attraction amounted to this: she climbed a hundred steps, and bought a cup of tea. It is a noted place; why, I cannot imagine. The Educational Department says Richard Harding Davis wrote up the woman who keeps the place, but the Educational Department may be mistaken: it spelled "huge" wrong, after studying four years at an expensive school in

Washington. . . . I preferred the ordinary things to "The Hundred Steps," so we visited a fishing village, and admired the cleanliness of the people and of the houses. Apparently there are no poor in Yokohama; all the people seem able to live, if simply, at least decently. Nearly every little girl carried the family baby about on her back; Japan is notorious for babies. This fashion of carrying babies is almost the same as the fashion of our Indians. The little girls raced about and played, and the poor babies tied to their back received a great jolting; but they seemed to be very patient. We saw no beggars; we met with no rudeness of any kind, although we went through the poorest districts. . . . While our guide could not speak English he was one of the politest men I ever met. He took us to see the private grounds of a Yokohama merchant, and a gentleman we found there accompanied us everywhere. These grounds are on top of a hill overlooking the ocean, and are wonderful. The merchant's family deserts the beautiful place during the summer, and moves to the city. The guide and the gentleman who accompanied us (he seemed to be a care-taker, or an employee of the merchant, who happened to be at the place) were very polite to each other; I shall always remember the good-breeding of the Japanese.

Japan is mountainous. The people have terraced the sides of the mountains with great labor, and grow crops on the terraces. Where there are little valleys, they are usually devoted to rice, and the rice crop is just now being harvested. The growing of rice involves hardship; it is grown in muddy lagoons, and the crop is harvested mainly by women, who wade into the mud up to their knees. The women are very useful in Japan; they work as much as the men. In this, the Japanese are like the French. The Japanese remind me of the French in many ways. . . . While out in the country we saw winter wheat growing on plots of ground a few hundred feet square. These "wheat-fields" would be lying in terraces on the mountain-side. And the farming is perfect: every foot of space is utilized. The men and the

women work together, and the little girls take care of the children smaller than themselves.

We stopped at a little seaside resort, and ordered beer for the rickshaw men, and tea for ourselves. An elderly woman and three girls served us, and when we went away their politeness was something to remember. The tea was served without either sugar or milk, and I did not like it. Two kinds of rice cakes were served with it; one kind seemed to have been fried in fat, but was very palatable.

It didn't take me long to solve the financial problem of Japan. Their yen is the same as our dollar, and their sen the same as our cent. The silver coins are much alike in size, and the Japs even have a nickel answering to our five-cent piece. But there is this difference: American money is worth exactly double. All over Japan you can use American bills or gold, and get double.

Room being scarce, many of the streets of Yokohama wind around the mountain-side. On one side, retaining-walls of immense blocks of volcanic stone; on the other, houses of the queerest character you can imagine, but all neat and well kept. Yokohama is very cosmopolitan, and many of the houses, built in imitation of famous temples, belong to American and English residents; nearly every sign in Yokohama is given in English as well as in Japanese. At one place we passed a carpenter shop, where the carpenter held the board between his toes while he worked the saw up and down with both hands. Everything is different from the usage at home; at home, we turn the electric light button to the right: here they turn it to the left. Even the sounds at night are unfamiliar. At home, all through the night we hear the puffing of locomotives, switching in the yards. There is nothing of the kind in Yokohama, although I longed to hear it. Yokohama is a ship center rather than a railroad center; at night, the lights from the ships in the harbor look like a vast city. Bulls are used

on the streets in hauling heavy loads. . . . We visited a greenhouse where a specialty seemed to be made of dwarf trees: pines, oak, and maples. These trees were old and wrinkled, but were kept in pots, as we keep geraniums in winter. . . . Instead of being lighted by means of window-glass, in houses of the poorer sort oiled paper is used. Some of the houses are not much larger than our largest dry-goods boxes, but very neat. Instead of sleeping on beds, the people sleep on mats laid on the floor, which are put away during the day. Their pillows are wooden stools, and their fires are tiny charcoal affairs. This is the rule, though in Yokohama there are many modern buildings with steam heat, baths, etc. The Oriental Palace is said to be the best hotel in Japan, but it has no elevator; no rooms with baths. In other respects it is quite modern. When we first went to the dining-room, we found flowers at our plates; this little attention is paid every new guest. The roast beef was the best I ever tasted; the butter about the poorest. The coffee was half milk, in French fashion again. The bill of fare was printed in English, and in another language which the Board of Education did not recognize. The dining-room was a fine apartment, and the waiters the spryest lot of little brown men I ever saw in a similar capacity. Most of the guests were dressed for dinner, and everything was in good taste. So many of the people understand English that you find no difficulty in getting about. I wanted to go to the steamship office. I climbed into a rickshaw in front of the hotel, and said: "The Pacific Mail steamship office." The little brown man started off on a trot, and presently stopped in front of the steamship office. "Wait," I said, and when I came out, he was waiting. "Back to the hotel," I said, and back to the hotel he went. But while they seem to understand you, you do not understand them; I have no idea what the people of Yokohama have been saying to me to-day.

The Japanese are spry enough to please the most exacting Yankee. I was advised to buy two suits of pongee silk, for the hot weather in India. I went to a tailor shop at 2 P. M.,

and, returning an hour and a half later, they were ready to "try on." By Thursday night they will be completed, and sent on board the "Siberia."

THURSDAY, November 23.

I am now a person of considerable importance, and in future more attention should be paid to my statements. This morning, in Tokio, the capital of Japan, the two young daughters of His Majesty, the Mikado, bowed to me quite politely. . . . It came about in the following manner:

We went out sight-seeing with a distinguished-looking guide secured at the Imperial Hotel. (The guide carried a cane, and a man carrying a cane always seems to me to be a man of importance.) Rickshaw men were pulling us as usual, and we found our way into one of the principal parks of the city. A runner came along, shouting something. Immediately our important-looking guide told us to alight, which we did. Away down the avenue we saw two carriages approaching. "Probably royalty," the guide explained excitedly. The two carriages approached, preceded by a runner on foot. The guide took off his hat and I did likewise. In the front carriage were two pretty Japanese girls. The guide bowed politely to them, and I did the same. The girls smilingly returned our bow.

"The two young daughters of His Majesty," the guide said, very much excited.

Then I became excited and curious.

"They bowed to you," I said.

"No, no," the guide replied; "to you; to you!"

Then he explained that it is a custom in the royal family, when in public, to return the bows of Americans and Europeans. . . . In the carriage with the princesses were two elderly women. In the carriage following were four grave-looking men. The princesses were probably out for a morning drive in the park. . . . If I am not the only Kansas man who has received a smile and a bow from the two daughters of the Emperor of Japan, let the other man speak up.

I think our guide of to-day must be the president of the University of Tokio, at least. He is very distinguished-looking, and very polite; possibly he has a large family to support, and acts as guide on holidays. This is a holiday in Japan: Thanksgiving day—thanksgiving for the rice crop, which is generous this year. Our guide bowed to a good many distinguished-looking people on the streets, and by his manner seemed to say, apologetically: "I don't like this, but for mercy's sake, what is a man to do who is poor?"

The more I see of Japan, the more respect I have for the Japanese. I have just returned from a tour of Tokio, and feel as though I had been on a long trip through a great art palace: I am tired of seeing wonderful things, and willing to sit by the fire in my room. I had always thought of Tokio as a sort of curio: as a city of little houses occupied by little people. It has the little houses, and nearly two millions of the little people, but from my hotel, Tokio in many ways resembles a modern American city. I can see electric cars passing on double-track street railways, and the cars are crowded. I arrived last night after dark, and Tokio seemed to have as many electric lights as Chicago. From my windows I see great modern buildings with towers, and the palace is as impressive as the palace of the old French kings at Versailles. About the palace of the Mikado are three great walls and a moat; the walls built of enormous blocks of the lava-rock so common here. I will not attempt to describe the grounds of the palace, but the buildings are stately and imposing; much more so than I expected. The government buildings surrounding the palace grounds are also impressive; as large as those of the French, apparently, but not so imposing architecturally.

While the main part of the city is imposing, there are thousands of the queer little houses you have always thought of as characteristic of Tokio. There are miles of streets where

only such houses are seen: houses fourteen or fifteen feet wide and one story high. Then a house twenty feet wide and two stories high. Then a house thirty feet wide. The streets are always narrow in the sections where the curio houses are found. Many of these houses have porches that I am certain are not more than four feet wide and fifteen feet long. Tokio, of course, is mainly made up of these little wooden houses built after a quaint fashion: the finer modern district is not large, and this is a city of two million people. It is one of the great cities of the world, ranking fifth, or sixth, or seventh, I have forgotten which. . . . There are so many of these narrow, crooked streets, lined with the little wooden houses, that an American might get lost in them, and never be able to find his way out. In front of every little house, there is a shop; a fish shop, a meat shop, a confectionery shop, or one of a hundred other varieties, some of the varieties so strange I did not recognize them. During my long ramble to-day I did not see a single bakery; the people do not eat bread; they live mainly on rice and fish. In a room behind or over every shop, the proprietor's family lives. There is no room for the children, so they play in the streets. There are as many children here as may be seen in the Italian section of New York, and that is one of the sights of New York. As our rickshaw men trotted along they were constantly crying out to children to get out of the way. The rickshaw men seem to have recognized rights; when they say "Hi! Hi!" people pay attention, and step out of the way. There are no sidewalks in the narrow streets; the streets are not more than twenty feet wide—no room for sidewalks, so people walk in the streets. . . . Tokio is on an arm of the sea, but big ships cannot enter its harbor, owing to shallow water. There is now a movement on foot to expend a million dollars in dredging. The main part of Tokio is flat, although back of the city are the ever-present mountains. Through the city run canals which are alive with boats, and at other places are rapidly running streams of water; apparently streams from the neighboring mountains.

Tokio has a European section. Thirty-five years ago the government said to the people: "It is desired that the Japanese become more progressive. The government will build modern European houses as object lessons." So along a certain street for a distance of ten or twelve blocks, houses of brick and stone were built; houses that were modern, thirty-five years ago, in Paris or London. This section of Tokio is now almost as quaint as the section of little wooden houses.

As the houses of Tokio are built mainly of wood, there is always great danger of fire, so occasionally a fire-proof house is encountered along the narrow streets. It is no larger than the houses around it, but is built of the lava-rock for which the country is famous. You have, of course, seen fire-proof safes standing open in business houses. The little fire-proof houses in Tokio have but one upper window, and this is protected by fire-proof shutters; when the shutters are open, the house looks like a big fire-proof safe standing open for the day's business. The little fire-proof houses soon attract your attention. . . . There is another thing that will soon attract your attention in Tokio; when a man stops and ties his horse, he ties its front legs. The horses have become accustomed to the practice, and it is effective; an American horse would go crazy and break his fool neck if treated that way.

I could wander along the canals in Tokio and find amusement for a month. Sailing-boats which go out to sea are pushed along these canals by means of poles. On one of these boats to-day I saw a woman assisting her husband in propelling the boat by means of a pole; the husband on one side and the wife on the other, with a baby on her back. The baby was cooing and playing while its mother worked. The crew of the little boat consisted of husband and wife; there was a tiny little cabin at the stern, where they have probably lived all their married life; certainly the baby was born in the tiny little cabin.

To me, the most interesting thing in Japan is the rickshaw man. The one who pulled me to-day has been in the business, within the guide's knowledge, ten years. He was not much larger than an American boy of twelve; I doubt that he weighed a hundred pounds, yet he pulled me at a trot all over Tokio. I felt ashamed of myself at times, and had a notion to ask the little man to get into the buggy and let me pull a while. Their legs are bare, with a muscular development that is wonderful. The guide says one of these men can keep up the trot all day, pulling an ordinary load. Their power of endurance comes from long practice. No rickshaw man ever walks with a passenger; he trots all the time.

There are thirty daily newspapers in Tokio, some of them confined, mainly, to the particular districts in which they are published. This, again, is like Paris. I insist that the Japanese are much like the French. When a newsboy appears with an extra, he excites attention by tying a bell to his feet, and this rings as he runs along.

The chambermaids at the hotel are all men; I haven't seen a woman about the place. The women are probably out gathering rice, and wading in mud up to their knees. The women are not only ornamental here, they are useful as well. American women who visit Japan are likely to attract so little attention that they will feel aggrieved.

FRIDAY, November 24.

The Japanese are a bowing people; when two Japanese gentlemen are introduced, they bow very low three times. The men are always bowing and taking their hats off to each other, but when a crowd enters a public car, the women make way for the men to enter first. When a porter takes your hand-baggage at a railway station and shows you to your car, he takes off his hat and bows politely when he leaves you. Without exception, the Japanese are the politest people I have

ever seen. They are always bowing to each other, and we have seen so much of this that Mateel and I practice it in our rooms at the hotel; I bow to her and she bows three times to me.

It is so quiet in the great dining-room of the hotel that I am almost afraid to speak above a whisper. The beef served is a revelation: I think I never tasted really good beef before. Is it in the cooking, I wonder? But The Imperial is an European and not a Japanese hotel. I must ask the manager where the beef comes from. We are always hearing that the best Kansas beef is shipped away; this must be some of it. And while I do not like to travel on the ocean, I must admit that it produces wonderful fish. Having been brought up on catfish and sunfish and buffalo-fish, the fish here are another revelation. I am sincerely glad that the ocean is good for something. . . . The guests at the hotel are also strange to me. Two of them look like Italian baritones in grand opera companies. Three others are here as a delegation from the pope to call on the Mikado (whose daughters bowed to me). . . . But the biggest man in the lot I dine with every day. He is an Englishman we met on the ship. We were rather fond of him, and saw a good deal of him. When the ship landed in Yokohama a government tug came off to meet him, with two Japanese gentlemen. Inquiry developed that he is the representative of a dozen London banks which have decided to lend the Japanese government ten million dollars, provided the security is satisfactory, and the Englishman's business here is to look into the securities. He will remain in Japan from eight to ten months. We met him at the Imperial Hotel soon after our arrival in Tokio, and have eaten all our meals at his table. One evening he showed us his rooms on the ground floor. They were engaged for him in advance, and are very handsome. He is to be presented to the Mikado, and to all the big men of the country. He is very modest, and reticent concerning his own affairs; the statement of his business here I got from Frank Pixley, who was a news-gatherer before

he became a writer of comic operas. The Englishman has intimated that possibly he might be able to show us some sights ordinary travelers do not see; but, unfortunately, our time is limited, and we shall not be able to take advantage of this very unusual opportunity.

Our guide of yesterday could speak a little English, but our guide of to-day absolutely did not know an English word, except "Yes, sir;" or "O no," etc. He was secured by our chamber boy: the fellow who makes up our beds, and brings us hot water, and answers our bell. Our chamber boy said the guide was a friend of his and spoke particularly good English. But the guide certainly knew the points of interest, for this has been our best day in Tokio, so far as sight-seeing is concerned.

Tokio is provided with the usual public gardens and playgrounds: in one of the latter I saw boys in kimonos playing baseball. In one of these public playgrounds I also met a kindly-looking old grandmother caring for two fat boy-babies. I gave each of the boy-babies a nickel, and the grandmother seemed to ask them, "What do you say?" But they didn't say "Thank you"; instead, they gravely arranged themselves side by side, their grandmother chattering and directing them all the while, and after they were all ready, they bowed to me ceremoniously three times. That was their way of saying "Thank you," and it was very pretty and effective.

In addition to the usual public gardens and playgrounds, Tokio has a number of gardens surrounding gorgeous temples. These temples are very old, and were probably as expensive to build as the old palaces of the French despots. They are built of wood, instead of stone, but the carvings cost years of toil. Much of the wood-work is covered with gold, and in some cases the entire structure is protected from the weather by a rough building of boards. In some cases the temples

are built on top of hills; at one place I counted as I climbed, and noted that I climbed 117 steps. . . . At this temple we were compelled to put cloth coverings on our shoes before entering. We were conducted through the gorgeous place by a boy of fifteen or sixteen. While he was showing us about, and explaining everything to the guide (who could not explain it to us), two giggling girls and a man appeared. The boy who conducted us squatted on the floor, and the two giggling girls and the man did likewise. Then the boy recited a lot of stuff in a sing-song voice: I could recognize the word "Shinto," but nothing else. I wondered that the boy should be authorized to conduct a ceremony, but it would have been useless to ask the guide about it, so I saved my breath. . . . Then we paid the boy sixty cents and departed. This temple was surrounded by smaller temples, tombs, gardens, etc., and the walls were almost as massive as those at the emperor's palace. The Japanese do not seem serious in religious matters; they pay no more attention to religious matters than American Protestants. If they have boys reading the services, it will not be long before they will put the women at it. At the railway ticket office where I went this morning to secure sleeping-car and railway tickets for a night journey to Kobe, only women were employed—not a man in the place.

We also visited a temple erected in honor of Buddha. Worshippers ring a bell, to attract the attention of the saint, and then bow to an image. In one of these temples I saw children ringing the sacred bell in play, and I was greatly shocked. But the Japanese are so much like American Protestants in religious matters, that they paid no attention to the sacrilege.

We visited a gentleman's private garden: one of the wonders you read about, with running brooks and stone bridges, and little hills, and tea-houses, and trees and flowers, and lakes. It was the most wonderful of all the wonderful things I saw

in Japan. . . . I have no idea how it happened that we were admitted. The rickshaw men stopped; we alighted, and followed the guide through a door, and then through a gate into the garden. The guide met a man, and bowed to him; who the man was I do not know, nor have I been able to find out. As the wonders of the place began dawning upon me, I asked the guide how it happened we were admitted. He told me all the details, I suppose, but I did not understand a word, or he may have been telling me something of the ancient history of Japan. This guide knew how to find the show places, but could not tell about them. When he talked I was at liberty to make anything I chose out of his talk. So this is what I told my daughter: The nobleman who owned the garden had heard of the incident of the daughters of His Majesty, the Mikado, bowing to me, so he had sent an invitation to me through the guide to look through his private premises. It seemed that in Tokio a little attention from the Mikado's family went a long way, and the attention shown me by His Majesty's daughters was quite marked; no wonder people were talking about it.

But the guide had also told me another startling thing; not quite so pleasing, perhaps, but startling. The courtiers at the palace, it seems, had heard of the incident of the princesses bowing to me, and were displeased. Indeed, the guide said it was common rumor that the courtiers had sharpened their snickersnees and were looking for me. Therefore the guide advised that I leave Tokio at once. Consequently I leave the city at six o'clock this evening, to place myself under the protection of Captain Smith, of the ship "Siberia," which flies the American flag. I do not propose that a little flirtation, entirely innocent on my part, shall result in a complication between Japan and the United States; and a complication surely would result, if the courtiers used their snickersnees on me, for I am an American citizen, and have a passport signed by Elihu Root.

SATURDAY, November 25.

I fear we are somewhat fickle. We were in love with Honolulu; then we were in love with Yokohama, and next with Tokio, but now we think Kyoto, where we are to-day, is the most wonderful place we have seen. For eleven hundred years it was the capital of Japan, but thirty-seven years ago the present Mikado moved the seat of government to Tokio.

We left Tokio last evening at six o'clock, taking a sleeping-car for this place, where we arrived at 8 o'clock this morning. A rickshaw man we had employed for two days accompanied us to the railroad station, and we had no trouble whatever in finding our sleeping-car; we felt perfectly at ease: it is as easy for an American to travel in Japan as in America. Indeed, I think it is easier; the railway and hotel officials are politer here than in America, and pay travelers more attention. Our train was the Imperial Express, and carried a dining-car. We had two berths in a compartment, and our fellow-passenger was a Japanese naval officer with decorations on his breast. When he came in, he bowed to us politely. In a compartment adjoining ours was Judge Tracy, with his family, who is going out to assume his duties as Justice of the Philippines. With Mr. and Mrs. Tracy we walked through the long train to the dining-car; through many cars filled with Japanese passengers. I think the only Americans on the train were those in our party, going to rejoin the "Siberia" at Kobe. Arrived at the dining-car we were served with a very good dinner for fifty cents each, American money, except that the butter was poor, as it is everywhere in Japan. Among those in the dining-car was a Japanese field marshal, and all along the line distinguished men and women came to the stations to present him with cards and bow to him. At one station, thousands of people had collected, and every man, woman, and child carried a Japanese lantern. At another station there was an electric arch, and we heard that an Admiral is traveling this way; if not on this train, he is on one following. . . . At the conclusion of dinner I gave the waiter a quarter, American money, and he

nearly doubled himself in bowing. . . . It sounded very pleasant to hear again the clickety-click of a railroad train, and I slept well, in spite of the strangeness of my surroundings, knowing that the brakeman would take care of me. The Japanese railways have a narrower gauge than the American; between our narrow and broad gauge, therefore the Japanese cars are somewhat smaller than ours. The cars were electric-lighted, and vestibuled, though in a small, merry Japanese way, and the track is double. The sleepers are arranged in compartments, with a very narrow aisle running along one side; no smoking-rooms, and only one lavatory; still, they do very well. During the night the train averaged about twenty-five miles an hour. . . . We arrived at Kyoto at 8 o'clock this morning. Taking rickshaws, we proceeded to the Myako Hotel, and our procession was a curious one to the citizens of Kyoto, judging from the way they stared. Our procession consisted of six rickshaws: Judge Tracy and wife, their young son Walter, his governess, and Mateel and me. The Myako Hotel is quite a distance from the station, and the ride of half an hour was extremely interesting, as Kyoto is a very old town, and more typical of Japan than any other. The streets here are even narrower than in Tokio, and there are no English signs; so far as appearances went, we were a party of Americans discovering the town. At one place we skirted a rapidly running stream, forty feet wide, and walled on either side. At intervals were steps where the women went down to the water to do their washing. We crossed this stream on a stone bridge certainly a thousand years old; a bridge just wide enough for a rickshaw. The supporting pillars were composed of huge columns of stone, taken from the quarries in one piece, and the floor of the bridge was equally massive. The ride to the hotel, of itself, was enough to pay us for our visit here. The hotel is a great, rambling concern, located on the side of a mountain. There are so many different buildings and gardens connected with the hotel that we really need a guide to find our rooms; and after we find our rooms, the dining-room seems a quarter of a mile away. There are

Japanese girl waiters in the dining-room, and they are very pretty, and move about in the quiet, easy way that distinguishes the Japanese maidens. Every dining-room girl carries what seems to be a knapsack on her back, but the Educational Bureau says this knapsack is really a sash.

The Admiral is in Kyoto to-day, and as a consequence the town is celebrating. Talk about lanterns and flags: you should see this town to-day! In certain streets there are thousands of floral umbrellas, and in all of them there are the big Japanese lanterns and flags. . . . We employed a guide at the hotel, and when we departed for a tour of the city, the manager and chief clerk were present to see our procession depart. And bow! You should have seen them bow! The farther you penetrate the interior of Japan, the more the people bow and stare. If President Roosevelt should appear on the streets of San Francisco, he would not be stared at more than we have been stared at on the streets of Kyoto to-day. The Educational Bureau went ahead in a rickshaw, and I followed, the guide bringing up the rear. The narrow streets were literally packed. The half-million people of the town were having a holiday, and there were thousands of visitors from the surrounding country. The "Hi! Hi!" of the rickshaw men opened a lane for us everywhere, but the crowd finally became so dense that we concluded to go back to the hotel. One party of young men shouted to us: "Banzai! Hurrah! Hurrah!" but otherwise we were not disturbed. But if I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the crowds in the streets of Kyoto. And during our sight-seeing tour, covering several hours, I do not recall seeing a single American or European: all Japanese of the purest type and the blackest hair, except one old man who had billy-goat whiskers. We see very few aged people in Japan.

This has been a wonderful day in another respect: we had a guide who could speak English. Kyoto is the seat of the two religions of Japan, and he took us to see many temples.

One of these cost six million yen, or half that amount in American money. This temple is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. At present there are eight hundred temples in Kyoto; at one time there were three thousand here. The others have been allowed to go to decay. . . . The Buddhists have eight different sects in Japan; one Buddhist order has 25,000 temples, and another sect 8,000. Altogether, there are 300,000 temples in Japan, great and small, including both the Buddhist and Shinto varieties. This may sound like a surprising statement, but here is one more surprising: there are eight million different gods in Japan; or one for every six of the inhabitants. Some of these gods, like Buddha, have millions of followers, who worship in gorgeous temples, while others have only a few adherents. Everything has a god here: the birds, the plants, the trees, the insects, the eyes, the passions, etc. . . . In one of the temples we were shown one thousand gods exactly alike: all life size, and arranged on a sort of stage. And every one of these thousand gods has fifty hands, with which to dispense blessings, and dozens of eyes to see the different sins. You have no idea how funny these thousand gods looked, standing on a raised platform, one above another, and in rows several hundred feet long. The temple where the thousand gods are shown is not a popular one: the sect responsible for it is quite poor. We went back of the enormous stage where the thousand gods were shown, and saw several of the gods lying on their backs, and undergoing repairs. A priest asked us to register, and we did so, and contributed a half-dollar toward the repair work. We were promised a blessing for the contribution, and we bowed to the thousand images, and said, reverently, "No more seasickness, if you please."

At one of the popular temples the enormous roof was supported by very heavy oak logs, patiently polished. The logs must have been three or four feet thick and fifty feet long. Ages ago, when this temple was built, these logs were dragged here by thousands of devout people tugging at one log. Lack-

ing ropes with which to pull the logs, eight thousand women cut off their hair, and wove it into enormous ropes. The ropes may be seen in the temple, if you pay twenty cents, as we did. We were compelled to put coverings on our shoes before entering the sacred place, and as we looked at the ropes an enormous bell was tolled until we departed. A good deal of the hair woven into the ropes is gray. . . . Another temple we visited was completed only seven years ago, after twenty years' work. Thousands of people from the country came here and worked on this temple for years without pay. One rich worshipper contributed a fountain; another built the pagoda where the great bell hangs. Poorer people contributed various parts of the stone walls surrounding the temple; every stone is marked with the donor's name. In this place we saw certainly a thousand people—mostly elderly women—squatted around on the mats which covered the floor, waiting for the services to begin. The guide walked among the worshippers, and told us why this was done, and how that happened. Inside the rail, twenty priests were bowing and praying to an altar which was gorgeous, and certainly a hundred feet long. These priests had paper over their mouths, to prevent their breaths offending the gods. It seemed sacrilege to walk among the worshippers, as we did, following the guide, but it seemed to be the custom. The only sound heard in the temple was the guide's voice, explaining the difference between Buddhism and Shintoism. The kneeling women looked at us curiously as they whispered their prayers. . . . I noticed that many of the women had perfectly black teeth. The guide said that formerly, on marrying, a woman blackened her teeth and otherwise disfigured herself, that she might not attract attention from other men, and devote all her time to her husband's affairs. This practice is growing into disfavor.

The approach to one of the favorite temples is a sort of bazaar, lined with shops. There is nothing under the shining sun you cannot buy in this bazaar, which lines both sides of a street for a distance of two blocks. Scattered about the temple

grounds are all sorts of shows: we went into a little circus, and the clown was the same old clown we had seen a hundred times before. Having paid an extra price of admission—about ten cents—we were given little stoves filled with charcoal, at which we warmed ourselves. At a favorite temple dozens of women sit out in front, selling little plates of rice. Children buy the rice, and throw it to the pigeons which flutter about them. The pigeons live in the temple, and are a great nuisance: the place is rendered unclean by them. Crows are also numerous, and assist in rendering the surrounding gardens unclean. . . . Wherever you go among the temples, you find the people giving money; at one place, in front of the altar, was a place which looked like a cattle-guard at a Kansas railroad crossing. Into this the people were throwing coins, which disappeared below. At another temple, when a worshipper went away, she left a coin at the place she had occupied, and there was a priest going about collecting. The financial question was always prominently in evidence.

As I write in my room at the hotel, I can hear great cheering on the streets: the celebration in honor of the Admiral's visit is in full swing, and the city is brilliantly illuminated, but I shall keep out of the mobs of people, which are hourly growing a little rougher.

I have never stopped at a hotel which afforded me more quiet satisfaction than the Myako, at Kyoto, Japan. It is a Japanese hotel particularly catering to American and English patrons. It is so extensive that its gardens and buildings cover a mountain-side. As its patronage has grown, buildings have been added; and you will never know what real joy is until you have seen Japanese girls wait at table. There seem to be several dining-rooms in the hotel, and at dinner to-day we were changed to another dining-room, to be nearer our rooms. We regretted losing our little dining-room girl by the change, but in a few minutes, here she came, and she smiled and hovered about us as though she had long known us. To-day

we have visited several noted establishments: where porcelain is made, for example. The politeness of the people makes me feel ashamed of myself; I believe I shall be polite all the rest of my life because of my visit to Japan. At one place we visited tea and cakes were served while we were seated looking at wonderful works of art. When we arrived, every one present bowed profoundly; when we parted, they did the same.

We stopped at one place where women were employed; I think they were wrapping up bulbs in moss, for shipment. The women giggled a good deal, and I knew they were talking about us. I asked the guide to find out what amused them, and, after much coaxing, the guide replied: "They say you look funny." I had been thinking the same thing about them.

SUNDAY, November 26.

We visited a private house this morning, through favor of the proprietor of the hotel, who gave us a card. We went through the wonderful garden, and through the kitchen. Another Japanese peculiarity is that every member of a household is furnished with a little charcoal stove, and he cooks to suit himself. In the kitchen of the private house we found a tile range. In one big pot, rice was cooking, and in another soup was boiling. The average Jap eats rice with chopsticks.

At one of the temples we visited this morning we were taken inside by a monk; a privilege we had not previously enjoyed. We went into the Holy of Holies, and wherever we encountered a goddess of mercy, we bowed low before it, and said: "No more seasickness, if you please. Amen." The monk also took us to see the private gardens, which were beautiful.

This morning we visited several villages and at a lonely place I pulled my rickshaw man, at a lively trot. The rickshaw man was greatly amused, and I soon had enough of it. The villages were in the mountains, and the country reminds you

of the mountains of Colorado; the same pine trees everywhere, and the same narrow valleys: but the Colorado ranchmen do not know what farming is, judged by the Japanese standard. A favorite vegetable here is the turnip; it is sweeter than our turnip, and much larger. Another favorite vegetable in Japan is the radish, which is also very large. Turnips and radishes are about the only vegetables seen in profusion.

In a temple yard I saw a curious thing to-day: the limbs of a pine tree trained over a sort of arbor that must have been seventy feet across. The monks had worked several hundred years to accomplish the feat.

In all the temple yards are immense stone and bronze lanterns, probably ten feet high. People throw pebbles into a receptacle at the top, for good luck. The receptacles are now full of pebbles, and it is quite a feat to throw a pebble in such a way as to make it stay. I did it three times in succession, and the guide says I shall surely have a pleasant journey. It is something like our custom of wishing on a load of hay.

The bathtubs in the Myako hotel are of wood, bound with copper wire. The lavatories have been transformed from the old Japanese style into the modern American style, and everything is very quaint. The dining-room where we take our meals is situated in a garden; one end and two sides open to the sunlight. From the balcony in front may be seen a wonderful picture: the city below, and the mountains all around. The city was illuminated last night, and some of the buildings showed thousands of electric lights. The crowds in Kyoto yesterday had no other amusement than walking about. I rode around a good deal, and saw nothing unusual, except the decoration and the crowds. The Japanese surprise you at every turn, with their cleverness. You do not think of the Japanese as heathen; if I were a missionary, I should be ashamed to attempt to convert these people. . . . Our guide in Kyoto was educated in an American missionary school;

he says that when he did not attend chapel in the morning, he received no instruction in English that day. The guide has no respect for the missionaries. The missionaries themselves admit that they are disliked everywhere in the Orient.

I am told that much of the money used by worshippers at the temples is counterfeit. The worshippers discovered that the gods did not know the difference, so there are shops where counterfeit money is sold for use in the temples. The priests raved, but it did no good. The guide says the young Japanese are not very religious; they are going the way of the Americans.

Among travelers it is whispered that the Japanese are a nation without morals; that at the hotels, particularly in the interior, girl servants undress male travelers in their rooms, and give them baths. I have asked several men whether they had known anything of the kind. They had not, but the story is whispered about. All the travelers I have talked with have found the Japanese as well-behaved as other people. At Tokio, there is a street where hundreds of immoral girls may be seen; the same sight may be seen in many American cities. The stories about the Japanese that I have found to be true relate to their politeness, their industry, and to their credit generally. If the Japanese are more immoral than other people, I have seen no evidence of it.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon we left Kyoto for Kobe, where we are to rejoin the ship. At the railway station we found a tremendous crowd of people waiting to see the Admiral depart. We entered a railway carriage, and sat for twenty minutes looking at the crowds on the platform. Within thirty feet of us a space had been roped off, and in this space were collected many of the notables of Japan, ladies and gentlemen. The Japanese ladies we saw were dressed becomingly in black, and the gentlemen were dressed like American gentlemen, except that one wore an orange-colored robe and an ordinary

American stiff hat. Just at the moment when the Admiral was expected, our train pulled out, but for two hours and a half, at every station, we saw thousands of Japanese collected to see his train go by. . . . Our party had an entire compartment in the car. The railway ran through a wonderful mountain valley, where every foot was utilized, and the mountain-sides terraced for crops. More women than men worked in the fields. We passed through Osaka, the Japanese manufacturing city, and it looked like Pittsburgh, with hundreds of great smokestacks. Beyond Osaka, more rice-fields, and more stacks of grain than I had ever before seen I thought. Here were villages every half-mile, apparently: the farming people seem to live in little collections of houses, and farm the land nearest them. At one little place where the train stopped we bought a traveler's lunch. Except the rice at the bottom of the basket, we could not name a single thing it contained; there were a half-dozen different articles of food, all entirely new to us. We "tasted" a little, and threw the basket out of the window. Mrs. Tracy said one of the delicacies was composed of the skin of chicken necks. . . . What an opportunity we had to study the Japanese, as they lined up at the stations waiting to see the Admiral's train, soon to follow ours! . . . Arrived at Kobe, our procession started again: seven rickshaws, as we were compelled to hire an extra one for Judge Tracy's baggage. This procession always amused me: it filled nearly a block, wherever we went. Mrs. Tracy, stately and dignified, as became the wife of a Judge, usually rode first, and Judge Tracy usually rode in the rear, as he was always the last to get his numerous pieces of baggage through the gates. . . . Kobe is much more modern than other Japanese towns. Arrived at the hotel, we sent our baggage on to the ship, and then "took in the town" until dinner-time, as we intended dining on shore. At nine o'clock at night our procession formed again, and away we clattered to the steamship dock. We went aboard the Pacific Mail launch, and, huddling near the boilers to keep warm, talked of our regret at going back to the ship. Presently the tender began to move, and in

ten minutes, out in the bay, the "Siberia" loomed up, brilliantly lighted. On a German steamer, lying near, a band was playing. The tender tied up to the "Siberia," and rocked and rocked, and we jumped over to the steamer stage, and climbed up two long stairways to the upper deck, where some of our old friends were waiting for us, and gave us welcome, after our absence of five days. In my room I found the pongee suits I had ordered at Yokohama. We all looked at them. I "tried them on," and we decided that they "fit" all right. Then we scattered about the decks, to tell the other passengers of the delights of Japan. . . . I went to bed at 10:30; three hours later I awoke, and the "Siberia" was under way: the chug-chug of the machinery could be heard, and the lights of Kobe had disappeared.

MONDAY, November 27.

When I awoke this morning, the ship was passing through the Inland Sea. We had taken on a good many new passengers; tourists who had stopped over one ship, to see Japan. . . . To me, the Inland Sea seems like a great lake winding around in the Rocky Mountains. At places, the ship passes within a hundred yards of islands; here are found many of the four thousand islands of Japan. The course winds about a good deal; at times we go through places that are quite narrow, and then steam for a time in a large body of water, but always surrounded by pine-covered mountains. The sea, of course, is protected, and very smooth. Small boats are numerous, hundreds of them in sight all the time. Usually they are sailing-vessels, or fishing-boats, with occasionally a good-sized steamer. It is said there is nothing else like the Inland Sea in the world, and I believe it: this is one of the things travelers cross the Pacific to see, and I am almost inclined to say it is worth the hardship of an ocean voyage. Villages and towns alongshore are numerous, and the mountain-sides are terraced at many places for crops of barley. Bays and inlets are as numerous as islands, and fruitful valleys are

frequent. From descriptions I have read, I imagined that the Inland Sea was something like the St. Lawrence river and its Thousand Islands, but it is the St. Lawrence multiplied by eight or ten, and the islands here are mountains; around you everywhere, in the distance, are mountain ranges. The ship continues in the Inland Sea from daylight until dark, and the passengers are so excited that they dislike to leave the decks to go to their meals. They all say the Inland Sea is marvelous; there is no disappointment: the glummiest passenger on board is almost having a good time. . . . Japan looks little on the map, but it is big enough when you pass through it. On many of the bays and inlets of the Inland Sea we see good-sized towns, and forests of masts. . . . It seems odd to have nothing to do again, although there is a good deal of excitement on board to-day. We are to meet the "Korea," the sister ship of the "Siberia," to-day, and we intend to cheer ourselves hoarse: it will be on its way home, and the Stars and Stripes will float from its flag-mast. Our sailors are to be mustered on deck, and the ships will run as near together as possible, and exchange greetings. Every big cloud of smoke ahead is closely inspected, and excitement runs high. . . . A ship appears on the horizon, and the captain pronounces it the "Korea." It grows large rapidly, and goes by within twenty minutes like a race-horse. Its passengers cheer us, and we cheer them. But it is all over in a minute, and the "Korea" soon becomes only a cloud of smoke and a black speck on the water.

TUESDAY, November 28.

The Japanese Federation of Women's Clubs met at Nagasaki to-day, and coaled the "Siberia." We arrived at Nagasaki at 8 o'clock in the morning and remained until 5:30 P. M. The coaling was done by twelve hundred Japanese, mostly women, and the performance was the most interesting thing I have seen in Japan. When the ship cast anchor, it was immediately surrounded by coaling-boats. The Japanese at once began

building stages, or huge steps, leading up from the coal-boats to the ship's coal-bunkers. These stages completed, four hundred of the Japanese went into the ship, to carry the coal into the bunkers, and the other eight hundred remained outside, to pass the coal up. The operation continued seven or eight hours. There were sixteen crews, eight on each side of the ship. The coal was passed up in wicker baskets, or baskets made of rice straw. I should say each basket contained forty or fifty pounds of coal. Each crew consisted of a lot of shovelers, who filled the baskets, and two lines of workers to pass them along, and up the side of the ship. At the top of each line stood a woman who emptied the baskets, and threw them to one side, where they were picked up by another woman, and thrown to the deck of the coal-boat. Here they were picked up by children, and passed back to the shovelers. The result was a continuous and rapid line of coal-baskets passing up the side of the ship; the line resembled an endless-chain elevator operated by machinery. The women and men were good-humored, and polite to each other; you notice this all over Japan. In any other country you would see quarreling and fighting, but I have seen none here. Some of the women in the endless chain were young girls, no more than sixteen years old; others were elderly women, with black teeth. Occasionally men worked with the women, but they did no more work than the women and girls. I saw one woman get hurt, a big lump of coal falling on her from above. She sank down in her place, but the work went on just the same, the others doing her share. In a little while she recovered, and resumed her place in the line. While she was down, one of the other women found opportunity, during a short delay, to pat her affectionately on the back. . . . Captain Smith told me that he took on two thousand tons of coal, and that his company paid \$180 for the loading, or nine cents a ton. Out of this the twelve hundred people were paid, and the contractors made a profit. A passenger who timed several of the gangs, and made an average, said each gang lifted thirty-four baskets of coal up the ship's side every minute. The men received twenty-

five cents of our money for the seven hours' work; the women fifteen cents, and the children eight cents. Were not labor very cheap, it would, of course, be impossible to coal in this way. All ships passing are coaled at Nagasaki, which has an excellent harbor, and is located near extensive coal-fields. Not long ago, a sampan (small Japanese boat) containing a load of coal-workers got too near a ship's screw while it was in motion, and fourteen of the women and children were drowned. . . . Many of the women who assisted in coaling the "Siberia" carried babies on their backs. While we were coaling, water-boats, supplied with steam pumps, pumped water into the tanks of the "Siberia." . . . As the coal-boats were unloaded, the women "washed-up," as coal-miners do; I saw one young girl perfectly naked from her waist up. Wherever you go in Japan you see things that cause you to look the other way, particularly if you are with women. After the coaling was finished, many of the women laborers produced pipes, and smoked while waiting to return to shore.

Having nine hours to wait at Nagasaki, we joined a party of passengers and went ashore, to visit a resort in the mountains. Each passenger hired a rickshaw with an extra man to push, and, after considerable delay, our procession of fifteen persons went rattling through the streets, toward the mountain road. This road winds up to the summit, and then down to the sea on the other side. All the way we passed through little farms; little terrace farms. The sides of the mountains are terraced, as is the custom here; there is a level terrace as large as a small dooryard at home, and then a level terrace above it. The terraces were supported by heavy stone walls. On the terraces, rice was usually grown; occasionally, vegetables. In the dooryards were orange trees, with the fruit just ripening. The road wound around and about, to take advantage of the grades, and occasionally the members of our party alighted, and took a short cut across on foot, to give the rickshaw men a rest. The road was lined with Japanese women, carrying loads; there are few horses here. Occa-

sionally we met a cow attached to a heavy load on a rude wagon; and at long intervals a bull, which We Men looked at with pity. In the country, most of the old women we met had black teeth; the sign of a loyal, industrious wife. A Captain Babb, of the marine service, was one of our party, and he made the American women very indignant by bowing low to every native woman with black teeth. In the Japanese language, "Ohio" means "Good morning," and we saluted the travelers we met on the road. In Nagasaki I saw this sign in front of a little building: "Ohio House." The word "Ohio" is heard everywhere in Japan; it is the one word tourists soon learn. . . . Arriving on the other side of the mountain, we arranged for lunch at a Japanese hotel, and visited a fishing village; the poorest lot of people I have ever seen anywhere. The place was so frightfully dirty that we did not remain long. The poorer the town, the narrower the streets: in the streets of this town there was barely room for two people to walk abreast. We saw here also a native school. All of the children were foul, and many of them had great scabs covering their heads. In January and February the weather is quite cold here, and as the houses are flimsy, and the people lightly dressed, consumption is prevalent. Nearly all the children I saw had bad colds, and showed it in a disgusting way. Most of the people are barefooted, except that they wear sandals. . . . In the yard of the native hotel we found a traveling fakir, and he gave an exhibition for our benefit. His wife with a baby on her back, furnished "music" by beating a tom-tom. The Japanese are not very musical, but in one little village I saw a young man lying on the floor practicing on a brass alto horn; somewhere in that vicinity there is an amateur brass band. . . . Our lunch at the native hotel was a primitive affair, served by Japanese girls. We had fried fish, raw fish, fried beefsteak, baker's bread, a rice pudding, etc. We sat on chairs at the table, as the place is patronized almost entirely by tourists from America. While we ate, our rickshaw men collected at the door as notice that we should give them money for dinner, which we did. . . . Then, after

smoking cigars obtained at the native hotel, we started up the mountain road for Nagasaki. Frequently we met very old men coming down the road. When you meet a very old man, a stranger, have you ever remarked how he tries to look all right? We also met many married women carrying babies on their backs, and most of them wore on their faces that weary, disgusted expression, which seems to say: "If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't get married." This expression is also quite common with American women who are married. . . . Everywhere in Japan you see the little stoves in which charcoal is burned. Some of these stoves are so small that people carry them about under their loose robes. Half the Japanese you meet on chilly days seem to have no hands; they have their hands drawn inside their balloon sleeves; probably they have a little charcoal stove inside their clothing, and are warming their hands. Occasionally a Jap's clothing catches on fire from the use of the little stoves. . . . Our rickshaw men all had numbers on their hats, and after a walk, members of our parties would call out their numbers, as Americans do on leaving a theater, to attract their carriage-drivers. My man was numbered 313, and his name was Oh. It was generally agreed that I should have trouble. Another rickshaw man in the party was named Man. . . . The little Japanese girls who are too small to carry real babies on their backs, carry dolls on their backs. . . . Along the road, in a wretched little village, we saw two women mixing mortar with their feet. Also a little hotel displaying this sign: "Flag of All Nations Hotel." In a prominent place in the hotel were shown a group picture of rulers of the world, including McKinley. All the male rulers were seated, but Queen Victoria was standing up. . . . On the way up the mountain Captain Babb told a story: A Chinaman became a convert to the Christian religion, and every Sunday the missionary took up a collection. The Chinaman stood this without complaint for a time, but finally he said: "What's the matter with your Very Much Man? He always bloke." . . . Arrived at the ship, we found the process of coaling still going on. One Japanese engaged in the work had

a fringe of whiskers on each side of his face, and around under his chin, and the passengers called him Mr. O'Hooligan. . . . At 5:30 P. M. the ship got under way for Shanghai, after considerable difficulty, owing to the crowded harbor, and a strong flowing tide. . . . Nagasaki has immense shipyards, and dry-docks, and is said to be the only place in Japan where the Christian religion has any hold. A number of churches may be seen on the hills.

Last night we passed within fifty or sixty miles of Togo's battleground, also within sight of Japan's chief naval base: a harbor reached through a very crooked channel. A curious thing happened last night: We were running along through the dark, and I thought we were out at sea. I went into my room for a few minutes, and when I came out again we were passing through a narrow channel with an electric-lighted town on either side. The treaty of peace between China and Japan was signed in the town on the left.

I am tired hearing the tourists around me talk of the places they have visited. Most of them carry guide-books, and study them, and try to become learned. I have not looked into a guide-book since leaving home, nor do I intend to: I prefer to see things through my Kansas eyes, and not through the eyes of some one else.

At home, I am mistaken every five minutes; here I am mistaken every minute. I no sooner form an opinion than I hear something directly opposed to it. An army officer told me last night that in five years an American would be unable to live in Japan, the Japanese were becoming so arrogant because of their victory over Russia. I had just written that the Japanese were not arrogant. You can hear anything on shipboard.

Many of the English people I meet have pronunciations I can barely understand. Many of them are university-bred. Their pronunciations are certainly not like ours. What I

should like to know is, are they right, and are we wrong? Are our pronunciations Yankee, or are theirs cockney?

WEDNESDAY, November 29.

We are at sea again to-day, and the ship is acting up again; at breakfast this morning, Mateel was compelled to leave the table hurriedly and the captain laughed at her. I am doing pretty well, though a very little would cause me to collapse. . . . We took on several new passengers at Nagasaki: one of them a Chinese gentleman in full costume. Another is a woman who comes into the smoking-room with her husband, and smokes cigarettes, and plays cards. She seems to be a very nice woman; only her "notions" are different from ours. If there is anything new on board, I don't know it. I continue to sleep as I have not slept before in years; the dead sort of sleep that does one good. And I am standing the ship fare a little better: I ate pancakes yesterday morning, and to my surprise, they didn't kill me. . . . It is pretty lonesome when I go to my room at night, and before dropping off to sleep my problems are as hard as ever. Between Nagaski and Shanghai, at sea, I can do no more with my problems than I can at home.

THURSDAY, November 30.

Thanksgiving Day. When I came on deck this morning, the "Siberia" was at anchor off Shanghai, China. Owing to the great draft of the ship, we were unable to go up the river to the city, fourteen miles away, so passengers were transferred to a tender, and freight to lighters. We were at anchor in a broad river. The water in the river in which we anchored is muddy; for a good many hours we had been in the Yellow Sea: the water of a yellow color, from the mud in the rivers flowing into it. When the passengers went to the bath-rooms this morning they rebelled: the water was as muddy as Missouri River water before it is filtered.

At 8:30 a tender came off, and many of the passengers went on board for the trip to Shanghai, as the unloading of the ship would detain it twenty-eight hours. So we filed down the double stairway hanging against the ship's side, and went aboard the tender, which was rocking like a chip. By the time we got away, the lighters had arrived and the unloading was under way. . . . We were an hour and a half going up the river to Shanghai. Some of the houses looked very much like some of the farmhouses to be seen in our river bottoms, but generally the houses were covered with rice straw, which is the rule all over rural China. The river was full of Chinese junks; coasting-boats, some of which were provided with cannon, as a protection against Chinese pirates, who are still numerous. It is said that at Canton tourists may see a pirate beheaded nearly any day, on payment of a small sum: if a pirate is not ready for execution, the official will get him ready if the inducement is great enough. . . . On either side of every Chinese junk's prow is a great eye, to see the way. In foggy weather, these eyes are given an extra polish, in order that they may see better. On one junk, we saw a sailor beating a gong: the wind was light, and the god worshipped by the crew was being implored for a breeze, and a favorable one. Two crews sailing side by side will beat gongs and pray for a favorable wind, although one crew may be going up the river and the other down: a favorable wind for one crew would be unfavorable for the other. How they fix it between themselves, I do not know. . . . Behind us came a tender from a German ship which had anchored near us, and we "jollied" the passengers, as our tender outran theirs. As we approached the city we saw many big ships at anchor, including many foreign warships. We passed several warships flying the American flag: three of them had been captured from Spain, and devoted to the service of Uncle Sam. One of our passengers, an assistant paymaster, knew the officers, and they called back and forth to each other. There were half a dozen Chinese warships, a cable ship, and numerous tramp steamers that do not belong to any regular line, but go wherever they can find

freight. On the right-hand side of the river were immense cotton mills; raw cotton is shipped here from the United States, and manufactured into cloth by the Chinese cheap labor. At 10:30 we saw a crowd of people waving handkerchiefs at a dock, and we pulled in there and landed.

Shanghai is a treaty port, and controlled by foreigners: the Americans, the English, the Germans, the French, etc. There are about ten thousand foreign residents, and a half-million Chinese residents, but the foreigners control the city because of the treaty. If I had had a fight with an Englishman in Shanghai, I should have been taken before the American consul and tried according to American laws; the Englishman could have been taken before the English consul, and tried by English law. . . . The modern city of Shanghai looks like a continental city, for the English and French are more in evidence than are Americans; the American population is only seven or eight hundred, whereas there is an entire section known as the French quarter, and the English are in evidence everywhere. The policemen are either Englishmen, or English subjects from India: big black fellows who wear turbans, and twist their whiskers in a curious way. There is an old walled Chinese city at Shanghai, ruled by mandarins, and thousands of Chinese live and do business in the foreign or modern city. I went driving with a Shanghai man, and when the driver didn't act right the Shanghai man would grab the Chinese driver's queue and pull it. When we returned to the hotel, the Chinaman attempted to overcharge us, whereupon the Shanghai man paid what he thought was right, and then kicked the Chinaman. It is quite common here for English and Americans to beat rickshaw men with their canes, for they have things their own way, and the Chinese are very humble. . . . Rickshaws are as numerous here as in Japan; sedan chairs are scarce, and carriages quite numerous: so numerous that I did all my running around in carriages, the charge for which is fifty cents (American money) an hour. The carriages are pulled by small Chinese ponies, and they are shown little mercy. Two Chinamen ride on the box; the

second man seems to be a sort of apprentice, learning the business, but both wear green uniforms, and both yell in passing through the crowded streets.

The most remarkable sight in Shanghai is the walled city, which is venerable with age; it is hundreds of years old. It is surrounded by a double wall and a moat. It has four gates, and we entered one of these by passing over a stone bridge, which seemed to me to be the oddest thing, as well as the oldest thing, I had ever seen. The streets are nowhere more than six or seven feet wide, and all paved with flag-stones. Of course, carriages and rickshaws are not permitted inside the walls, but I saw a few natives riding in sedan chairs. The roofs of the houses almost meet in the middle of the streets, and the old town is indescribably dark and dirty. Stone bridges span filthy ditches, and although the weather was quite cool, the stench was almost overpowering; the stench and filth frightened me, and I thought of the plague, and of cholera and smallpox. The Chinese regard smallpox as we regard measles: as something everyone should have. . . . On the lower floor of every building a shop; above, the living quarters of the people. Of course the narrow streets are crowded with Chinese; and they stare at Americans, and jostle them: they are impudent and big and fierce. We met no other whites in the old walled city: only the chattering Chinese. On every side were native restaurants, crowded with people drinking tea and eating strange food. We had a Shanghai man with us, and a native guide, but it was an unpleasant experience: unpleasant because it seemed dangerous, and it would be dangerous, were it not for the modern city outside, with its police and warships. The native merchants did not ask us to buy: they seemed to resent our presence. . . . The guide knocked at an iron door; it was opened from the inside, and we entered the mandarin's garden, a quiet, splendid place, considering the surroundings. Here lives the ruler of the city with his seven wives; here the native police bring evil-doers for trial; here come the foreign officials at

certain times to confer with the native officials. We visited several joss-houses; old, strange, and uncanny. At one place were gods for the old, gods for the young: gods before which the people prayed from the time they were christened until they were ninety. The guide asked my age. I told him, and he pointed out the god before which a man of my age should worship, and a terrible-looking monster he was. Then the attendant burned incense before the god picked out for me, and I paid twenty cents (Mexican) for the blessing. Mateel was also blessed in the same way by a god suitable to her age. . . . At another place we came to an open court, where thousands of people were collected, amusing themselves. Some of them were watching fakirs who were performing tricks; others collected about men who were fiercely talking, and wildly gesticulating: possibly these men were abusing Americans. Everywhere were food-sellers, and beggars, and bird-sellers. But there were not many women in the crowds; Chinese women seem to keep off the streets. The walled city of Shanghai reminds me of the older portion of Kyoto, in Japan, but it seems much more primitive; there is much more filth, and not so many women and children are seen. . . . If you can imagine the streets of the walled city of Shanghai from what I have written, remember the city contains hundreds of thousands of people; that the crooked streets cover a vast territory, and that you could not find your way out of the dark, ugly, dirty place without the assistance of a guide. While we were in the walled city, a funeral procession went by: the mourners riding in sedan chairs, and dressed in white. At various places in the walled city are burying-grounds. Of course there are epidemics of disease in the walled city, when the dead lie in the streets until they can be cared for. We passed old and crippled beggars who were crying and sobbing in the most pitiful way; the Chinese are said by Americans here to be very indifferent to their poor. I have heard a report that they are very kind to them. The guide had a silver coin changed into copper coins known as "cash," and gave a pittance to every beggar.

A party of eight passengers from the "Siberia" ate Thanksgiving dinner together at the Astor House, and had chicken, turkey, pumpkin pie, plum pudding, etc. I sat at the head of the table, and, being called upon for a toast, I gave them: "Our friends at home: the best people on earth, present company not excepted." The immense dining-room was filled with Americans and Europeans; many of them naval officers in full uniform. . . . Mexican money is used in Shanghai, and it is worth about half as much as American money. In all the public places, every day, the rate of exchange is posted. I lent Judge Tracy thirty dollars in Shanghai. When we returned to the ship, he paid me \$18.50 in American money. I didn't know whether it was right or not, but he had it figured out on a piece of paper, in a very elaborate manner. . . . Judge Tracy persuaded me to be vaccinated in Shanghai; smallpox is a scourge all over the Orient. At home, I do not believe much in vaccination; I have seen it demonstrated many times that one-half of reputable physicians do not believe in it. But I couldn't stand up against a judge, so he took me away down a crooked street, after dark, and pointed out a drug store where vaccine only a week old could be purchased. Here every man purchases his vaccine, and takes it to a doctor. The druggist was an American, and it was worth a long walk to look at him.

At Shanghai, on Thanksgiving night, our party of eight visited two Chinese theatres. Our guide was a favorite Chinese barkeeper at the Astor House bar, known as "Boxer"; his intimate friends call him "Box." He dressed up in a gorgeous costume for the occasion, and took his little boy along. "Boxer" was the finest-looking Chinaman I saw in China, except a boy known as "Eddy," also employed at the Astor House bar. "Boxer" is quite well known in the Chinese quarter, as well as among the Europeans and Americans, and the Chinese paid him a great deal of attention everywhere; he pushed them aside, and did just about as he pleased. When he ordered

anything at the theaters, he told the attendants to send the bill to him at the Astor House bar. The theaters we visited were enormous affairs, and packed from floor to ceiling; I certainly saw two thousand people at both places. I have seen the Chinese theaters in San Francisco, but it seemed to me they were bogus; that they were operated for tourists. There I sat on the stage, but in Shanghai I knew I was seeing the real thing. At either side of the stage was an enormous lamp-post. There was the usual row of gas jets, as footlights, and a similar row above the stage; and still another about midway of the auditorium. There were a gallery and boxes and standing room. So far as I could understand, the admission to the theater was free; the profit was made on the sale of tea, oranges, confections, etc. Soon after we were seated, an attendant appeared, and gave each of us a damp cloth lately wrung out in hot water. These were used to wipe your hands and mouth after eating oranges, apples, and sweetmeats; the Chinese also wiped their faces with them. Nearly everyone in the audience smoked; there were many of the big water pipes you see in China, and also cigarettes. Many of the important-looking Chinese men had gaudily dressed Chinese girls sitting with them. These girls were supposed to entertain the men with polite conversation, and they drink tea and eat oranges, which the men pay for. At the conclusion of the play, the girls go home; they seem to be in a class by themselves. "Boxer" sent out for a girl to entertain members of our party. She did not arrive until twenty minutes after the order had been given; when she arrived, she was about sixteen years old, and rather pretty. When we departed, "Boxer" called a sedan chair, and sent his boy, who had become sleepy, home with the girl. The Chinese do not seem to drink much liquor, but they drink tea in the most surprising quantities, and always without cream or sugar. . . . At the theater I have in mind, the play seemed to be a comedy, for the people in the audience roared with laughter: there were frequent bursts of laughter which seemed to be hearty and genuine. From our box, the most interesting thing was to watch the

expectant faces in the audience. I have never seen a more attentive or appreciative audience. . . . At the other place, the play seemed to be an opera: a serious affair, because there was no applause. There was an elevated stage, but no curtain, and no scenery: when the actors retired, they retired behind curtains at either side in the rear. The orchestra consisted of a man playing a one-stringed fiddle, a man playing a tom-tom (or drum), a man playing bones, and a man playing cymbals. At rare intervals a wind instrument, resembling a bagpipe in tone, was heard; a Chinese flute. The singers followed the fiddle, and there was a good deal of method running through it all, but more noise. The singers sang in high, nasal tones, always unmusical, and always disagreeable. At one time I counted forty people on the stage; all the characters were taken by men, as the Chinese, for some reason, will not tolerate women on the stage. If there is a female part in a Chinese play it is taken by a small man, and these female impersonators are high-priced: some of them receive as much as sixty cents a day. The costuming of the opera was rather elaborate: enormous beards, gorgeous robes, high hats, spangles, etc.

Our party also visited a sort of Chinese music hall. On an elevated stage in a large room were sitting some singing girls, and an orchestra playing a one-stringed fiddle, bones, cymbals, and a triangle. The girls took turns in singing, and sang in the unmusical, nasal, disagreeable way common to the Chinese. This audience was very large also. The girls on the platform were all young, but some of them were ugly. The Americans and English call them "sing-song" girls.

The guide who showed us through the walled city in Shanghai told me, while we were in the joss-house, that he was a Christian. They all say that, to Americans, in the hope of getting an extra tip. I asked him whether he believed in baptism or immersion, but he didn't know.

FRIDAY, December 1.

We returned to the ship at 10 o'clock this morning, and learned that those passengers who did not go to Shanghai yesterday enjoyed the best dinner of the voyage: shell oysters, quail, terrapin, turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin pie,—a Thanksgiving feast the chief steward had prepared before leaving San Francisco. It was a much better dinner than we had ashore, and, as we came up the stairway on the ship's side, the passengers who met us, laughed at us. Still, we had a pretty good time ashore, and enjoyed our broad beds.

All the missionaries left the ship at Shanghai, including Henry George and all the other children. I did not dislike Henry George any more than the others passengers did. He was very impudent, but not much worse than his little sisters. When we came back to the ship at Kobe, Henry George was waiting for us as we came off the tender, and said: "Well, it's time you came back." We had been away five days improving our minds by travel. I did not expect him to show me much respect, but I was shocked at his attitude toward Mr. Justice Tracy.

We have been losing our passengers at the different stopping-places: seven of the tables in the dining room are not occupied at all now, and the others are not full. A new passenger at the second officer's table is a Chinaman who came on board at Shanghai. We rarely meet him except at meals. He wears his hat in the dining-room and there is a red button on top of his hat.

About the shrewdest man on the ship is the barber. When he says we shall make a landing at a certain hour, you may depend upon it. When I hear a rumor of any kind up on deck, I go down to the barber and get the real facts. The passengers say we shall land at Hong Kong on Monday morning. The

barber says we shall land at Hong Kong on Sunday afternoon, and I am preparing to go ashore Sunday afternoon. Now that I am about to leave the "Siberia," I find I have a fondness for it. The weather, which has been raw and cold, is becoming warmer; we shall find summer at Hong Kong, and hot weather not far from there. I have become better acquainted with the passengers, and shall regret to part with many of them.

SATURDAY, December 2.

Another bright, warm day. The sea is calm, and the ship pitches and rolls so gently we do not notice it. . . . There is talk of the passengers getting together to-night and forming a "Siberian" society, as we separate to-morrow afternoon at Hong Kong and leave the ship for good. Already I have passed several rooms and seen the occupants packing up. The Chinese waiters are more attentive to us than ever before: to-morrow will be tip day.

If the Japanese do not think a woman amounts to anything, they should travel with one. A man is compelled to tip his dining-room steward, his state-room steward, etc., but a woman traveler is compelled to tip these, in addition to various stewardesses, as well. A stewardess on the "Siberia" gives Mateel as much attention as a princess receives: she presses her clothes, brings her toast and tea, packs her baggage, calls her "dear," etc. But it's different in Japan: there the men receive the attention. My daughter has had a slight Susan B. Anthony tendency since she was quite young. In Japan, her indignation because of her downtrodden sex greatly amused me. I used to get up all sorts of imaginary conversations with the guides for Mateel's benefit.

"In your country," I said to the guide one day, while we were riding through the country in rickshaws, "the women seem to amount to something."

The guide didn't understand a word I said, but said: "Yes, yes; oh, yes."

"Not so with us," I continued; "women attend to society, while we men do the work. But in Japan, the women do the work, and the men sit around."

I pretended that the guide asked me if the young lady accompanying me had a trade, or if she helped in the harvest-field, and I replied:

"Oh, no; in America, the women look after Social and Educational matters. The young lady accompanying me cannot work in the fields, but you bet she is a great Scholar; she is a graduate of one of the best schools in Washington, D. C., and can spell 'huge' with two h's."

The girl appeared to take it all very amiably, but presently she gave me a smash by saying, sweetly:

"One of the pleasing things about Japan is that all the men have such fine heads of hair."

As I am somewhat bald, the best I could do was to reply that while the plebeian rickshaw men might have hair on their heads, the statesmen in bronze—the Japanese who had been so great as to be remembered in monuments in parks—were as bald as billiard balls. . . . And this is very nearly the rule in Japan: the ordinary people, who go bareheaded, have fine hair, but the statesmen, who wear hats, are nearly always bald.

There is a man on board who has spent his entire time, since leaving San Francisco, in investigating missionaries. He dislikes them because of Henry George, and has made some startling discoveries. Among other statements he makes is the following: In the interior of China, the first American thing the Chinese learn is to swear in English. As the only English speaking people there are missionaries, the passenger wants to know how the Chinese learn to swear in English. The passenger is always asking: "Where did they learn it?" This has become a by-word on the ship: "Where did they learn it?"

There is a tutor on board with four very nice American boys, who are going around the world. They have their lessons every day, and recite to the tutor. One of the four boys came into the smoking-room to-night, and lit a pipe. The other boys regarded him as a daredevil, and watched for the tutor, who was up in the music-room, writing letters.

SUNDAY, December 3.

In traveling on a railroad train, you know you are approaching a city when houses become numerous. In traveling at sea, you know you are approaching a city when fishing-boats become numerous. This morning, from one side of the ship, I counted more than a hundred fishing-boats: we are approaching Hong Kong: we shall land there between four and five o'clock this afternoon, the barber says. . . . There is consequently a good deal of activity on board; the passengers are packing their baggage and exchanging cards: many friendships have been formed that will last a long time. I have become very fond of two elderly gentlemen: Mr. Munson and Mr. Milligan, of New York. Their gentility appeals to me, as does their fondness for each other. They seem to be old globe-trotters, and, having traveled this way before, they know a good deal. We have met them at many places, and I shall long remember them. . . . I shall long remember a Mr. Brown, a paymaster in the navy; also Captain Babb and Captain Wise, of the marine service. I shall remember, also, a Mr. Montavon, a principal of schools in the Philippines, and a man of very wide information. Also, the passenger who wants to know how the Chinese in the interior learn to swear, since only missionaries go there. I do not know his name, but he interests me, for every time I go on deck, I hear him inquiring: "How did they learn it?" . . . I seem to have known these people, and others among the passengers, for years.

When the Chinese once learn a thing they seem to know it for good. The first morning on the ship, while still in bed,

I called for a cup of hot water. Every morning since, at exactly the same hour, my man has appeared with a cup of hot water. The first morning out, I appeared in the bathroom at six o'clock; every morning since, at exactly six o'clock, there has been a rap on my door, and a Chinese voice saying: "Bath ready." Every time I appear at my table in the dining-room, I find a piece of brown bread and several olives on my side plate, the waiter having noticed that I ate them the first time I appeared.

The number of fishing-boats I have seen to-day is astonishing, and the fishing-fleets appear on all the coasts. Fish here take the place of cattle and hogs in the United States. Canton has nearly three million people: they are fish-eaters, and great quantities of fish are required to feed them. And when you see an enormous collection of buildings in the coast cities—a collection of buildings reminding you of our packing-houses and elevators—it is a ship-building yard. On shipboard we have different fish twice a day; and they are all fish I have never heard of. They are dried, pickled, and smoked, as we preserve beef and pork at home. We people of the prairie do not realize the importance of the sea; that more than three-fifths of the earth's surface is salt water.

When the ship's run was posted to-day, we found the run since yesterday at midday was 392 miles. Distance to Hong Kong, forty miles. We shall leave the ship between four and five, as the barber stated. I have packed my trunk and suit-case, and there are many things lying around the room that I can't get in. I shall go downstairs presently and ask the barber what to do.

While out on deck this afternoon at 1 o'clock, watching a big steamer passing in the opposite direction, I made out land in the hazy distance ahead. It is turning out just as the barber said.

MONDAY, December 4.

You have remarked, no doubt, that a strange town you visit seldom looks as you expected it to look: the points of the compass are not as you expected to find them, and the town is on a hill, whereas you expected to find it in a valley. . . . Hong Kong looks exactly as I had it in my mind: some one, at some time, has described it to me, and reached my understanding. The country here looks like Japan or Switzerland: high mountains everywhere. Hong Kong is located at the foot of a mountain, on the sides and on top. The top of the mountain is reached by a cable railway. The Peak Hotel is located on top of the mountain, and it sent a tender off yesterday afternoon to meet the ship, as did several other hotels. But the Hong Kong Hotel caught seven-tenths of the passengers: tourists go in flocks, as a rule. . . . I have said that Hong Kong is at the foot, on the side and on top of a mountain. It would be more accurate to say that the city is located on several mountains. Many of the important buildings are high up the sides or on the summit: buildings of stone and brick, very large, and built after the English fashion. . . . The town is controlled by the English, but the inhabitants are largely Chinese; when the ship anchored it was immediately surrounded by small boats manned by Chinese crews. The officers of the launches were all English, but the sailors were Chinese, as were the porters who came out from the hotels. In the city you see one Englishman and a hundred Chinese; one English establishment and twenty Chinese. . . . The ceiling of my room is certainly sixteen feet high, and composed of two enormous panels. Outside, the ceiling of the archway is also paneled. Two double doors enter my room from the gallery outside, and there is an enormous fireplace, and two enormous windows. My windows look down upon a curious court, occupied by Chinese families, and I watch their domestic operations a good deal. The mother has little feet, but the daughter of fifteen has more modern notions: she evidently refused to cramp her feet in the fashion followed by her mother. There is also a girl-

baby, and it has natural feet: the world moves, even in China. . . . Every few minutes a man knocks at my door: a Chinaman, a tailor. Half the people in this country seem to be Chinese tailors. Those who do not call on me in my room, accost me on the streets. It is a pity that some of these Chinese tailors do not engage in railroad-building, or establish factories. The Chinese run to tailoring here as they seem to run to laundering at home. . . . The Hong Kong Hotel was recommended to me in San Francisco, by a very particular friend; the hotel seems to have a very wide reputation, yet the bed on which I slept last night had straw pillows; four of them. The room is very large, and has electric lights. In the room hangs a blackboard, although no chalk is supplied with which to do problems. Now in the name of all that's curious, what is the blackboard for? I have been wondering, and wondering, and can make nothing of it. What is it for? It is the funniest thing I ever saw in a hotel. Finally Mateel wandered in, and she couldn't imagine what the blackboard was for. Then we sent for the bell-boy, and asked. He told us all about it, but we didn't understand a word he said. He went away, and in a little while another Chinaman came in, and, pointing to the blackboard, told us all about it. We didn't understand him, either. Since then a new Chinaman has come in at regular intervals of half an hour, and tried to tell us the use of the blackboard, and we are still wondering what it is for. . . . We have decided that the court outside of my room looks like the Alhambra. Certainly our portion of the hotel is as old as the Alhambra, and as odd. The bathtubs are circular, the first of that shape I have ever seen. . . . Judge Tracy left the hotel last evening, not being satisfied with his room, and registered at another place. He finally concluded to come back to the Hong Kong. I wasn't satisfied, either, with one of the rooms the clerk gave me: an inside room that seemed stuffy, so I started down to the office, to register what we Americans call a "kick," but on the way I thought of making Mateel sleep in the inside room, and came back satisfied.

At dinner yesterday a doctor who has lived in the Orient six years, sat at our table. He says that if an American paper should print the plain truth about missionary work done here, every clergyman in the country would attack it the following Sunday. The doctor said he came here as a Methodist, in hearty sympathy with the missionaries, but that he has changed his mind. I do not pretend to discuss the question, but it is undeniably true that missionaries are very unpopular wherever you go in the Orient. Every American I have met has sneered at the missionaries; even the church members over here dislike them.

Mateel is rather bolder than I am in ringing the bell at the Hong Kong House, and asking for things, so I coaxed her into ringing for a Chinaman, and asking him to change the straw pillows for feather pillows. The Chinaman came promptly, and the two had a long conversation. The girl explained that her room was 82, and she wanted the pillows in 82 and 97 (my room) changed. The Chinaman said he would gladly do it, and gathering up my four straw pillows, went away. In a little while he returned with the four straw pillows out of 82, and placed them on my bed. That's what a person can do who has been educated in Washington, D. C.

When I go out at the front entrance of the hotel, there is a rush of rickshaw men to secure my patronage. These are roughly driven back by a big black policeman from India: here, as in Shanghai, the police are mainly British subjects from India. In addition to the police, a regiment of soldiers from India is stationed here, and the Indian population is quite large.

Along the water-front in Hong Kong may be seen hundreds of Chinese house-boats: little affairs in which Chinese families live all their lives: these boats pass from father to son, as is

the case with American farms and houses and lots. These boats afford very little protection from the weather, yet the people seem to thrive in them. Indeed, the Chinese generally seem to thrive; great numbers of fat Chinese, particularly women, are seen. Many Chinese mothers carry their babies on their backs, as do Japanese mothers: to-day I have seen Chinese mothers at hard labor with babies strapped to their backs. And how the babies bobbed around without complaining! A crying baby in China or Japan is rare. . . . To-day I saw nine Chinese women pulling a heavy dray, and many of the small boats are operated entirely by women. The Chinese rickshaw men, almost without exception, go barefoot: the Japanese wear sandals which seem to be made of rice straw. The Japanese horses are also shod with shoes made of rice straw. Many of the Chinese workmen I have seen to-day were entirely naked, except a cloth about the loins. The Chinese of Hong Kong are much cleaner in their habits than are the Chinese at Shanghai, where American and English women constantly find it necessary to look another way.

I ordered a tuxedo at Hong Kong, the inducement being the ridiculously low price. The Chinese tailor measured me at 2 o'clock, and "tried it on" three hours later. He told me his best workmen receive a dollar a day, Mex., or about fifty cents of our money. . . . My tailor brought his samples to my room, measured me in my room, and "tried it on" at the same place. I did not see his shop at all.

TUESDAY, December 5.

We attended another Chinese theater last night in Hong Kong, and sat on the stage, as we did in San Francisco. The audience was very large, but the people paid little attention to us; they paid strict attention to the play, which seemed to be a tragedy. The guide was a Chinaman, and, while one of the actors was declaiming his wrongs or his

love (I couldn't tell which), the guide took hold of the actor's costume, to explain to me that it was a very expensive one. I stepped over to the front of the stage to look at the actor's clothes. The actor finished his speech while the guide still had hold of his clothes, and was ready to retire, but kindly waited while I looked him over and said he was all right, so far as costuming went. It seemed as much out of place as did our walking among the worshippers in the Japanese temples. . . . The moon was out last night, and as we passed through the dark, steep, narrow streets, with columns and porches and arches and arcades on either side, the effect was very Oriental: it reminded me again of "The Arabian Nights," and of Bagdad. On many of the sidewalks, people were sleeping, and we stepped over them rather than disturb them.

I went on the streets of Hong Kong this morning during the rain, and walked for an hour without getting wet. The buildings extend out over the sidewalks, and above the sidewalks are other galleries, extending many stories high. This style of architecture is popular here, because of the extreme heat: particularly in summer, when it is warmer at Hong Kong than at Manila. In an idle way, while walking this morning, I noted the first hundred people I met. Ninety-two were Chinese, and the other eight were from India. One of the Indians was a very fine-looking man: apparently a gentleman of rank, or a high official. . . . When I bought tickets for Manila, I was compelled to make a lot of declarations in regard to age, occupation, whether married or single, nationality, last place of residence in the States, my purpose in visiting Manila, etc. In looking over the chart, I noted that there were thirty-six passengers, and that all of them were Americans with five exceptions.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, we went aboard the "Teann" (pronounced T-Ann) for Manila, and stood around two hours, watching the Chinese load freight, before we started. Most

of the freight was American condensed milk, American canned meats, fruits and vegetables. Some Chinese junks were lying alongside. One of these boats was managed by a mother and her four daughters. As evening approached, one of the daughters began preparing supper, while the others managed the boat, which was loaded with steamer-chairs to sell to the passengers on the "Teau." The preparation of supper on the little boat interested me as much as anything I have seen. The girl had a little stove without a pipe, and a curious mixture she was getting together! All the Chinese boats hovering around were managed by women, one of whom worked an oar with her hands, the tiller with her foot, and soothed the baby on her back by swaying it up and down.

The "Teau" is a shock after the "Siberia." It has Chinese cattle forward, penned in bamboo stalls, and these cattle are not twenty feet from the open windows of the dining-saloon. When we arrived on board, we found that our rooms were in the second cabin, although we paid first-class rates. There are seats for twenty passengers in the dining-room and there are about thirty-six passengers, so there will be a second table. A few of the boats sailing from San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria to the Orient go direct to Manila from Nagasaki, and stop at Hong Kong on their return. Take one of these boats, if you must go to Manila, for everyone howls about the boats from Hong Kong to Manila. They are small, dirty, and thoroughly uncomfortable. The "Teau" has no stewardess, no barber, no purser, no head steward, and a filthy lot of Chinese waiters. In addition, the agents in Hong Kong deliberately charged us first-class fare for accommodations in the second cabin without any hint of the confidence game they were working. One of the men swindled in this way is an American doctor who has lived in Manila six years. He was accompanied by his wife, and they slept on deck most of the time, being unable to endure their room. There were two other men in my room: a captain in the marine service, and

a paymaster in the navy. Another victim was the commandant of the naval station at Cavite, so that the ticket agent of the steamship company had victimized whoever applied. In one of the second-class cabins were four American women who had paid for first-class passage. They were permitted to eat at the second table in the first cabin. In the second cabin—paying second-cabin rates—were several Chinese, and two barefooted Spanish friars. I should have left the ship in disgust after looking it over, but the tender had gone back to shore, and I was in for it. . . . At six o'clock, we got away. Fortunately the sea was smooth: had the weather been rough, some of the passengers in the aft cabins would have died of seasickness. . . . When I went to my room, and remembered that I had paid a high price to be miserable, I thought of the "good time" travelers are supposed to have. When a soldier roughs it, he at least had the comfort of knowing that his expenses are paid, and that he receives \$13 a month; he has the satisfaction of realizing that he is a patriot, and that when he returns home, at the end of his enlistment, he will probably be nominated for county clerk, or county treasurer, and elected by a rousing majority; but I had nothing of this kind to comfort me. I had paid a high price to be wretched. I suppose I have as good a bed at home as any man in town; but you should have seen my bed on the "Tean." The Chinese waiters wear white suits that have not been washed in six months. On the upper deck—the best deck—Chinese servants and sailors are constantly passing among the passengers, carrying filth of every kind. The passengers are very indignant, but their indignation does them no good.

WEDNESDAY, December 6.

I find that a big ship has one set of disagreeable motions, and a small ship another set. I had become rather accustomed to the motions of the "Siberia," but have been compelled to learn the disagreeable ways of the "Tean," which are as dif-

ferent as day is from night. The roll and pitch come oftener, and in an entirely different way. The "Siberia" was a splendid ship, and immaculately clean. Both the forward decks, which are loaded with Chinese cattle, are littered with straw, and a match would do a great deal of harm; I have been unable to sleep from thinking of the trouble a careless Chinaman might cause with a match. . . . Although the sea is very calm, all the passengers are miserable; one man who was never sick before, admits that the "Tea" is too much for him, with its miniature rolling and pitching. As nine-tenths of the passengers left the magnificent "Siberia" at Hong Kong, you can imagine their indignation over their accommodations on the "Tea." The "Siberia," being long and wide, would run through the sea we have had to-day almost without motion, but the "Tea" is pitching and rolling almost as much as the "Siberia" did during our worst storm. I doubt if I could live through a bad storm on the "Tea"; and this is the home of the typhoon. . . . A disgusted passenger said he had a notion to shoot himself. "Why not jump overboard?" the captain suggested. "I am afraid somebody might rescue me," the passenger replied.

The cattle on the two forward decks have humps, like buffaloes, and are very small. They are beef cattle for the Philippines, and in good condition. A good many of them are down to-day, and the sailors are trying to get them on their feet.

To-night, when I went to my room, I saw twelve of the passengers asleep on deck. The Chinese waiters had brought the bedding from the rooms, and the passengers remained there all night. The weather is very warm. I am wearing the clothing I wear at home in August.

On the "Tea," there is no disguise about anything. The condensed milk, instead of being mixed with water, and

brought to the table in a milk pitcher, is brought on in the original can, as is done in a hunter's camp. On the "Siberia," we could not see the cooks, and the firemen, and the engineers, and the scullions, but we can see them here. The fare is not bad, but the lack of cleanliness disgusts everyone.

We left Hong Kong Tuesday at 6 P. M., and should arrive in Manila at 9 A. M. Friday after three horrible nights and two wretched days. The "Tean" steams less than ten knots an hour; about half the speed the "Siberia" is capable of making.

THURSDAY, December 7.

The record of yesterday has been repeated to-day: there has been nothing decent except the weather, which continues merciful.

The "Tean" is only two years old, but the designer of the ship must have been a crazy man. I cannot imagine a more inconvenient arrangement. There is no smoking-room, no ladies' cabin, and the doctor is a Filipino. From the upper deck, a stairway leads to the dining-room below. At the head of this stairway is a little room, possibly twenty-five feet square, which is known as the "saloon." Here the men smoke, if they are well enough, and the women lounge about in spite of the tobacco-fumes. The women who don't like tobacco-smoke are compelled to go down to the dining-room, and look out of the windows at the cattle.

The route over the China Sea we are taking is the route Dewey took when he fought his battle at Manila. Dewey was never in as much danger on that trip as I am in my trip on the "Tean." If my countrymen would do the right thing, they would erect a memorial arch because of my bravery in going to Manila in the "Tean." During the "battle" in

Manila Bay, the men on the American ships stopped fighting, and ate breakfast; a thing I have not been able to do since leaving Hong Kong.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, we caught our first glimpse of the island of Luzon, but we shall not reach Manila until to-morrow morning. . . . The sea remains very calm; the captain says this is the most favorable trip he has made in six months. The captain really wants to be agreeable: the trouble seems to be lack of discipline, lack of cleanliness. This evening, a lady dropped a \$5 gold-piece on deck, and the captain and chief officer secured lanterns and looked for it. . . . You will regret to learn that when the "Teian" was built, five others just like it were built.

FRIDAY, December 8.

When I awoke this morning, we were in sight of land on either side: we were approaching Manila Bay. I have always thought of the Philippine Islands as flat and marshy. The country is generally mountainous, and the mountains are covered with valuable hardwood trees. We passed through the entrance to the bay at breakfast-time. . . . Manila Bay is forty miles long; consequently it is not a harbor. By ten o'clock, we could see warships ahead of us, and Cavite off to the left. . . . Manila lies on flat land, with mountains back of it; a good many miles back of it, apparently. At eleven o'clock, the "Teian's" bells began to ring, and we slowed up to get in behind the breakwaters, erected with a great expenditure of American money.

Manila is much more of a city than I expected to find it. This was my impression as I viewed it from the ship's deck, while waiting for the port doctor and the custom-house officers. These officials finally came off, but were very slow. We Yankees are rapid and bustling, according to patriotic American literature, but I noticed that the native Filipinos

unloaded two hundred cattle from the ship before the American officials unloaded thirty-six passengers. . . . I was surprised at the size of Manila as I viewed it from the bay: I was still more surprised after we passed into the Pasig river, and steamed toward the custom house: the buildings are larger than I expected to find them, and more imposing. The bay was crowded with ships, and the Pasig river was lined on either side with small boats. I found Manila a busy, important city, nearly as large as San Francisco, with wide streets and imposing buildings. I had read a great deal about Manila, of course, and had often heard it described, but no one had ever made me realize it.

We decided to go to the Delmonico Hotel, and were taken there in a queer two-wheeled vehicle, with the driver sitting on a little seat just in front of us. The Delmonico Hotel is within the walled city. During the Spanish régime, Manila was surrounded by an immense wall and a moat. The wall has been torn down in many places, and the moat filled up by the Americans.

At six o'clock we attended a concert given by a band of eighty men, in a fine park on the shore of the bay. A double-track street railway runs on one side of the park, which was brilliantly lighted with electric lights, and thousands of orderly and well-dressed people walked about. Seven out of ten of the men were dressed in white. Handsome horses, with fine carriages, were drawn up around the band-stand, and automobiles were numerous. I haven't witnessed a finer scene in years. . . . The band was the Constabulary Band which played at the world's fair in St. Louis. The leader is a negro, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and when he appeared, dressed in white, the eighty members of the band arose to salute him. At the conclusion of the programme the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and nine-tenths of the men took off their hats.

SATURDAY, December 9.

The Delmonico Hotel, where we are staying in Manila, was a nobleman's palace during the old Spanish days. My room is on a corner of the ground floor, and was formerly used as the nobleman's office. Both the large windows are barred like a prison. The floor is of tile, and there is no carpet. The room is thirty by forty feet, with very high paneled ceiling. Around the ceiling runs an elaborate border, of patriotic and religious emblems and pictures. . . . The hotel has an interior court and a garden, in the Spanish style, and banana trees are growing in the garden. The front entrance to the hotel is large enough to admit a carriage, which was probably the rule at one time, for the entire court is paved with heavy flagstones. The entrance corridor extends entirely through the building, to admit light and air. Opening on this court is the garden. The dining-room is reached by a magnificent stairway, and the present dining-room was probably at one time the great reception hall of the palace. Some of the upper rooms are very fine, with private baths, and royalty may have been entertained here in the old days. . . . In the street opposite my room is an electric railway, and crowded cars go by at frequent intervals. Across the narrow street on the other side of my room is an American beer saloon, and every time a sale is made I can hear the cash register ring. The street is paved with stone blocks, and last night a team of horses, stalled within six feet of my window, threshed around as contrary horses do. The driver clucked to the horses exactly as an American might have done, but didn't swear; indeed, he didn't say anything: he backed and turned the horses, and clucked to them, until he finally got away. . . . There is no wire mosquito screen at the windows of my room, but over the bed is a frame, and this frame is covered with white mosquito netting. The windows being open, mosquitoes are very numerous.

Yesterday afternoon, while driving about the city with an American, we visited a section of the native quarter, and

went into several of the houses. The native houses are built four or five feet from the ground, on posts, to get as much air as possible. They are almost universally built of bamboo and thatch; that is, in the poorer sections, and are about as big as our chicken-houses. Usually there are two rooms; a little room in front, where the cooking is done by means of a small charcoal stove. Adjoining this room is a larger one, where members of the family sleep. The floor of this room is made of split bamboo, and resembles an old splint-bottom chair, very coarsely made. The floor is self-cleaning, the dirt falling to the ground for the chickens to wallow in. When members of the family are ready to retire, they roll over on this floor, and in the morning there are no beds to make. The weather is always warm, and no covering is needed. In front of every house in the poorer quarter, you find a game-cock tied, and when the man of the house comes home he fondles and trains his pet fighter, getting him in condition for the day when he will bet that his rooster can whip any other rooster in his part of town, or possibly in Manila. These fighting chickens are groomed and trained as race-horses are groomed and trained, but I do not know the process.

Practically all of the Filipino women of the lower class smoke cigarettes and cigars, and many of them chew tobacco. Native families live on the small boats seen on the waterfront, as they do in China and Japan, and the women smoke as they work. In many respects, the Filipinos resemble the Japanese. The Philippine islands are larger than Japan, but, being located in the tropics, the Filipinos are not so industrious as the Japs, and the population is only seven or eight millions, although it is stated that the population of the Philippine Islands was once three times what it is now. A great plague reduced the population to its present proportions. The Filipinos, of course, do not compare in thrift, energy and intelligence with the Japanese. The tropics produce few great men, and no great races. Cold weather seems to be necessary to keep men active and progressive.

On the water-front, when a stranger asks what certain notable buildings are, he is told that they are Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, etc. It is said that three-fourths of the natives belong to the Catholic church. There are several different Catholic orders here, which differ from one another in doctrine about as much as Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. (This statement is made on the authority of a Protestant minister; I do not know anything about it, myself.) The different Catholic orders are rich: the land on which one Catholic church in Manila is built, is said to be worth two million dollars. Most of the Catholic churches are expensively and elaborately built, and contain art works of considerable merit. These, of course, are Spanish, and not Filipino. In the early days the Catholic orders were given public lands by the Spanish government, and these lands were worked by the natives on "shares": a Filipino always prefers to escape responsibility and to work for wages, or on "shares." Thus the "Friar lands," of which you hear so much, originated. And it is said by Protestants over here that the friars charge the natives less rent than the present rent in the Philippines amounts to. The Catholic monasteries over here, as elsewhere, have done much for education; the most important weather station in the islands is a Catholic affair, and the weather reports from this station are accepted as final. A wonderful contrivance known as a typhoon barometer was invented by a monk, and is now in use on nearly every ship, as it gives long advance notice of the approach of a typhoon, but does not record other weather conditions.

Last night I saw one of the Catholic churches brilliantly illuminated, by means of little tumblers filled with cocoanut oil. These were lighted, and suspended by the thousand from the front of the church. The yard in front was also brilliantly lighted, and packed with people. There were dozens of gambling games, and hundreds of women selling all sorts of ices, confections, etc. It was a sort of church fair. A very good

Filipino band played in the yard, and the bass drummer was the leader. . . . The players played all the evening without music, a characteristic of Filipino bands. The Filipinos are very fond of music: in the great church processions here, as many as fifty bands appear.

Before I left home a friend gave me a letter of introduction to Major W. H. Bishop, formerly of Kansas, but now a leading lawyer of this place. Major Bishop came over here in the early days of the American occupation, with a Kansas regiment, liked the country, and has remained ever since. I never present letters of introduction, but soon after my arrival, Major Bishop walked into the hotel looking for me, accompanied by P. F. Wall, a Manila newspaper man. These gentlemen, aided by Sam Trissel, another newspaper man, have paid me a great deal of attention: agreeable because they are pleasant gentlemen, and because they "know the town" thoroughly. Every time I leave the hotel I find Major Bishop's private carriage waiting for me, and the other evening, when I returned from Cavite, I found the major waiting for me at the boat landing. When the major has been busy in court, Mr. Wall or Mr. Trissel has accompanied me on different excursions. And I have kept them pretty busy: One morning I started at six o'clock for a drive to Fort McKinley; at 11:30 I left by the naval launch for a trip to Cavite; at 1:30 P. M. I attended a luncheon on board the battleship "Oregon"; at 3 P. M. I attended a cock-fight; at 6 P. M. I heard the Constabulary Band of eighty men on the Luneta, the great driveway of Manila, and at 7:30 I attended a dinner party. The other days I have spent in Manila have been equally busy, so that I have seen a good deal, accompanied by the best guides in town. I have made two railroad trips into the country, and a launch trip up the Pasig river by moonlight, always accompanied by an intelligent citizen of Manila, and I imagine my guides will sleep a day or two after my departure, to rest up, for I always start out before breakfast and return late. One day, I did not eat a single meal at the hotel. When

I went on the first railroad trip, Major Bishop's carriage was waiting for me at the hotel door, although I started at 5:45 A. M. When I reached the station, Major Bishop was there, and had provided a lunch, a package of cigars, and a bottle of distilled water. (When people here go into the country, they take distilled water with them, as the ordinary water is considered dangerous.) Major Bishop could not go along, so Mr. Wall accompanied us. But we met the Major again, later in the evening, when we started up the Pasig river for a launch-ride by moonlight.

Manila is said to resemble Havana in many respects. It is divided into two sections by the Pasig river, eighteen miles long. At the upper end of the river is a large lake, thirty or forty miles long and twenty miles wide. On the Pasig river are numerous boat lines carrying passengers, and the boats are always loaded, as the shores of the river and lake are thickly populated. The old section of Manila is known as "The Walled City"; it is surrounded with an immense wall and a moat, built by the Spanish many years ago, to afford protection from the natives. This fortification was at one time very strong, and has seen much fighting: the walled city was once taken by the English, and at another time by the Chinese. In the base of the wall are immense dungeons, where prisoners were formerly kept. As a rule, they were not kept very long: they were backed up against the wall, in squads of sixty or seventy, and shot, as provisions were scarce. At night, the drawbridges were drawn up. There are half a dozen gates to the walled city, and through some of these electric cars now run; others have been torn down by the Americans. . . . The newer portion of Manila is on the other side of the river, and here you find many large and comparatively modern buildings. I believe I have already stated that Manila has 350,000 people, and fifty miles of street railway. The electric system was completed and put in operation during the present year; during the old Spanish days the town had horse cars, but

the present water-works system (now being greatly improved) was in existence then, and the town had electric lights before the American occupation. The town was practically as it is to-day when the Americans arrived, except that it was run down, very dirty, and in bad sanitary condition. Cholera epidemics were frequent, and hundreds died daily. All of the public buildings now occupied by the Americans were occupied by the Spanish for similar purposes: the custom-house, the governor's palace, the treasury building, etc. . . . I had a notion that Manila was a town of thatched huts. Such huts are abundant in the suburbs, but I found modern and busy streets, enormous buildings, handsome stores, mechanical electric lights, etc. Originally there were 126 church festivals celebrated in the Philippines, and so many are celebrated now that Americans are constantly complaining, as their servants are always "getting off" to attend them. One night, in returning from a drive, I was blockaded for an hour by a church procession. There were thirty or forty floats in the procession, and five brass bands, besides thousands of men, women and children marching. The floats consisted of images taken from the churches, and carried on platforms on the shoulders of men. All the images were life size, standing on gold or silver platforms, and lighted with candles in expensive candelabra. I suppose the images were of favorite saints. All the people marching in the procession were uniformed in church fashion, and there were thousands of them. During my four days in Manila, I have seen two fiestas in churches, and two processions: one of the processions was given on the river, and it was a very elaborate affair.

The other day a school-teacher told me that his pupils were more apt than Americans. Within five minutes, another teacher in the same school denied this, and expressed a lack of respect for the Filipino children, and for the Filipino experiment in general. This is the rule in everything here: those best informed, those in position to know, contradict the state-

ments of one another. An old priest was once asked to tell, in writing, what he had learned of the Filipinos, after a residence of many years among them. His report consisted of blank sheets of paper.

SUNDAY, December 10.

I have eaten only three good meals since leaving San Francisco. One of them was a luncheon I attended on board the "Oregon," on the invitation of Captain Fred Wise, who has charge of a company of marines on the famous battleship. Captain Wise was one of our acquaintances on the "Siberia." In order to reach the battleship, which was lying off Cavite, we were told to take the naval launch at the custom-house wharf in Manila, at 11:30. After steaming down the bay for an hour, we reached the vicinity of the "Oregon," and a launch from the battleship came off to meet us. In a few minutes we were on board the "Oregon," probably the most famous ship in the navy, because of its run around Cape Horn to save the country in Cuban waters. The "Oregon's" run has become as celebrated as Sheridan's ride at Winchester, and I greatly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the veteran ship; and it is a pretty good warship yet, as it stands first in the American navy in target practice. The "Ohio," a larger warship was lying near; indeed, there were half a dozen other war vessels in the vicinity. . . . Soon after our arrival on board, luncheon was announced, and we took our seats in as neat and clean a dining-room as you will find on the best liners. Incidentally, I may say that the "Oregon" was the cleanest ship of any kind I ever saw. The captain of the "Oregon" does not eat with the other officers, having a dining-room of his own, therefore Commander Rohrbaker sat at the head of our table, and I sat at his right. The others at the table were Captain Wise, Lieutenant Kearney, Dr. Nash, Ensign Marquette, Dr. Grieve, Ensign Nightingale, Paymaster A. S. Brown, and my daughter. . . . In looking about the ship later, I found that the kitchen of the officers' mess was

located in the torpedo-room, and that a huge torpedo was suspended near the cooking-range. The meal on the battleship was prepared in a "home way" that met my fancy, and if I could have talked Chinese, I should have asked the cook for his recipe for muffins. . . . After the luncheon, we were shown over the battleship, from engine-room to the fighting-tops. The ship carried a crew of nearly seven hundred, and the men were lying about the hot decks, trying to keep cool, for the day was a very warm one. The ship had been at Cavite for six or seven months, and the men are becoming tired.

After the luncheon, we were taken to Cavite, to see the old Spanish fortification there, which is very old and very extensive. In one corner of the fortification has been built a grand-stand, where we witnessed a baseball game between the crews of the "Ohio" and "Oregon." At another place we were shown an execution pit: a place where the Spanish backed their prisoners against the wall and shot them. In the center of the execution pit was a huge cauldron for heating cannon-balls red hot before firing them. . . . Then we took little Filipino carts and drove out into the town to see a cock-fight. A thousand yelling natives were in the place, and the manager very politely gave us favorable seats, where we sat while three contests were decided. The cockpit was a big thatched hut, with a raised platform of dirt in the center. On this raised platform the fights took place, the spectators surrounding it on all sides from raised seats. The fighting platform was about four feet high and forty feet square. A Filipino would step into the ring from a side gate, carrying a rooster under his arm. (Cheers.) Then he would remove his hat, take from it a roll of money, and hand it through a little wicket to a man who seemed to be in charge. Presently another man would step into the ring, carrying another rooster. (More cheering.) After the second man had put up his money, the two men would hold the roosters by the tails, and let them dash at each other a few times to get them in a fighting

humor. Then each rooster was allowed to peck the other in the neck to make him mad. Meanwhile money was falling into the ring, to bet on the fight. No white man has ever been able to understand the game, but the Filipinos understand it, and there is never any quarreling after a contest is over. The preliminaries being arranged, the cloth covering the steel spurs on the roosters' legs is removed, and the excitement becomes intense. Then the roosters are released, and go at each other, as you have seen roosters do a thousand times. When there is a fierce mix-up, the people in the audience cheer. Occasionally a chicken shows the white feather, and runs away, but as a rule, the fighting continues fast and furious until one or the other is killed or disabled: usually they are killed. We saw three fights; all about the same. A good many sailors and soldiers were present; you cannot go anywhere in the Philippines without seeing soldiers and sailors. Many of those in the audience were Filipino women and children, and around the gates were hundreds of boys who couldn't get in. The sight was not so brutal as I expected, nor was it particularly interesting. I should not care to see another one: but everybody out here goes to see at least one.

Then we said good-bye to our friends, and took the ferry for Manila, where we arrived at the end of an hour, and found Major Bishop waiting for us at the landing, with his carriage. Then we all went for a drive on the Luneta, and to a concert by the Constabulary Band of eighty men. Then to bed at ten o'clock to listen to a concert of mosquitoes, and to toss sleepless most of the night, owing to the heat.

I have determined not to solve the Filipino problem, but to leave it to some other tourist. That there is a problem here, no one can doubt, but the weather is so hot that I refuse to put my mind to it, and tell what should be done. The boat on which I went to the Philippines was loaded down, and

crowded. Boats from the Philippines are always light: it is a case of a great deal going in and nothing coming out. I could not be serious while in the Philippines; the whole affair, from the fight in Manila Bay to the present, reminded me of a joke. You remember, no doubt, the story they tell of the capture of the island of Guam. They say an American warship steamed into the harbor of Guam, soon after war with Spain was declared, and fired a shot at the little old fort. Presently a boat put off from the fort, and the Spanish commander came out to the warship. The Spanish commander said he was out of powder, and could not make any resistance, but that he would not surrender until he had made sufficient resistance to satisfy his honor. So the American captain let the Spanish commander have a few charges of powder. The Spanish commander fired them at the battleship from a safe distance, and then formally surrendered the island to the Americans. Every night, as I lie under mosquito netting here, unable to sleep, I think about the surrender of Guam. The Philippine story is not like the Guam story, but somehow it reminds you of it, on a larger scale. And the Philippines are not paying any better than is Guam, as an investment. . . . The Philippines remind me of another story: of the undeveloped-natural-advantages story. Go into any American town and the people will tell you of their natural advantages, which eastern capital will not develop. . . . I never visited an American town that did not have great natural advantages, bound to be developed in time. You should hear them talk of natural advantages in the Philippines! Sugar, hemp, tobacco, cocoanuts, coffee, spices, quinine, rubber, indigo, timber, coal, chocolate: this is only a partial list of the natural resources of the Philippines. There is one small sugar refinery in the islands; the people say there should be a hundred big sugar refineries. But the facts are that ships go to Manila heavily loaded and come away light.

The Filipinos are the most religious people in the world, I am told; they do not lack Christianity. They are not savages,

except in a few remote islands, and these few savages hate the Christian natives as much as they hate the Americans. The problem in the Philippines is not to develop a savage people, but a Christian people; a people who have been Christians a great many years. The problem in the Philippine islands is lack of energy rather than lack of capital, for some people say the islands can never be developed unless laborers are brought in from the outside. And about the first thing Americans did was to prohibit Chinese immigration. The native Filipino can live with very little work. There is no winter, consequently a thatched roof answers the purpose of a home. And bananas, and many other fruits, grow wild. Pigs and chickens pick up a living here, and I have heard it stated that a Filipino can live on two cents a day; I know that Filipino girls work in some of the cigar factories for forty cents a week, for the superintendent showed me his books. The question is, will not other people who settle in the Philippines become lazy, and neglect the natural advantages? I talked with a housekeeper here who employs six native servants, and she estimates that the entire six cost her twenty-five dollars a month counting everything. Will people of this kind develop natural resources?

You often hear it said over here that the Americans have ruined the entire Orient. Formerly a Filipino carriage—a very poor affair—could be hired, with a driver, for fifteen cents an hour.

“What!” the American would cry: “Fifteen cents an hour! Well, here’s a quarter an hour.”

This has gone on in China, Japan, and India, as well as in the Philippines, until prices are becoming high enough to suit the most fastidious. The question is: Will a people who failed to develop natural resources when labor was very cheap, do any better when labor is very high?

By far the most influential natives are the street-car conductors and motormen. It is said they are generally “looked

up" to in the sections where they live, and that occasionally even the priests go to them to interpret a knotty point of Scripture. These men receive \$15 a month. The street railway here was built by native labor, at very low wages, but the total cost was what it would have been in an average American city. The rule is, low wages, little work.

There are two morning papers in Manila, the *American* and the *Cable News*, and one evening paper, the *Times*. There are also several good weeklies. Telegraph tolls are very high here, and on some days the *Times* receives only eight words of telegraph. The morning papers boast that they receive thirty-five to forty words each per day. The typesetting on the *American* is done by Filipino printers who do not understand a word of English; they blindly follow copy; setting one line at a time in a curious little stick, and emptying the line before they begin another. American hand printers use a stick holding fifteen to twenty lines. The newspaper men here are cosmopolitans, and have worked in many places. One man who interviewed me worked for a year as an Associated Press correspondent during the late Japanese-Russian war, and gave me a bundle of his original dispatches, as curiosities. When there is news in the Orient, the newspaper men out here are promptly drafted by the Associated Press, to save time.

MONDAY, December 11.

Early this morning I left for a railroad trip into the country. I traveled for two or three hours, merely to see the country, and returned shortly after noon. The track is between our standard and narrow gauge, and the cars are of two varieties: compartment cars like the English, and cars like ours. When a train is ready to start, a man blows a tin horn, then another man rings a hand-bell, and then the engineer whistles and applies steam. You have remarked, no doubt, the queer pic-

tures of locomotives in geographies; that's the kind they use in the Philippines. . . . The road runs through a level country, and we saw many rice-fields cultivated in a shiftless way; you notice a great difference from the manner in which rice is cultivated in Japan. Everywhere we saw water buffalo, the work animal of the islands. They say that unless these animals are permitted to wallow in mud and water every few hours, they become crazy, and run away, and break the crooked sticks which are used as plows. These water buffalo are found wild in certain parts of the island, and hunted, but it is against the law to kill a domesticated one. When a water buffalo is turned out to graze, a Filipino always rides him; to keep him out of mischief, I suppose. In one place I saw a Filipino lying on a water buffalo's back, sound asleep; a Filipino seems to sleep most of the time. When I first arrived in Manila I took a carriage and drove around to do some errands: to the cable office, to the steamship office, etc. Every time I came out of a place, I found the driver sound asleep. . . . We spent an hour between trains at Malolos, the capital of Bulacan province. Malolos has 28,000 native population, twenty-two Americans, and no newspaper, although it is the capital of what we call a state. Loafers begin gathering at the station at 7 o'clock in the morning to see the 8:30 train go by. You can have no real idea of shiftlessness until you have seen Malolos. . . . There are practically no fruits or flowers in the Philippines. Yet a country more favorable to fruits and flowers could not be imagined.

At the country stations, most of the passengers who got on were men carrying fighting roosters: they were going to Manila to make matches. There were no women shoppers; the women were busy with the rice harvest. I should think an American would go crazy in a Filipino country town in three days. At the country stations many of the town loafers standing around carried fighting roosters, and affectionately stroked their feathers.

On the trip back to Manila I stopped at a station several miles out, and took an electric car to the town of Malabon, where I intended calling on Wm. F. Montavon, superintendent of schools. A boy was asked to stand up and read out of the second reader. He knew the words, but his pronunciations were foreign. "Who is de boy in de tree?" he would read; "He is a PAD BOY stealing de goot man's aples." None of the pupils pronounced their words correctly; I met a native teacher, and her pronunciations were also queer. A problem in cube root was given out, and a higher class worked it out very quickly. "Glance it over," a teacher said to me, "and you will find it correct." It was a joke on me, for I knew nothing about cube root, and never did. The buildings were very primitive affairs.

After school was dismissed I visited the only sugar refinery in the islands, with Mr. Montavon. By the way, I never before visited a sugar refinery. Then we went down to Mr. Montavon's house for luncheon, and here I saw a Filipino cooking-stove: it is simply a camp-fire—two rocks on a raised dirt platform, the smoke being carried off by means of a sheet-iron hood. A Filipino woman cook was preparing dinner on the "stove," her fire being built of pine box lids. Mrs. Montavon had a number of native servants, but I noticed that she did most of the work herself.

At the Filipino school I visited, I learned that the best scholars were ambitious to become teachers. Isn't this the case in nearly every school in the world?

A good American, and an intelligent man, told me that the taxes collected by the United States Government from the natives are three times greater than the taxes formerly collected from the natives by the Spanish government. But the statement may not be true: you can hear anything over here.

All the native women have big feet. At the railroad stations I would see girls standing, and think them pretty until I looked down and saw that their feet were as big as hams. I suppose this is a result of going barefoot.

One of the school regulations in the Philippines is, that no teacher is permitted to punish a pupil. As a result, the children are said to be very impudent; occasionally a pupil kicks a school-teacher on the shins, and very frequently every child in a school will take his things and go home. The Manila papers say that the regulation is foolish, and so do the teachers; but foolishness is no new thing in the Philippines. The policy of Benevolent Assimilation is not endorsed by the American residents, who contend that the islands should be managed as a business proposition, and the natives treated as subjects, and not as brothers.

TUESDAY, December 12.

You frequently hear it said that at Manila people sleep under blankets every night. All I am certain of about the climate of the Philippines is that I visited the islands in December, the coolest month of the year, and that my face became badly sunburned; a thing that never happened to me at home in July or August. I found the weather extremely hot and sultry, and the mosquitoes a pest. I noticed that the best things about the Philippines were said by government officials: men who received salaries for living there. The average citizen, compelled to "hustle" for his living, was nearly always bitter. I met no one who unreservedly endorsed our undertaking in the Philippines.

When the American soldiers came over here, their bands brought many tunes with them that struck the Filipino fancy. One of these was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," which is frequently played by Filipino bands at funerals, as the Filipinos

do not know the character of the song. . . . The Filipinos are very fond of plays also, and there are several native theaters in Manila. The plays presented are maudlin in sentiment, and occasionally the government is compelled to suppress one because of treasonable sentiments expressed. The Filipinos are very ardent lovers, and the love scenes in the sentimental plays are something fierce.

In the gloomy stone passageway to the walled city, I patronized a boy who kept a stand for blacking shoes and displayed this sign: "Say, Mister, you need a shine." The sign attracted my attention, but the boy could not speak English.

Seven-tenths of the men in the Philippines wear white duck clothing. A man buys a dozen of these suits, paying from four to seven dollars a suit, and sometimes changes three times a day. There are places in Manila where the two-piece white suits are washed for six cents, and I often heard gentlemen discussing the different Chinese laundries, and their prices. The officers in the army and navy wear the white suits almost universally, with brass buttons and shoulder-straps.

There were good men in the Philippines before the American occupation; the water-works system was a present from a rich Spaniard, who provided for free water for the poor natives under certain conditions. A rich Spaniard also presented the city with a very large tract of valuable land, and built a hospital for lepers. I visited this hospital and walked among the patients; it is said no white man ever contracts the disease from being around it in hospitals. There were several hundred patients in the institution: men, women, and children. Some of the children were just showing the preliminary blotches; many of the older priests were almost eaten up with the disease.

This morning I gave a Chinaman a bundle of laundry at 9 o'clock, and he had it back at the hotel in four hours. I should like to see an American steam laundry beat that record.

One man told me that the women do all the work in the islands, while the men engage in cock-fighting. Another man denied the story. I was told that if an Igorrote woman went wrong, she was promptly killed. I quoted the story, and it was denied and laughed at. That is the way with everything a traveler hears over here.

They say over here that the monkeys treat Americans with the greatest deference: that they will bite and scratch natives, but treat Americans as their masters. You can buy a monkey for fifty cents, if you should be so silly as to want one at any price. The natives catch them in the country and bring them to town. . . . The Philippines are said to afford the best hunting in the world. Ducks, deer, wild boar, wild water buffalo, and wild chickens are plentiful; particularly wild ducks, and other water fowl. You cannot own a gun in the Philippines except under strict regulations: as a result, the natives have no guns, and the whites get all the hunting.

I learn that Dr. Musgrave, who vaccinated me on board the "Siberia," is quite a noted American doctor in Manila. I met him while he was returning from a vacation in the States. He has made an important discovery in some "ology"; I was told what it was, and recall that I did not know what it meant.

At 2 P. M. we began packing our baggage again; I am becoming almost as familiar with this process as with climbing up and down the sides of ships. At 3 P. M. we said good-bye to a number of friends at the hotel, and departed for the custom-house dock, where we soon went aboard a tender, and

left for the ship "Tea," on which we had bought round-trip tickets at Hong Kong, without knowing its character. Arriving at the ship's side, and climbing the stairway, we found the decks had been scrubbed, and that everything was cleaner. We had excellent rooms, and were disposed to feel more friendly, particularly as Captain Brown welcomed us back, and predicted a fine voyage. At 5 P. M. promptly, we got under way, and bade farewell to Manila, and its church and cathedral spires. Mr. Wall gave me so many Manila cigars in saying final farewell that I shall probably return home with half of them still on hand.

WEDNESDAY, December 13.

The "Tea" has been rolling heavily all night, and seems determined, this morning, to turn over. Of course the ship is lightly loaded, being outward bound from the Philippines, and the motion is the worst I have ever experienced. We are in a northeast monsoon, and I may as well say here that the blowing and the rolling continued until we reached the shelter of Hong Kong harbor, at 10 o'clock Friday morning. The pitching of the ship didn't amount to much, but the roll was frightful. I practically did not leave my bed from Wednesday morning until Friday morning, and ate nothing. Fortunately I slept a good deal, managing to keep in bed by stuffing pillows about me. The sea did not seem so very rough, when I looked out of the window, but the "Tea" is only 312 feet long, and I noticed when coming on board that she sat high on the water; that much of her red hull was showing.

In ten years from now, if I am alive, I expect to break suddenly into a frenzy, and curse the "Tea" violently. And this is what I hope: That some day, when it is rolling and rolling, and is not loaded with anything more important than the crew and condensed milk, the old tub may finally

succeed in its ambition to turn over. If I have any friends, I ask them to curse the "Tea." Captain Brown is a pretty good fellow, and did his best to make us comfortable, but his ship will make many more people miserable if it continues in service. Captain Brown is a good sailor, and understands his business, but the company refuses to give him the help he needs: one man cannot do everything. I hope he will have a larger and better ship before the "Tea" finally turns over, and that the chief engineer and the first assistant will have left the "Tea" with him. But the Chinese waiters and Chinese sailors need a bath, and I don't care if they are on the "Tea" when it flops.

There were twelve passengers on the voyage: a naval lieutenant, three army doctors, a man and his wife going from Manila to China to get out of the hot weather, the inevitable Englishman, and several brown men, nationality unknown. . . . The Captain gave us seats on his right, at the table, but we occupied them only once: on the evening we left Manila, while we were still in the bay. He told us interesting stories of his experiences at sea, but I have forgotten them: everything after the rolling began seems a blank.

THURSDAY, December 14.

No let-up in the storm; in fact, it is worse. When there is a particularly vicious roll, everything in the kitchen goes clattering and banging, and I can hear it all from my room. Occasionally Captain Brown comes down and curses the Chinese in the kitchen. The Chinese waiters bump around, and do what they can to make me comfortable, but all that is possible is to stuff pillows about me in bed. My door was left open, and once Lieutenant Kearney, of the battleship "Oregon," shot in. He is a passenger, *en route* to his home at Springfield, Mo. He came in to ask if he could "do anything," but I was so sick that I barely replied to his question. Then he expressed

regret, and I heard him bumping through the hall on his way to the upper deck. My clothes were scattered all over the room, and pounded into wads by the trunks rolling on them. I first went to bed with my clothes on, but managed to get them off, by degrees.

FRIDAY, December 15.

At 8 o'clock this morning we were in sight of land, but the rolling did not let up. When I raised my head, and looked out of the window, I could see the waves dashing angrily over the rocks. Even after the ship entered the outer harbor, the rolling continued, and it did not cease until we were in sight of Hong Kong. Then I rolled wearily out of my damp, stuffy bed, and began dressing and packing my luggage. At 11 o'clock we went down the stairway of the ship. In a little while we were on land, and I shook my fist at the "Teian," and said a final farewell to it, after the most uncomfortable experience in my life.

I didn't like the rooms at the Hong Kong Hotel very well, so I determined to go to the King Edward. A fellow-passenger said I should make a mistake if I went to the King Edward, but I have made so many mistakes that I rather enjoy them: so I went to the King Edward, and found the best hotel I had been in since leaving San Francisco. The rooms were new, clean, and airy, and how I enjoyed the change from the dirty, cramped quarters of the "Teian"! I went to bed early, and slept like a log until morning. . . . I have found it is better not to follow the tourists. When we first arrived at Hong Kong, ninety-five per cent. of the "Siberia's" passengers went to the Hong Kong Hotel; some friend had recommended it, yet they could have done much better at the King Edward. It always pays to "look around" a little. At Yokohama all the tourists go to the Grand Hotel, an old house, yet the Oriental Palace, entirely new, is much better. Many a good new institution starves to death before the jays hear of it.

I found it necessary to tie myself at Hong Kong, to keep from taking the "Minnesota" for home. The "Minnesota" is a fine American ship which sails in a few days for Seattle. It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that a tour around the world is a hardship. This is particularly true of the ocean voyage. I can give you no idea of the discomfort you must undergo. Don't let returning travelers deceive you; give up your longing for a long foreign trip. You may think you would enjoy it, but you wouldn't. I constantly hear travelers about me saying they have nothing to eat, when they have everything: the trouble is, the cooking does not suit them. And on every ship, and in every hotel, the cooking is different from that you have been accustomed to. I have not had a good cup of coffee since starting from San Francisco. I am accustomed to coffee prepared in a certain way, and the cooks I meet have a different way. I have long been accustomed to certain kinds of food. In every country I find the food different, and prepared in a different way. As a result, I am slowly starving to death, although surrounded by an abundance of food, served from four to seven times a day. I would not repeat this trip, if paid a large salary. There has been just one recompense: I have seen many strange things. After a man has lived in one place twenty-eight years, he has become very familiar with everything about him, and there is a sort of rest in going abroad and seeing things he had never so much as heard of. My own affairs have been almost completely crowded out of mind by the incidents of the trip, and I suppose I have been benefited in that way, but I shall not appreciate it until after I have been at home again several weeks. But I have enlisted for the war, and to-morrow I go on board the Peninsular & Oriental ship "Simla," to continue my journey around the world. My first stop will be at Singapore, in the Straits Settlements.

At Hong Kong I heard the particulars of the suicide of Captain Smith, of the "Siberia," on which I had spent a month; we had heard rumors of the affair at Manila. The ship was lying in port at Hong Kong, and Captain Smith was seen sitting in front of his cabin at ten o'clock at night.

At six o'clock the next morning, when Moon, his personal servant, went into the room, he found the captain lying dead on the floor, his throat cut from ear to ear. He had divorced his wife, and she had married again. . . . For a month I sat at his table, and talked with him a dozen times a day. He was always morose, but always tried to be cheerful. I never bothered him much, but he often sat down beside me, as I wrote in the smoking-room, and told me of things in which he thought I was interested. He invited me to his cabin, and once wrote for me the explanation of how we lost a day at sea between Honolulu and Yokohama. . . . He was the gloomiest man I ever knew, but I thought it was due to seeing tourists so much. I hear that he told his officers before reaching Hong Kong that he would not return with them. The voyage was the "Siberia's" thirteenth. I have already told about the accident at Honolulu; in addition, a fire was discovered in the hold at Hong Kong, and in the same port a Chinese sailor fell from the rigging and was killed. . . . I think about Captain Smith a good deal; a man who commits suicide always interests me. What a load he must have had on his mind! He must have been worse off than I was during the blow on the "Teian."

Here at the King Edward Hotel, in Hong Kong, I am much interested in a Mr. Richardson, of Iowa. I don't know that his name is Richardson, or that he is from Iowa, but he is an elderly American, and I know his history as well as I know my own. I see him in the halls, and in the dining-room, his little fat wife pattering around after him. Richardson is not having a good time, and he wants to go home, but Martha, his wife, wants to continue the journey, and Martha will have her way. I know her name is Martha, because Richardson calls her that.

"Martha," I have heard Richardson say, "let's cut out the rest of the trip, and go home on the 'Minnesota.' I'm tired of this foolishness."

I have never heard Martha's reply, for she always speaks in low tones, as all persuasive women do, but I can tell she is

opposed to going home by the shortest route; so Richardson will be compelled to go through India and Egypt, and play the game out; for the next two or three months he will be compelled to pay high prices for food he cannot eat and for trips he cannot enjoy.

SATURDAY, December 16.

At 11 o'clock this morning we left Hong Kong in a tender, and went out to the P. & O. ship "Simla," lying at anchor in the harbor, and advertised to leave for Singapore at noon. Arrived at the ship's side, we climbed another stairway, and went on board to look for our rooms, and complain about them: people are never satisfied with the rooms they draw in a ship lottery. . . . The "Simla" is an old single-screw boat, about 500 feet long, and runs between Shanghai and London, but we are to leave it at Colombo, cross India by rail (first reaching Calcutta by another boat), and then take another P. & O. boat at Bombay for the trip to Port Said. . . . The crew of the "Simla" is made up natives of India, and very queer they look in red caps, red sashes, and blue night-shirts. All the Indian sailors go barefoot, and I note that many of them wear rings on their great toes. The waiters in the dining-room are also dark men from India, and the firemen are very black men from somewhere in India. . . . One of the passengers, a Mrs. Williamson, an Englishwoman, has accompanied us all the way from San Francisco. But we are the only passengers who have been to Manila. . . . My room-mate is a Mr. Moffat, an Englishman. I never knew anyone else quite so anxious to secure all the rights of a traveler, but he is very polite to me. He has the dining-room waiters and the state-room stewards standing on their heads half the time. His luggage is the queerest-looking lot, and he is evidently an old traveler. The tutor and his four boys are also on board.

At 1 P. M. we got away; a ship never sails on time. A few miles outside the harbor we ran across the "Siberia," *en route*

home. It had sailed the morning of the day before, and had been to a Portuguese town up the coast after a big consignment of opium, which was loaded at sea, from heavily armed junks, as a protection from Chinese pirates. Captain Smith's body is being taken to San Francisco on the "Siberia," the first officer in command.

The "Simla" is an English ship, and most of the passengers are English. Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, not only looked after himself in the dining-room, but secured me a seat as good as his own; I sit at the first officer's table, and an end seat. The first officer is very intelligent and agreeable, and we pick up the gossip of the voyage from first hands: we shall stop at Singapore twelve hours, to coal; at Penang, six hours, etc. In traveling out here, you pick up information as you go along; by the time you reach a place, you know a good deal about it.

SUNDAY, December 17.

A steady monsoon has been blowing since we left Hong Kong, and helping us along: the smoke from the stack of the "Simla" is always ahead of us. We are in the China Sea, but the ship is large and acting very well, although I feel the old touch of seasickness.

There is a glum old fellow on board who has amused me since yesterday: he seems to be looking for a fight. He accosted me to-day, and said he was from Missouri. There is nothing the matter with him, except that he is not getting the worth of his money. He became quite cheerful when he found opportunity to talk about home.

In the second cabin of the "Simla" are Chinese passengers; also, mysterious brown men of the kind you see in circus processions, and cannot place. In the second cabin, also, are Englishmen, and I noticed last night that they all dressed for dinner.

We are to celebrate Christmas on this ship between Singapore and Colombo, and are already hearing of the big Christmas dinner we are to have. The first officer says we are to have a roast pig with an apple in its mouth, in addition to turkey, cranberries, plum pudding, and a Christmas tree. But it will be so hot that we shall probably eat our Christmas dinner on deck.

Mr. Moffatt decided last night that the upper deck was not light enough, so he looked up the first officer, made a roar, and had an additional cluster of electric lights put in. In getting his rights he is always good-natured, and the officers of the ship do not seem to hate him. I heard him grumbling to-night that the water in the baths is not cold enough, although it comes direct from the sea, and I have a notion he will demand ice, and get it.

The citizen of Missouri, who isn't having a good time, sat in the smoking-room for two hours this afternoon and growled. Nothing suits him, and he cannot find out anything. Finally he walked out, saying: "I intend to write to the *Globe-Democrat*." He is down in the dining-room now, pouring out his indignation to his favorite newspaper. But the dining-room is warm, and the perspiration causes his nose-glasses to fall off, and this also exasperates him. The old fellow greatly amuses me. The Englishmen like to gather around him and hear him grumble; and he makes a pretty good job of it.

We are still skirting the coast of China, and shall skirt it all day to-morrow. China is a big country; we began seeing its shores before we reached Shanghai.

MONDAY, December 18.

Last night there was a heavy rain, but to-day has been warm and bright, with a comparatively smooth sea. No one

has been sick, so far as I have heard. There are about seventy first-class passengers on the "Simla," and possibly half that number of second-class.

The Missourian who is not having a good time, and who yesterday wrote a complaint to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, occupies a room across the hall from mine, and he frequently comes in to grumble. He leaves the "Simla" at Singapore, and goes to Batavia.

"I don't want to go to Batavia," he said to me this morning, "but if I don't go, when I return home people will say I missed the best thing out here. So I am going to Batavia, although I know nothing about it, care nothing about it, and hate the name of it. I came on this trip, anyway, just to please the neighbors. They kept telling me of the delights of foreign travel and here I am, as miserable as I can be."

When I return home I shall pretend to have visited every town and country, not because I shall enjoy the reputation of being a great traveler, but as a protection. I have observed that when you have failed to visit a certain place, other travelers say you "missed it," and that the places you did visit are visited by everybody, and do not amount to much. In addition to this, I shall invent places of interest, and claim to have visited them. I resolved to do this at Kyoto, and asked forgiveness of the thousand images in one of the temples. If silence gives consent, it is all right with the images.

There is a row on board over bath-towels. Every passenger is given a bath-towel at the beginning of the voyage, and this he is expected to carry to the bath every morning, use, and then carry back to his room, for use the next morning, and every morning until the end of the voyage. Every passenger on the ship is in open revolt, except myself; I don't complain about anything. Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, gets two fresh

bath-towels every morning, and gets them without much difficulty, as he gets most things.

Mrs. Williamson, the Englishwoman we have known since leaving San Francisco, is on her way to visit a rajah in India, and while there she will engage in a tiger hunt. She is a great traveler, but very modest and agreeable. She lived several years in South Africa, and was in Johannesburg during the Jamison raid. The women and children were ordered to leave the place in half an hour, and they collected hurriedly at the railroad station, without food, and many of them almost without clothing. For three days and nights they traveled toward Cape Town, in cars so densely crowded that the passengers were compelled to stand up, or lie on the floor. A number of Cornish miners had secreted themselves on the train, and robbed the women and children of the little food they had. Two women and one child died during the terrible trip.

Last night was quiet and hot, and I sat on deck two hours, almost alone; there were only three or four passengers on my side of the ship. I spent my time in watching a light on shore; a light from a lighthouse, which gave two red flashes and then two white flashese. The lighthouse is built on a lonely cape running out into the sea. Here we bid good-bye to China.

Most of the passengers are as uninteresting to me as I am to them; I speak to them all every morning, but have made few acquaintances; the little talking I do is with the Missourian, Mr. Moffatt and Mrs. Williamson. The tutor is disposed to be friendly, but he took a pronunciation out of my mouth to-day and changed it, and I am done with him. . . . The Missourian always interests me: he is a man of a good deal of native genius. He is a lawyer, and a railroad-builder. I do not so much as know his name, although he often comes into my

room, and grumbles about what he calls "the fool trip." . . . Yesterday afternoon was dull. I walked along the lower halls, in going to my room, and saw most of the passengers moping in their rooms: tired and disgusted. There was so little going on, that the stewardess was asleep in a steamer-chair in the hallway. But at 6:30, a half-hour before dinner, the passengers livened up, and began to appear on deck and walk about, and complain about the bath-towels.

TUESDAY, December 19.

I doubt whether anyone on land, who has never gone through with it, can realize how time lags at sea. You may think you have seen a weary yawn, but you have not, unless you have seen a man yawn on the deck of a ship after it has been at sea seven or eight days. On land, there is always something going on; there may not be much, but there is something. If you live in town, a man may come in and tell you that the bridge over Big Creek is out, and that he was compelled to go around six miles in order to get to town. If you live in the country, a candidate, or the assessor or a traveler, is likely to come along and tell you something you had not heard; but if you are on a ship at sea you soon see nothing new, and hear nothing new. There are the same passengers every day, and the sea soon becomes as uninteresting as the wall-paper in a room you have lived in for months. I have heard about the changing lights and shadows on the ocean, but have yet to see them. The men sit around in the smoking-room, and talk about the same old things: Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Calcutta, etc. On the "Siberia" it was Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, etc. Beyond Bombay it will be Port Said, Suez, Aden, etc. Occasionally a man tells a story; always a story I have heard. To-morrow night the "Simla" will anchor at Singapore, and the next day we shall go ashore to do our Christmas shopping; I expect to develop quite a Christmas trot in looking for presents for six people who sit at my table.

I met an old gentleman to-day who really enjoys traveling. Eighteen months ago he left home with his wife for a tour around the world, going by way of New York and London. In Egypt he ran into the war, and, not liking the prospect of sunken mines and warships, returned home leisurely. He remained at home a month, and then started again, this time by way of San Francisco. But he sold his home and his business three years ago, and so he is at home wherever he happens to be, all his children being grown and married. He will spend a month in Colombo; I shall spend two days there—fewer, if possible. He says he feels better when traveling than when at home. But he is the only contented traveler I have seen. . . . I told the Missourian about him, and you should have heard the Missourian snort with disgust.

I have reached that point in my journey where it is hard to tell whether home lies to the east or the west: it is about as far one way as the other. We are now within a few miles of the equator; I believe we do not cross it; we keep a little to the north of it. Travelers who cross the line for the first time are ducked, and the sailors exact money with which to buy grog. . . . By the way, that is a good sea word: grog. I am sorry I have not thought of it before.

WEDNESDAY, December 20.

The sea is almost as smooth as glass to-day; the only excitement on board is the manufacture of a Christmas pudding. Mrs. Williamson, my daughter, and Mrs. Williamson's maid are at work on it, and two Indian boys are fanning them. At a certain stage in the manufacture of the pudding the passengers were invited to stir it, and make a wish. Each passenger will be given a piece of the pudding on Christmas day, which will be celebrated at sea between Penang and Colombo. . . . Islands appeared off to the left this morning. It is so hot that no one is comfortable.

THURSDAY, December 21.

I heard many bad reports of Singapore: it was hot, it was uninteresting, etc. We arrived at Singapore by daylight this morning, and everybody went ashore after breakfast, as the captain announced that coaling would delay him until five o'clock in the evening. Singapore is the prettiest town I have visited, with the possible exception of Honolulu, of which it reminds me. Of course Singapore is tropical, being within twenty miles of the equator, and its botanical garden is one of the wonders of the Orient. The population is made up of Chinese, Malays, and Indians. The Indians here are as black as our negroes, except that there is a blue tinge to the black color, which makes them look like ebony men. The men wear their hair long; some of them do it up in knots, at the back of their heads, and wear circular combs on top of their heads. Others wear their hair loosely, and look as our women do when they first get out of bed. . . . The beasts of burden are queer oxen, which I have been accustomed to seeing in cages at circuses. . . . The "Simla" was coaled by Chinese coolies, very much as the "Siberia" was coaled at Nagasaki by Japanese women. Two Chinamen carried a big basket of coal between them, on a bamboo pole, and were paid two small coins as each basket was delivered. In addition to the coaling, the "Simla" had five steam winches going at one time, receiving and discharging freight. . . . Singapore has the best hotel I have seen on my trip. . . . A great quantity of pig tin was taken on board; it is obtained here in considerable quantities. . . . The ship was surrounded early this morning by Malay boys, in canoes, who dived for coins thrown into the water by the passengers. An Indian money-changer came on board, and changed money for the passengers, at a discount. Straits Settlements money is used here.

All the men in the Orient wear pajamas; I think I am the only man over here who wears a night-gown. I dressed early this morning, and went on deck because of the land to be seen, and all the other men were out, also. But they were not

dressed; they were wearing pajamas, and a few of them had on gaudily flowered kimonos.

FRIDAY, December 22.

We got away from Singapore yesterday evening at 5 o'clock. My daughter had an adventure there. I went uptown with her, but tiring of sight-seeing early in the afternoon, returned to the ship, leaving the girl in the care of Mrs. Williamson. The two went shopping, looking particularly for a small Christmas tree. There was no such thing in the stores, so the girl and Walker, Mrs. Williamson's maid, took rickshaws, and went out to a nursery in the suburbs. They found the tree, and started to return, but the Chinese rickshaw men were slow, and the time for the departure of the ship rapidly approaching; so they left the rickshaw and engaged a carriage, paying the rickshaw men for two hours, although they had not been out so long. But the rickshaw men were not satisfied, and held the horses attached to the carriage. The situation was becoming critical, when a strange American came along, vigorously kicked the two Chinamen, and the carriage-driver hurried away to the ship. . . . The Chinese are in the majority at Singapore, and the boycott is worked there. When a business man wishes to injure his rival, he starts a story that his rival's business is backed by American capital. I saw denials of several such stories in the Singapore papers when I was there. There are so many nationalities and religions here that a business man must be extremely careful. A story was started that a certain brand of condensed milk was made of pig's milk; an absurdity, of course, but extremely religious people are always looking for insults. Certain sects which look upon the pig as unclean, quit buying that particular brand of condensed milk. The manufacturer is in a rage, but can do nothing.

In a Singapore paper I picked up yesterday, I saw a statement that a tiger had been lately killed within a few miles of

the town. Thirty or forty years ago, when Singapore was a village, tigers swam across from the mainland of Jaypore, three miles away, gorged themselves on natives, and then returned. In Ceylon, where I expect to be in a few days, they tell a bigger story than that: Some man erected a stockade, ran seventy elephants into it, and captured nearly all of them.

The surface of the ocean was as quiet to-day as is the surface of an inland lake on a hot day in July: the heat is about that of an average July day at home. To-morrow, when we pass into the Indian Ocean, we may pass into rougher water. We left the Pacific at Singapore. The trip to Calcutta from Colombo will be in the Bay of Bengal. Look at a map, and you will be surprised at the interesting countries we are passing without stopping: Siam, Sumatra, Cochin China, etc. To make a trip around the world, and see properly all there is to be seen, would take several years. We are seeing only the more noted places, and these very briefly.

This has been the dulllest day ever spent at sea, by anybody. This afternoon I made a tour of inspection, and the few passengers who were not asleep, were writing. While I was in the smoking-room, alone, the captain came in, and we talked for half an hour; this was possibly the only conversation going on on board at the time. The captain is an elderly man and very polite, though little is seen of him. I never see him in the dining-saloon: I believe he dines in his cabin. If a bad accident should happen to the "Simla," the captain would be expected to come out strong. If the passengers should be compelled to leave the ship, as the result of fire or any other unexpected disaster, the captain would be the last to leave, if he left at all. When a ship is lost, there is a tradition that the captain should be lost with it—he should stay with his ship, and take the remotest chance of saving hull and cargo. This is one of the traditions of the sea that is seldom violated. If,

in case of accident, a captain is not perfectly composed, and brave, and an example to crew and passengers, he is forever disgraced.

Dinner is ready on the "Simla" at 7 P. M. The meal does not begin until all the passengers are in their seats, and as the passengers come in later every evening, by the time we reach Colombo dinner will not be served until 8 o'clock.

SATURDAY, December 23.

The ship arrived at Penang at 2 o'clock this morning, and took on and unloaded freight until 7:30 A. M., when it departed. As a result, no one found opportunity to go on shore. The steam winches were going from 2 A. M. until 7, and there was very little sleep on board.

We have passed the half-way point in our journey and after reaching Colombo, mail will be sent by way of London. . . . I heard a man say this morning that the country between Shanghai and Bombay probably contains more than half the population of the earth.

At about noon to-day we passed one of the lonely bird islands occasionally met with in the ocean: a great, bare rock where countless millions of birds live. These islands are visited by sailing-ships, and the guano is collected for fertilizing.

The tutor who has four American boys on board is having trouble with one of them. I heard the young man cursing the tutor to-day; he said he would shoot him if he had a pistol. There is a good deal of talk on deck about the affair. The rebellious boy is about seventeen, and is the one whose father married a second wife as soon as the boy was out of the way.

Two travelers came on board at Singapore, and they are doing their best to make me regret that I didn't visit the Island of Java. They not only visited Java, but Cochin China, and Siam, the most beautiful places, they say, the sun ever shone upon. But these men will not succeed in making me regret I did not stop at Java, Siam, and Cochin China. Indeed, I told them to-day I regretted I had not met them earlier, and heard them tell about Honolulu, and Japan, and Manila, and thus been saved the trouble of a personal visit. . . . Some men are crazy on the subject of travel. They cannot attract attention except by talking of their travels, and become great bores, they are so anxious to talk. I know one man I run from, he has traveled so much. . . . I have heard these two men tell their Java-Siam-Cochin China story a dozen times. At Siam, they attended a dinner given by the king. When I pinned them down, they admitted that the king was not present.

It is only a question of time when Englishmen traveling at sea will eat breakfast in their pajamas. They now sit about the deck, wearing pajamas, as late as 8:30, and my guess is that next year the English will eat breakfast in their pajamas and bare feet. I should as soon sleep in my clothes as pajamas.

SUNDAY, December 24.

The Indian Ocean is acting up to-day, and the "Simla" seems determined to beat the "Teian" as a roller. . . . The captain wears a white suit and gilt straps on both shoulders, but the chief officer, the next in command, wears only one shoulder-strap: on the right shoulder. That's another entirely new idea. The crew was inspected this morning, and the sailors dressed in as many gay colors as women.

The steward who attends my room is afraid of Mr. Moffatt, and works for him all the time. I heard Mr. Moffatt say he intended giving the beggar a tip of five shillings, whereas I, who have had no attention at all, intended giving him \$2.

If you should be so foolish as to travel in the Orient, don't be considerate of servants; they cannot understand anything but the Big Stick. Every time I go to my room I find the beggar brushing up Mr. Moffatt's clothes, or putting his shoes in frames, but he does nothing for me.

I have become pretty well acquainted with one of the two passengers who have been to Java. His name is I. W. Copelin, and he is an oil man from Toledo, O. He told me of an experience he had on the "Bengal," another P. & O. steamer, that interested me. He traveled on the "Bengal" from Hong Kong to Singapore, and his seat at the table didn't suit him. So he refused to go to the dining-room, and ordered his meals sent up on deck. But the deck steward said he was not allowed to serve meals on deck, and Mr. Copelin said the deck steward might go to the devil: he would not eat anything between Hong Kong and Singapore, and would leave the ship at Singapore. So five days he sulked and didn't eat anything, and wasn't missed from the dining-room, the head steward and the head waiter and the stewards in general were so busy waiting on the Englishmen. He knew he was cutting off his nose to spite his face, but was willing to do it. At Singapore he left the "Bengal," and went to Java: that is how he happened to visit Java. . . . It turns out that Mr. Copelin did not go to Siam and Cochin China, but his traveling companion (a Mr. Webster, from Spokane) did visit those places. When Mr. Copelin is telling me about the beauties of Java, he becomes very modest when Mr. Webster, who has been to Siam and Cochin China, comes up. . . . Soon after Mr. Webster arrives, he begins talking in an enthusiastic strain about a beautiful thing he has seen: the most beautiful and wonderful in the world, perhaps.

"But that was in Siam," he will say to Mr. Copelin. "You didn't go to Siam. It's a pity."

In just that way Mr. Copelin had been talking to me about Java before Mr. Webster's arrival.

MONDAY, December 25.

Christmas day, and a very miserable one. When I was a boy, I went to Gallatin, Mo., to work in a printing-office. It was my first experience away from home, and I shall never forget how homesick I was. I have been as homesick all day to-day as I ever was at Gallatin when fourteen years old. . . . Last night some men went through the hallways of the ship singing Christmas carols, and they did them in wretched fashion. As I lay in bed, I recalled that I had never before heard a Christmas carol: I did not recognize any of the airs. . . . This morning I found a Christmas present in my room: a Japanese calendar, sent by Mrs. Williamson, whom I have known since leaving San Francisco. I learned from the accompanying card that her first name is Lily. The card read: "Wishing you a jolly Christmas. Lily Williamson." . . . At breakfast we found the dining-room very prettily decorated with flags and bunting, and an artificial holly they have over here. . . . It has been the dullest day of the trip. . . . A very elaborate Christmas dinner was served at 7 o'clock, but as I had a cold and was feeling grumpy, I did not go to the dining-room: indeed, I ate but one meal to-day: breakfast. So I did not have any Christmas dinner at all. It was as bad a day as I have spent in years.

Last night I gave Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate, a Christmas present of a box of cigars. He is already suspecting the steward of stealing them. As I do not like the steward, I encourage this impression by smoking Mr. Moffatt's cigars. The last thing I heard before going to sleep was Mr. Moffatt arranging to cane the beggar.

TUESDAY, December 26.

Two months ago to-day I left home. . . . I learn this morning that exercises were held in the dining-room last night, during dinner. A toast was offered to England, and the Captain responded. A toast was offered to America, and Mr.

Webster, of Spokane, responded. (Mr. Webster is the man who has been to Java, Cochin China, and Siam.) After dinner there was dancing on deck. I was in bed, and missed it all; but I do not fancy I missed much. Anyway, I have no regrets.

There has been a bad sea to-day, and the passengers have been sneaking off to their rooms, one by one. Few become so accustomed to the ocean that a good deal of motion will not send them to bed.

An Englishman to-day seated himself on deck and called the barber to cut his toenails. This is no worse, however, than the English custom of running around on deck in pajamas, and barefooted. If there is anything uglier than a man's bare foot I do not know what it is.

Since noon we have been in sight of land; we expect to arrive at Colombo at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning. Soon after dark the passengers collected in front and said they could detect a cinnamon smell from the island of Ceylon. I tried to make it out, but couldn't.

The pilot was looking for a certain light in front, and I saw him discover it. A sailor climbed to a very high place in the rigging, and sat there until the light appeared. It is wonderful how a ship can be steered for a distant point and not miss it: when we came in sight of the first light of Yokohama, after being ten days at sea, the ship's nose was pointing directly toward it.

WEDNESDAY, December 27.

When I awoke this morning the "Simla" was lying at anchor in the harbor at Colombo, with the usual noise outside from men and boys anxious to dive for small silver pieces thrown into the water. They will not dive for copper coins.

The Cingalese divers paddle around in the crudest boats I have yet seen; boats that are little more than rafts. The divers are only lightly dressed. Indeed, they wear nothing at all except a piece of cloth about the loins, but this is the usual costume worn by men of the lower class in the tropics. The divers gathered around the "Simla," and several of them climbed up the ship's side, and, standing on the rail, offered to dive into the water for a small silver coin. But a ship's officer appeared, and they all dived for nothing. As soon as the ship's officer disappeared, they were back on the rail again.

After passing through the custom-house, we saw our baggage loaded on a two-wheeled cart drawn by a circus ox. The cart was covered with thatch like a native's hut. Some of these vehicles are used to haul passengers to and from hotels. . . . We are at the Galle Face Hotel, which is on the seashore, a mile from the landing. Crows seem to be sacred here. I saw thousands of them in the harbor, and hundreds of them surrounded the Galle Face Hotel. A sign in my room reads: "IMPORTANT.—Visitors are requested not to leave articles of jewelry on the dressing-table, or near the open windows, as they are liable to be carried away by the crows."

I liked the Japanese hotels, and got along very well with Japanese ways, but the English way of doing things is rapidly driving me to distraction. The Galle Face Hotel seems to be operated not for the comfort of guests, who pay a heavy charge for entertainment, but to afford native servants opportunity to exact money from bewildered travelers, and to annoy them as much as possible. When I registered, the clerk gave me a ticket. A servant was expected to take this ticket and show me to my room, but the servants were too busy blackmailing departing guests to pay any attention to new arrivals, so I complained at the office. The clerk found a native servant, one wearing a woman's comb in his hair, and this man Maria

started out to find my room, but he didn't know how to find the rooms in the hotel, and I followed him upstairs and down. Finally a woman-servant saw my predicament, and rescued me. . . . A Gentleman of the Bedchamber, a tremendously important-looking swell, also wearing a woman's comb in his hair, takes care of my room, but has underlings who do the work. Every little while the Gentleman of the Bedchamber comes in, followed by a groveling slave. The Gentleman of the Bedchamber indicates what the groveling slave is to do, and the groveling slave does it. I suppose this Gentleman of the Bedchamber has two or three wives, and possibly is the prophet of a religion. At some hotels the servants not only work for nothing, but pay for the privilege. This has been established in court, by the testimony of servants. It is little wonder that staying at a "modern" hotel in the Orient is worse than camping out in the woods.

Ceylon is said to be the prettiest tropical island in the world, yet I am spending the day lounging about the hotel, I so much enjoy escape from the imprisonment on shipboard. Tomorrow I shall stir about, and give the innocent children of the tropics a chance to blackmail and annoy me.

THURSDAY, December 28.

Colombo, island of Ceylon, is equal to its reputation: it is said to be one of the prettiest cities in the tropics. Of the island of Ceylon, it is said that it is the prettiest in the world. The Galle Face Hotel is situated at the end of a fine drive along the ocean-front, and on this drive may be seen carriages pulled by meek little oxen, and carriages pulled by high-stepping horses. Before some of the carriages, natives run; behind others, natives ride, standing. Instead of dogs, many of the ladies carry pet monkeys, and a man appeared in front of the hotel where I was sitting to-day, and wanted to sell me a snake. . . . Everywhere are cocoanut trees: very tall and slender,

with not a twig until the top is reached, where there is a bunch of leaves and cocoanuts. Other palms are also very large and very numerous. . . . This sight always attracts me: a large grove of tall and very green trees, and in spots trees bearing bright red flowers at the top. Such a grove, on a hillside, looks like an immense green carpet with a bright red figure. The island of Ceylon is said to resemble a vast garden, for here it is not necessary to replant every spring: the trees and other vegetation grow all the time. At home we have a plant known as "elephant's ear," which grows very rapidly during the summer if well watered, but wilts with the first frost. Imagine elephants' ears growing wild, and never being nipped by frost, and you can form a faint idea of the tropical vegetation in Ceylon. . . . Speaking of elephants, I have not yet seen one, but it would not surprise me to run into a livery-stable where elephants are kept for hire. This seems like an enchanted land, but the inhabitants are not so polite as they are in Japan, although they always call you "Master." The people seem to have a perfect mania for overcharging. For years they have been very poor; and now that they have a crop of tourists who do not know the ways of the country, or the price of things, they want to get rich too fast. They are so greedy that you forget their picturesqueness, and curse their utter lack of conscience.

The First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the native chief who has charge of my room, is piling up a fine bill of costs against me, or thinks he is. Every time I wash my hands the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber knows it, and in he marches, followed by a meek lackey. The lackey empties the water in which I have washed my hands, and carries it out, the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber scolding him all the while. The First Gentleman wears a queer costume, but I find no time to look at it, his hair interests me so much. He has hair as long as a woman's, and this he wears in a knot at the back of his head. On top of his head he wears a circular tortoise-shell comb. The comb is not pushed down into his

hair, but surmounts his head like a crown. The First Gentleman has already brought in the washerwoman, the tailor, and three or four other individuals with things to sell; he is trying hard to create the impression that he is working himself to death to see that I enjoy my stay in Colombo.

Mr. Moffatt, my room-mate on the "Simla," is staying at the Grand Oriental, and last night we invited him and Mrs. Williamson up to dinner. Mr. Moffatt was much interested in the head waiter, who wore a metal device bearing the letters, "H. W." Mr. Moffatt called the "H. W." over to our table and found out a good deal about the combs the men wear. They form a sort of halo; Mr. Moffatt thinks that maybe the halo we are familiar with in paintings originated in this way. A native band played during the dinner, and afterward for dancing. While we were seated on the veranda watching the dancers, a real Indian juggler, of whom I have heard so much, appeared and offered to make a mango tree grow from the nut for a rupee. So we repaired to the garden and saw the "wonderful" trick. It is very commonplace. The man caused a shrub a foot high to appear from a pile of sand; I could have done it myself with an hour's practice. At home, we hear that the Indian jugglers cause a great tree to grow, and that a boy climbs the tree and disappears. This is the exaggeration of travelers: the Indian jugglers don't do it. India is only sixteen hours from Ceylon, and Indians are numerous here.

Mr. Moffatt, when he arrived at the hotel, paid the driver of the carriage what he thought was right. When the driver expostulated, Mr. Moffatt prepared to cane him. Mr. Moffatt interests me because he always gets his way. I find that he has lived in India and in South Africa; I cannot find out much about him, except by piecing together bits of information he drops at intervals. He is a real Englishman—a good fellow, but he insists on his rights. He says that in South Africa where he has hunted, he has seen lions and deer go down to

the water-holes together; but that after the lions and the deer have filled up on water, the deer had better look out. He also says that there is a tribe of men in India who are professed thieves. Mr. Moffatt once had some of these thieves out hunting with him; as they are true sportsmen, they enjoyed the sport so much that they would not take pay for beating up the game. I do not know whether the story is true or not; and I don't care. . . . The guests at the dance last night had a very tame evening, I thought, but they made all sorts of pretenses. If you are disposed to pay any attention to what I say, let me impress this on your mind: there is nothing in "travel" as entertaining as you have been led to believe. I am going up into the mountains tomorrow to rest up for the hot, miserable ocean trip to Calcutta. And when I get home, there will be no more travel for me, and no longing for it.

During the Gay Festivities attending the hotel ball last night, the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber came to me mysteriously, as I sat on the veranda, and said that thrice during the afternoon had he driven the crows out of my room. "He looks," Mr. Moffatt said, "not unlike King Edward."

From my room at the Galle Face Hotel, I can hear old ocean thundering against the shore. To-morrow I shall move, to get rid of the sound.

I went out walking before breakfast this morning, as breakfast is not served until 9 o'clock. A rickshaw man attended me constantly, trying to rent me his rig. People here do not seem to understand that a man may occasionally want to walk for exercise. During my walk I saw the following notice posted on a fence: "THE FEZ QUESTION.—A Mass Meeting of the Mohammedans of Ceylon will be held at Morandana mosque, Dec. 31, at 4 P. M., to consider the advisability of memorializing His Majesty, King Edward, with reference to above subject. Eminent speakers from Bombay will be present." . . .

At home it would be about equally important should a mass meeting be called to consider the question of wearing straw hats after September 20.

In running around to-day, I saw at a public market the jungle-fowl. The roosters look exactly like the red domestic roosters we have at home, while the hens look very much like our prairie-chickens. The jungle-fowl is a wild game bird here, much sought after by sportsmen. There is a great deal of game in Ceylon: deer, elks, bears, leopards, wild boars, jungle-fowls, etc. In the districts where the buried cities are found, elephants still run wild and are hunted. It seems that the island of Ceylon is so old that it has an extinct civilization; it has cities so old that they have been abandoned, forgotten, and covered up by the dust of ages. These buried cities are found in the most inaccessible portions of the island, which is upwards of 500 miles long, and here wild elephants are found. When you visit these buried cities, you stop, not at hotels, but at rest-houses, where only a roof is provided: you must take your own food, your own bedding, and your own servants. After you have been at a rest-house twenty-four hours you are turned out, if another traveler arrives, and there is no room for him. The same rule is practiced in the most inaccessible portions of India.

I have done nothing to-day but drive around and look at things. You dare not walk in Colombo: if you do, the beggars and tradesmen will surround you, and you cannot proceed. Out in the Wyoming cattle country, a man is all right if he is on horseback; but if he is on foot, the cattle run over him. It is the same way here: no one respects a man on foot.

FRIDAY, December 29.

It developed that the native guide we had employed was a Buddhist. He took us to see a Buddhist temple, and a Hindu temple, but we were not permitted to enter the latter, and I was sincerely glad of it, for I am tired of temples.

The Cingalese have caste, as well as the people of India. There are seven different castes among the people of Ceylon. The guide says he permits certain of his neighbors, of lower caste, to cook for him, but he will not eat with them. It seems to me we have the same thing at home: we permit the negro women to cook our meals, but we do not permit them to eat with us. I tried to do a little missionary work with the Buddhist, greatly to the amusement of a certain young person in the carriage, but the Buddhist was stubborn, and would not yield to reason. When he dies, you all know where he will go. But he cannot say he was not warned: I warned him, myself.

As illustrating the different varieties of men found in Colombo I mention the dining-room waiters at the Galle Face Hotel. Some of them wear long hair, done up in a knot at the back of the head, and with a curved tortoise-shell comb on top. Other waiters in the same room wear white turbans on their heads, while still others wear red turbans. But all are alike in one respect: all are barefoot, including the magnificent H. W. (head waiter). Some of the waiters who have large bunches of hair at the back of their heads are perfectly bald on top; not enough hair to hold their \$20 combs. . . . Dinner is an important function throughout this country. There is nothing going on in the evening, so dinner does not begin until 7:30 or 8, and lasts an hour or more. Everybody dresses for dinner: "the dressing-bell rings at seven," is stated on the card of rules at the Galle Face Hotel. At some places, unless you dress for dinner, you are seated in an obscure corner, and neglected; at others, you are not admitted at all.

I do not know how it is with other travelers, but the servants make me miserable trying to extort money from me. I do not object to paying, so much as I object to their standing around watching me, as if wondering when I shall disgorge and how much I shall disgorge. The First Gentleman of the Bed-

chamber informed me to-day that he would be compelled to leave me: he paid me so much attention that the management had noticed it, and transferred him to another floor.

The new First Gentleman of the Bedchamber on my floor has appeared. He is an elderly man: the manager of the hotel was careful to put an old man on my floor; a man so old he could not be fascinated by me, and cruelly overworked.

From the windows of my room, this morning, I had a good view of a native hired girl. Below my windows is a pretty fair native residence, and the hired girl was seated in the passageway between the main building and kitchen; evidently breakfast was in progress, and there being a dull moment, the girl was resting. She was rather good-looking, barring her bare feet, and, as she rested, she chewed the betelnut, and spat a red juice around as a railroad brakeman off duty squirts tobacco-juice. As the girl chewed and spat the red juice about her, she lazily scratched her feet. And the girl was rather young and good-looking: she would attract attention at a native Grand Ball.

They tell of a remarkable tree here: the talipat, or fan-palm. It is very useful during a long life, one of its points of excellence being that it answers very well as a tent, as it sheds rain perfectly. But at fifty years it begins to show signs of old age. A huge bud forms at the top, and, with a loud report, bursts, displaying a white flower twenty feet high. As soon as the flower withers, the palm begins to die rapidly of old age.

If you must see the tropics, see Honolulu, and quit at that; there is a good deal of duplication after you pass Honolulu—you can easily imagine the rest. If you are very adventurous, go on to Japan. But in the name of all that is sensible, do not go beyond Japan.

SATURDAY, December 30.

During our drive to-day, the guide took us to his house. The house was a poor affair with three rooms, in a poor quarter, and he pays three rupees (\$1) a month rent. He has four pretty children, and what do you think their names are? Their names are Sammy, Patrick, Victor, and Trixie! The last named is a girl, and the baby. Think of such names in a Buddhist household! . . . Our visit to the guide's home attracted a crowd of the neighbor women and children, and they looked at us with much curiosity. When we came to the guide's neighborhood, he yelled "Sammy!" and his son appeared from a crowd of boys playing in the street. Patrick and Victor also appeared, and brought their friends with them. Patrick and Victor were as naked as the day they were born, but Sammy is going to school now, and wore a piece of cloth around his loins.

I am afraid the guide is not very thrifty. An Arab was loafing about his house, and I asked what he was doing there. He explained that the Arabs buy things for five rupees, and sell them to poor people for ten rupees, on the installment plan. The guide, in short, owed a payment, and the Arab wanted his money.

"Suppose you don't pay?" I asked.

"Well, he fights you, and then he goes to law," the guide replied.

The guide is a high-caste man, mind you; but his house doesn't look it. His father, however, was a government official: things were different when his father was alive, the guide told me. The father was a policeman.

We also visited a fishing village. We saw the fishermen land, in their queer boats, each with an outrigger, and carry their fish to a little hut, where they were auctioned off. The bidders were men who took the fish downtown to sell again. As near as I could make out, the fish brought from twelve to

fourteen cents a pound. Fishing is hard and dangerous work; the men I saw coming in at 4 o'clock had been out since daylight. There were three men in a boat, and some of the boats had six or eight fish weighing from two to five pounds each. Similar places where fish are sold at auction, are numerous along the coast.

On the road to the village we met a Buddhist funeral procession: four men carrying a blue coffin. About a dozen friends and relatives of the deceased walked with the coffin-bearers.

The little oxen which are worked to carts here are no taller than a three months' old Kansas calf, but heavier. The sprightliest of these little oxen are driven to sulkies, and entered in trotting races. At the smaller towns in Ceylon, all the public carriages are drawn by these oxen.

SUNDAY, December 31.

I have just returned from a trip to Kandy, where there is nothing to see except the botanical garden, maintained by the government, but the town is in the mountains, and its numerous hotels are well patronized by people from the sweltering lowlands. The railroad trip was interesting, but the mountain scenery cannot be compared with that in the Rocky Mountains. The tea for which Ceylon is famous is grown in the mountains, and the tea planters may be seen swaggering around Kandy. When they have a prosperous season they come to Colombo and shoot up the town, as the cowboys used to do in Dodge City until Bat Masterson was made town marshal, and started a graveyard. (So I have heard; it may not be true.) Most of the tea planters are young Englishmen who have been sent out here to get rich, or get killed. They go in for polo, which is shinny on horseback, and wear very unusual clothes around Kandy; they are almost as curious as the

natives, as to clothes. One of their fads is to wear two hats. . . . One day satisfied me with Kandy, although, as I have said, the trip through the mountains was interesting. At several places, three engines were attached to the train. But an American needn't come over here to see mountain scenery, or marvelous railroad engineering: our country leads all others in these things. . . . Perhaps it should be added in passing that Ceylon has buried cities so long deserted that elephants are hunted on their sites. I was in such a hurry to get home I did not see them.

The Cingalese never smile: they are so intent on robbing travelers that they haven't time to smile. Of all the people I know anything about, I think least of the Cingalese. There is nothing of "benevolent assimilation" in the policy of the English toward the Cingalese. The English use the Big Stick in governing Ceylon. I have no doubt the English are as kind as possible, and that the English rule is better than any other the Cingalese know anything about.

In the country here you find the same flimsy thatched huts you find in the Philippines and in other tropical countries; you cannot form much idea of a country unless you get out of the towns. In every stream and lake we passed to-day, we saw natives and water buffalo, bathing, one as naked as the other. . . . It is claimed that Ceylon is the original Garden of Eden: a mountain-peak we passed to-day is known as "Adam's Peak," and Eve also figures in local "folk-lore." (Folk-lore is always tradition: it is never history. The same stories are folk-lore in many countries. Folk-lore is no more reliable than a ghost story).

If you want to picture the country to yourself, imagine cocoanut trees and banana trees everywhere; in the lowlands, rice swamps; in the highlands, tea plantations, with banana

trees growing among the tea plants. As for the women, imagine a dark mulattress wearing a red tablecloth; the men are either naked or wear a string about their loins. There are no great vacant places in Ceylon, answering to our prairies, but there is a dense tropical growth everywhere, except in the rice-fields, and these are in the narrow valleys between the mounds and mountains. The wagon roads are fine, but think of the ages the people have been building them! Many generations of men have worn themselves out building these roads; in three or four thousand years, Kansas will have good roads. It is probable that Ceylon is as typical of the tropics as any country that may be found.

To an American of my type—possibly I am not very representative—everything is wrong here. Meals are at the wrong hours, wrong things to eat; the customs are all opposed to your habits. If you try to live as you have always lived, people look at you in surprise. The English you hear is not the English you have been accustomed to; people seem to be finding fault with your pronunciations to your face. You are denied the liberty of walking about in peace. The moment you appear, you are surrounded by beggars and hawkers, who annoy you so much that there is little enjoyment in looking at the strange sights. You are looked upon as a curious sort of animal who has money; the natives call you master, not because they respect you, but because they have found the word a good one to conjure with.

MONDAY, January 1.

I am a little late, but I wish every reader of this a Happy New Year. I had made but one New Year resolution: it relates to remaining at home more contentedly, should I ever get back there.

You may think I am a stranger in a strange land, but I am not. At this hotel there are twelve people I knew on the

"Siberia," nearly two months ago. In addition, I knew as many more on the "Simla." I meet these acquaintances wherever I go: I met six of them in the mountains at Kandy yesterday, and several of them will embark with me on the "Somali" to-morrow for India; I shall meet them in Egypt, and probably in Paris and London. Some of them laughed at me for hurrying through Japan as I did, but they turned up on the ship at Kobe. Then they laughed at me for hurrying through China, and the Philippines, but I met them on the "Simla," bound for Ceylon. They said they intended remaining in beautiful Ceylon at least a month; but they are booked on the "Somali" for Calcutta. One young lady has quarreled with her party—tourists in the same party always quarrel—and talks of going on with us to London and leaving her friends behind.

Traveling is a good deal like eating roasting-ears: no one does it very gracefully. All travelers buy strange suits, don't like them, and buy new ones. If the twenty travelers I know should turn up in Kansas in the clothes they are now wearing, they would attract as much attention as would twenty Hindus.

Perhaps readers of these letters think I should have paid less attention to personal observations and more to guide-book information. The guide-books are not very interesting, either. Here is an extract from one—a description of Colombo: "Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, latitude 6 degrees, 57 N.; longitude, 79.50 E.; distant from London, 5,868 miles; local time 8 hours, 19 minutes before Greenwich; currency, rupees; Ceylon government notes, Rs. 5, 10, 50, 100, 1000. Caution: Visitors should be careful to use umbrellas and not expose themselves to the sun, even for a short time, during the middle hours of the day."

I do not suppose I shall be treated with any particular veneration because of the fact, but I have seen Buddha's tooth,

which is preserved in a temple at Kandy. It is no exaggeration to say that the tooth is as large as a man's head; yet the natives regard this piece of wood as a very sacred relic. I have also seen Buddha's footprint, and so many other sacred relics that I cannot make a list of them. Speaking of teeth, one of the young ladies I knew on the "Simla" had a violent toothache to-day, and I went along to hold her when it was pulled. You can imagine from this incident that I find it pretty dull in Colombo. You hear a good deal of the bravery of women when they have teeth pulled—four or five out without flinching—but this girl kicked and screamed. You only hear about bravery; you don't see it.

To-day I presented my native servant with a full suit of clothes, as a New Year present. In leaving the "Simla," it seems I packed a bed-sheet for my night-shirt. I gave this sheet to the servant, and he will wrap it around his person and use it for a Sunday suit. I hope the P. & O. Steamship Company will make equally good use of the night-shirt found in room 43.

The sunsets in Ceylon attract the attention of all travelers. After the sun has disappeared, there is an afterglow that is said to delight the souls of artists.

Yesterday morning an acquaintance of mine who is a guest at this hotel, ordered an early breakfast in his room: tea, toast, etc. The tray containing the breakfast was put down near the window, and, when the man's back was turned, the crows came in and carried away all the toast.

When I first started out on this trip, I had so much money that I carefully hid it at night. (Usually I forgot it in the morning, and the servant would bring it to me after I had dressed.) But my roll is so light now that I never take the trouble to put it under my pillow at night.

I have decided there is no place of "great interest" I should see to-day, and that I am at liberty to lounge around my room. And I am sincerely grateful; I am so tired of sight-seeing.

I have mentioned this before, but the fact that impresses me most is the number of tourists loafing around Ceylon, spending their money, and not enjoying themselves. A Mr. Williams went on the rampage to-day; that is, he spoke his mind freely, and said he was tired of the foolishness, and was going home. I remember very distinctly that yesterday Mr. Williams assumed an air of gaiety and said a man should not work forever; that all work and no play made Jack a dull boy, etc.; that a man should Broaden His Mind by Travel, and be Gay occasionally. But Mr. Williams has the Blue Devils to-day, and wants to go home. His wife is standing the trip better; women always succeed better than men in doing nothing, and in traveling. I intend to play the game out, and do it as cheerfully as possible, but I shall always think that Travel is not what it is cracked up to be. . . . Last night a band played at the hotel; among other selections the musicians played "Home, Sweet Home," and half a dozen tourist women cried.

New Year's day was not celebrated here, except that the natives were a little more greedy than usual, and shot off a few fire-crackers. I sat on the hotel veranda for half an hour to-day, and five natives appeared with schemes to rob me of money.

Every American who has "been abroad," talks too much about it on his return. I do not intend to do it: on my return I intend to hire a hall and do all my talking in two hours. No admission will be charged. Then I will quit talking about my trip for good.

At home, there is quite a demand among the colored boys in the neighborhood for my old clothes. But I can't do anything with my old clothes here; the natives don't wear anything but bed-sheets and red tablecloths. A coat that would induce an Atchison colored man to saw a cord of wood is worthless here, and old collars and shirts have no value.

Since leaving home, I have changed all my habits except the habit of wearing night-shirts; I simply will not wear pajamas. The tourists may talk about me, but I don't care. I have been talked about so much that I don't mind it any more.

I visited the police court this morning in the course of an idle trip downtown. The place was full of Buddhists who had been arrested for drunkenness. One of the five commandments of Buddha is: "Drink no intoxicating liquors." My native servant, a Buddhist, admitted with regret that a large majority of his people violate this command, and I find that the Buddhists are as great backsliders as the Protestants, although we have been assured that religion is a very serious thing in the Orient. The servant explained it by saying: "Buddha, he too particular."

A woman in our party attended church yesterday, and says that during the services, naked children (natives) played in the aisles. All the naked children were boys. Among savages, the females rarely go naked. Why is it? I have always thought that the female form was not so symmetrical as that of the male. Is this the reason? The female form needs the addition of dry goods to make it effective. I have no intention at present of going without clothes, but if I should conclude to do it I know I should look better than a woman of similar age and weight.

The native laundryman who found me first, called at my room to-day for a package of laundry. "If you will give me a present," he said, with unblushing effrontery, "I will make the count less." But I resisted his blandishments; I may return home a bankrupt, but my honor shall remain untarnished. I suppose I am known around the hotel as Mr. Easy, but I shall save what little I can from the general wreck, and depart to-morrow evening, or early the following morning, for India, without compromising with the servants.

When American travelers get together on a hotel veranda in Ceylon, you might think they would talk about the wonders of the Orient; but they don't—they talk about aperient waters, and pills; for from the time a traveler starts from home until his return, he uses these things constantly. Ocean travel disarranges his stomach, and his system generally, and he is compelled to resort to medicine to keep alive until he reaches his native land. Every time I see a new traveler, wearing a queer hat and suit, I can't help wondering what sort of liver pill he buys. A new man I met this morning talked beautifully about the buried cities of Ceylon for a few minutes, but in a little while he drifted off to Cockle's pills, which seem to be the favorite.

Among the travelers I have been with all the way from San Francisco is a big, determined-looking fellow, in charge of a smaller man, who seems to be very miserable about something. I lately learned the history of the pair. The smaller man is the son of a rich American, and the big man is trying to cure his charge of the alcohol habit. The drunkard is slightly deaf, and talks to no one, except that he grumbles a good deal to his keeper, who receives \$3,000 and expenses for his undertaking. The drunkard has not been drunk since he was terribly seasick on the "Siberia," but he is always threatening to get drunk, and break the dishes. The keeper has the drunkard bluffed, and may cure him. Once the drunkard threatened

to commit suicide while at sea. The keeper gave his consent, saying that that was exactly what he should do. The drunkard walked out to the rail, and looked over a while, but he didn't jump. The keeper has all the money, and the drunkard, whose father is worth twenty million dollars, is very indignant, but he can't help himself. It is pitiful to see the drunkard walking about. He wants to go home, and everything bores him, but he seems to realize that his folks have at last become disgusted, and would like to be rid of him. He has never worked, and is as helpless as a child, although he is thirty-four years old. My guess is that he will remain sober until he returns home, and then he will go on the biggest drunk in history. At San Francisco he tried to leave the boat, but his keeper forcibly detained him.

TUESDAY, January 2.

In going downtown this morning, on an errand, I engaged one of the little ox carts which carry passengers. The driver not only used a whip, but twisted the ox's tail when he wanted him to go faster.

The Cingalese robber's idea of a good time is to spend his ill-gotten gains riding first-class on the tramway, among his victims. Complaint is made of the licensed brigands in Ceylon, but they are said to be much worse in India; and they are worse in Egypt than in India. But the art of robbing travelers does not reach perfection until the Holy Land is reached. . . . Instead of reading up on ancient history, in preparation for a trip around the world, a man should go into training with a first-class pugilist. True, a man may reduce his expenses here a trifle, but he must devote all his time to it; he cannot expect to see any of the Glorious Sights.

Every day at noon, I eat a pineapple in my room. You know that after the juice is out of a pineapple, a fibre is left that

might be used in making rope. This fibre I throw to the crows outside my window. They dive for it in droves, and the boss of the rookery whips all the other crows for possession, but they are unable to make anything out of it. After the best crow in the bunch has fought for possession of the fibre, and finds it unpalatable, he goes off and leaves it. Then the next best crow takes possession, after several fights, and so it goes until the poorest fighter in the lot is left in undisputed possession. I have not been able to fool any men in Ceylon, but I have fooled the crows.

Many steamships pass my window at the Galle Face Hotel. I rarely look out at the ocean without seeing a ship coming in or going out. But if you are traveling, these ships do not go your way. There are plenty of cars on a metropolitan street railway, but, in order to reach your destination, you are compelled to wait for a green, blue or yellow car.

Last night, during dinner at the hotel, a band of twenty-six men played in the court. In this court there are cocoanut trees, and under the branches of each tree, a long way from the ground, were colored electric lights. Colored electric lights were also scattered among the big foliage plants and palms. The effect was new to me. Out in front were the ocean and the moon. Need I add that the band played "Under the Bamboo Tree"?

The drunkard was present, went away, and then came back again. His keeper says the drunkard is homesick. I can't understand what he is homesick about; the keeper says he cares for no one, and no one cares for him. The drunkard has always been a solitary man; nothing ever interested him except whisky.

In the streets of Colombo, yesterday, I saw a novel procession: a thousand native servants carrying New Year presents

to their masters. The presents were in baskets, which the servants carried on their heads. About twenty-five of the servants led goats, which they intended giving their masters. This procession is an annual custom here. The servants make much of it, as, in return for the baskets of fruit they give their masters, they expect substantial favors.

Mr. Munson and Mr. Milligan, the fine old gentlemen and fast friends from New York whom I admired on the "Siberia," came in a few days ago, on a German steamer. They will remain here a week, but I shall meet them again somewhere on the road; I met them in Manila, and they have turned up here, very unexpectedly.

I have long had a notion that should I meet a Mohammedan, I should find him ashamed of his religion and of his prophet, both seem so false and ridiculous to me. But I was never more mistaken: the Mohammedan is about the best satisfied man in the Orient.

I have come to have a good deal of sympathy with the drunkard: I think I long for home as much as he longs for intoxicants. Among the many drinks he is familiar with, there are several that afford him comfort. Likewise, among the people I know at home, there are many who please me, and afford me contentment; there are many places at home I like to visit.

As I write this, in my room, the native servant is busily engaged in packing my trunks. And this is the first opportunity I have had of saying a good word of a Cingalese: he is doing it pretty well. He is dressed in his best Sunday suit: the sheet I took from the "Simla," by mistake, and which I gave him, not knowing what else to do with it.

The principal use I make of a native servant is to have him do the quarreling with the other natives. There is a legal rate for rickshaws, but if you pay this you have a quarrel with the rickshaw man, just the same; he wants more, and knows that you will not think of calling a policeman. So when I go out, I take the native servant along. Arriving at my destination, I patiently wait while he goes through with the inevitable quarrel. The other night, a party of us took a rickshaw ride, to see the street crowds and the illumination. On our return, we gave the servant the legal price for all the rickshaw men; and he quarreled with them in front of the hotel for over an hour. At first I thought the clamor was a native uprising, but investigation revealed that the clamor was over dividing the money the servant had received for the rickshaw trip. I suppose the servant robs me a little, but he does not rob me of as much as he saves me. The hotel is quite a distance from town, on the ocean-front. When my daughter wants to go downtown, the servant goes along, and waits around until she is ready to return. His knowledge of the country and of the language is convenient. When I first employed him, the hotel servants were suspicious of him, and always escorted him to my rooms, but now he comes and goes at will.

The drunkard has fallen: his keeper saw him at a downtown bar to-day, loading himself with beer. It is a peculiarity of this particular drunkard that he always begins a spree by drinking beer, ending up with whiskey. The keeper predicts that he will be brought to the hotel in a hack within a few hours, insensible from over-indulgence in intoxicants, and with his pockets full of bottles. Then he will lock himself in his room, and remain there thirty or forty hours, drinking. His father is president of a railroad company for which he formerly worked at \$7 a month. The son never earned a dollar in his life. The Drunkard and his Keeper are among the peculiar people I meet who are Broadening their Minds by means of Travel.

I have heard of two other people at the Galle Face Hotel who are Broadening their Minds by Travel: an old Englishman and a young wife. The young wife is very pretty, but gets drunk at the public bar. The old husband is jealous of her, because she can drink more than he can, and flirts with the young fellows. The women say the young wife married the old fellow for his money. If the old man wants to spend his money on a young wife, it's all right, so far as I am concerned. If the money he has isn't his, let somebody take it away from him. . . . A Frenchman and his wife are also at the hotel, and they quarrel so much as to disturb their part of the house. The wife's screams are quite pitiful at times, though we all noticed at breakfast this morning that the husband had a black eye. The wife didn't seem to be injured, although she did considerable screaming last night.

WEDNESDAY, January 3.

At sea again, *en route* to Calcutta, after a respite of seven days. The "Somali" is a large and newer boat than the "Simla," and has twin screws, but it is slow: we shall not reach Calcutta until Tuesday. Twin screws do not mean increased speed. But they are safer; in case one screw breaks, the other can be used in getting the ship into port. When the shaft of a single-screw ship breaks, it floats about helpless until aid arrives.

I have an upper-deck cabin on the "Somali," with my old friend Mr. Moffat, the Englishman with whom I roomed on the "Simla." He secured the more desirable room, and asked that I be put in with him. I asked him to-day how he managed to get the best of everything when traveling.

"When you go into a hotel, or on board a ship," he replied, "the clerk or steward looks you over, and decides what you will probably stand, in the way of discomfort. In every hotel, and on board every ship, there are certain undesirable

rooms. The clerks and stewards are always trying to give them out to meek people. Don't be meek; don't submit. That's all I know about it."

Five of the passengers on the "Somali" started from San Francisco November 4, and have been together ever since. I knew a good many of the others on the "Simla," so we are quite well acquainted.

All I have written since I left home may not be worth much, but this is a fact: I am now using my third bottle of ink.

THURSDAY, January 4.

Am I learning the game? I awoke this morning at 8:30 after being in bed ten hours. After I had taken a bath and been shaved it was 9:30 when I reached the dining-room, and ten o'clock when I finished breakfast. I sleep much better on the water than I do on land. Yesterday afternoon I slept three hours. . . . When I came out of my room this morning I found a big sea running, but I did not notice it until I went on deck. Am I learning the game? The ship is rolling and plunging a good deal to-day, but at times I forget the motion entirely. The ship is a welcome refuge from the beggars at Colombo.

We are back to the old system of five meals a day, and Cockle's pills and aperient waters. Little wonder travelers return home with ruined stomachs and dispositions. Friends will start out to make a tour together, and quarrel before their return. In the smoking-room to-day a man said: "Well, I am going to Burma." The friend he had been traveling with said snappishly, "You may go to the devil, if you want to; I am going straight through India." So they will separate at Calcutta. They "talk" about each other to me, each saying the other has no consideration, and no fairness. When they return home they will not "speak." . . . The young lady

who quarreled with her party at Colombo, and threatened to go on with us, is on board: her friends were not ready to leave Colombo, but came along to avoid an open rupture. They also "talk" about each other. Whether the young woman will break with her friends at Calcutta, and accompany us to Egypt, I do not know. . . . The tutor is still in a row with his four pupils. One of the boys has not "spoken" to any other member of the party since arriving at Colombo.

There is a stout woman on board who spends most of her time on deck, smoking cigarettes. She was drunk when she came on board. She had been assigned a room with an old-maid school-teacher from New England, and the ancient maiden made such a roar that all the passengers heard it. The fat woman with the great thirst was given a room by herself.

At my table sits a woman from Australia, with her four sons. I admire them all very much: particularly one of the big boys, who greatly admires his mother. The other boys are nice to their mother, but the particular one I refer to sits with her on deck by the hour, and walks with her. The mother says that he was always that way, and that she is no fonder of him than she is of the others. That's a little white fib; you may say you love all your children just the same, but you do not. . . . The mother and the boys have been through America twice, and tell me of the "funny" things they saw.

"America may seem funny to you," I said to them, "but you have no idea how fine it seems to me."

We saw a whale to-day, but it amounted to no more than this: a spout of water shooting up out of the ocean a mile away. This is the way travelers "see" whales.

FRIDAY, January 5.

Ever since leaving Colombo we have had a vicious head-wind, and a rough sea, with squalls of rain. From the time we left Hong Kong until we reached Colombo, we had the wind behind us: it pushed us along, and we arrived at our destination a day or two early, as we shall arrive at Calcutta a day or two late. It is among the mysterious things of the ocean that in certain places the wind blows steadily in a certain direction for months. There are also currents that flow in a certain direction for years, without interruption: but this is not a subject to be discussed here. Besides, I do not understand it. . . . Several of the passengers whom I have heard boast that they "did not know what seasickness was," have gone to their rooms. I have felt queer at times on the Bay of Bengal, but have kept on my feet.

The day we left Colombo the quartermaster of the "Somali" suffered a sunstroke; he is now very ill, and may die. We are sailing north, and the weather is cooler: yesterday I enjoyed the luxury of going to my room and putting on heavier clothing—this morning the bath water actually chilled me. The passengers are greatly enjoying the cooler weather: for more than a month we have been sweltering in the heat.

I greatly admire the young fellow from Australia who loves his mother. Sometimes I see the mother standing at the rail alone. In a little while her lover son will appear. He always appears with her at the table: the other three sons come and go when they please. In the evening the lover son walks with the mother on deck, and goes down after her wraps. And he does it all so naturally that it is admirable.

I have heard much about Australia from the mother and her four sons, who sit at my table. That country is cursed

with rabbits and drouth. Rabbits were introduced into Australia, years ago, for sport, and they have since taken the country. Unless a field is protected with woven-wire fence, the rabbits will eat everything it contains; roots and all. They are slaughtered by the thousands, but they increase so rapidly that there is no getting rid of them. . . . A drouth has just ended in Australia which lasted seven years. Sheep sold at forty cents a head, and thousands of them died. I shall always remember Australia, because it was there Aaron Magwitch made his money.

I shall miss Rangoon, the place where big saw-mills are, and where elephants handle the logs. The elephants pile up the logs, and, after depositing a log, they "sight" along it, to see that it is lying straight. This is the story of a traveler who has been to Rangoon, and who is trying to make me regret that I cut it out. I met a traveler to-day who did not go to Kandy, and I told him he didn't miss much: I am not vicious—I have not traveled enough for that; not yet.

SATURDAY, January 6.

The weather has become finer, and the games on deck are all going. The smoking-room is the finest apartment in the ship, and the women loaf in there with the men a good deal, playing cards and gossiping. A woman, traveling, is never satisfied unless she has at least three admirers around her every time she goes on deck. On the "Somali," if she hasn't that number, she goes into the smoking-room. There is, however, one exception to this rule: an elderly woman who is said to be diamond-crazy. She admires nothing but diamonds, and travels only to look at diamonds.

How uninteresting people are! There are seventy or eighty passengers on the "Somali," and not an interesting one in the

lot. Yet how hard we all try to be interesting, and how soon we discover we are making a failure of it! Talk to a stranger, and in a few seconds he will show a disposition to get away from you, you having failed to interest him. I have been in a good many different places, and found few interesting people. The most interesting people I have ever known I have known in my own community. The few great people I have met have not equaled their reputations. How rare some things are! Genius, for example. Genuine affection, such as the young Australian shows for his mother, is also very rare. Look around you: how many cases of genuine affection are you familiar with? . . . I have no hesitancy in saying that the brightest and best people I have ever known are the neighbors and friends I have known so many years. I do not take kindly to strangers; I have not made a new friend in several years. My friends are old friends.

SUNDAY, January 7.

Still at sea, between Ceylon and Calcutta. By the way, Ceylon is mentioned in the hymn-book. In the hymn beginning "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand," these lines occur: "What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." The captain conducted services in the dining-room this morning, and I attended. The tall, fat lady who smokes cigarettes on deck, sat in front of the captain, and seemed very familiar with the services; when the others sat down, she knelt, but she was so tall that, kneeling, she seemed to be sitting. The services lasted forty-five minutes, ending with taking up a collection, which went to the Seaman's Orphanage. The captain is a short, fat man, and the punka, which was going all the time, brushed his hair both ways. One hymn we sang was very appropriate: "Almighty Father, hear our cry, as o'er the trackless deep we roam; be Thou our haven always nigh, on homeless waters Thou our home."

We heard this morning of the death of the quarter-master who suffered a sun-stroke at Colombo, and he is to be buried at sea. He left his home in England stout and well: it will be a shock to his people to hear that he died at sea, and was thrown overboard. It's a creepy sort of thing to think about.

The tall, fat lady who has attracted my attention because she smokes cigarettes on deck, lives in a distant town in India; in her vicinity there are only five white residents. She is returning from a visit to her people in England. If she finds any comfort in smoking, I don't object; if I were in her place, I should not only smoke, but chew and swear.

The weather is superb to-day. The voyage on the "Somali" has been more endurable than any other I have ever undertaken. The members of the crew suit me. I do not eat lunch, and two servants appeared the first day I missed, to ask if I did not want something in my room. . . . I have said the passengers are uninteresting. They are at least no more uninteresting than I am.

During the religious services this morning I could not find the place in the prayer-book, not being familiar with the service, as was the tall, fat lady from India. So I invented responses. The captain would read something, and the passengers would respond. In the din of the responses by the passengers, they didn't notice what I was saying, which was something like this: "O Lord, if I have any friends make me worthy of them"; or, "O Lord, if you will get me back home safe, I will remain there." I think that my daughter, who stood at my side, was a good deal surprised at the interest I was taking in the service; she didn't know I was inventing a little service of my own, as I went along; a reverent service, but one that fitted my need more than the one in the book.

The body of the quartermaster who died at sea was buried at four o'clock this afternoon. The body was sewed up in a sack, and placed on a plank in a gangway, about amidships on the starboard side. The captain read the burial service of the Church of England, and then the body was thrown into the water, feet foremost. The ship was stopped for a few moments, and rolled lazily on the waves. All the passengers gathered along the starboard rail, and a bell forward was tolled dismally. The body was heavily weighted, and shot downward like a stone. Then a bell rang below, and the engines were started again.

MONDAY, January 8.

I had my first sight of India at two o'clock this morning. The engines of the ship stopped to take on a pilot, and this awakened me. Looking out of the port-hole in my room I found we were at the mouth of the Hoogly river, and, in the moonlight, I could see land. The Hoogly river is one of the mouths of the Ganges; Calcutta is ninety miles away, up the river. At daylight we were in the river, steaming along slowly. Low, flat land on both sides. At times we ran within two hundred feet of shore, and could see natives and hump-backed cattle.

At ten o'clock we anchored; the ship must wait for a favorable tide. The Hoogly river is very difficult to navigate, and is growing worse rapidly. A ship anchored near us had been waiting four days. I organized a party, and proposed that we land, and proceed to Calcutta by railroad. Sixteen of the passengers joined me, and we began packing our effects. The steward provided an early lunch, and at 1:30 in the afternoon we started for shore, in a big sailboat manned by natives. As we drifted away, we sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," for the benefit of the captain, who had been extremely kind. All of the passengers in the sailboat had been passengers

on the "Simla"; four of them had been passengers on the "Siberia," so that we were well acquainted. As we left the ship, the officers put the flag at half-mast and waved their adieus until we disappeared in a creek, and landed at a little village, near a railway station. We had a tremendous amount of baggage, and landing and getting it to the railway station was about the funniest thing I have ever seen. Coolies from the village poured down to the landing, and seizing the baggage, ran off with it to the station. After the baggage was all loaded, we paid the coolies. None of them could speak English. Coolies who hadn't done anything, joined in the excitement and bothered the passengers. Mrs. Williamson, with whom we have traveled continuously since leaving San Francisco, has twenty-two pieces of luggage, and a maid. Mr. Moffatt looked after her effects, and he handled the coolies with a cane. They followed him in clouds. I sat in a car, having settled my affairs, and laughed at the scene; it was the only really amusing thing I have seen in ten weeks of travel. When the train pulled out—and we held it half an hour—the coolies were still clamoring for more money.

India, or the portion of it between Diamond Head harbor, where we left the ship, and Calcutta, is Ceylon over again. The same cocoanut trees, the same banana trees, the same ricefields, the same crows, the same humpbacked cattle, with this difference: the country from Diamond Head to Calcutta is as flat as a pancake. And there is another difference: India is more densely populated. The train stopped every three or four miles, and people swarmed around like flies. All the native houses are built of mud, and roofed with rice straw. . . . There were ten of our party in one compartment, the train being crowded, and at the station we bought green coconuts and drank the water out of them; they say you must not drink ordinary water in India. In our compartment were four young women, the tutor, and one of his pupils, the one known as the "baby." They were all glad to get off the ship,

and had a merry time, but the country was so strange that it kept me busy looking.

We arrived at Calcutta at 5:30 P. M.; had we remained on the ship, we should not have arrived until to-morrow afternoon at best; possibly we should not have arrived for several days. At the station in Calcutta I found a man from the Grand Hotel, to which he took us in two of the queerest carriages I have ever seen, barring the ox carts at Ceylon. He rode in one carriage, with our baggage on top, and we followed in another. Arrived at the Grand Hotel, we were assigned to rooms in the annex; comfortable rooms, but queer, with dozens of native servants running up and down the verandas. On an average, one of them drops into my room every minute. I have a bath in my room, but it looks as I imagine a Roman bath of nineteen hundred years ago looked. The Annex is new. I liked the man I engaged at the station, and have employed him to "handle" me through India. As I write this, he is unpacking my clothes, and arranging the mosquito netting on the bed, ordering the hotel servants about, etc. The Educational Bureau, with truly royal air, told him to serve tea in her room, adjoining mine, and some of her girl friends from the ship have joined her, my man waiting on them. He has just placed a little lantern in front of my door; I suppose it is to give notice that I am taken. . . . The weather is quite cool; but while the nights and mornings are pleasant, the weather is very warm during the middle of the day. And the weather will become warmer as we travel toward Bombay. Thursday morning we leave for Benares, Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow, *en route* for Bombay, from which place we sail on the 20th. This is an absurdly short time to spend in India, travelers say, but I have reserved accommodations on the "Persia," sailing from Bombay on the 20th, and, barring accident. I shall be there on that date.

I have agreed to pay my man a rupee and four annas a day: about forty cents. Out of this he pays his own board, but

I pay his railroad fare, third class, which is very cheap. His business will be to look after the baggage and railroad trains, and take care of me generally. At hotels he will wait at table, unpack and pack our baggage, look after carriages, etc. He will pay all bills due to natives, and render an account to me every night.

TUESDAY, January 9.

I wish you could see my bath-room. It has a cement floor, and a tub stands in a corner, encircled with a piece of marble about a foot and a half high. In case I want hot water, it will be brought me in a tin cup, which stands on the piece of marble. The bath-tub is already full; I can have the water it contains, and no more. My sleeping-room has electric lights, but the bath-room is lighted with a very tiny lantern. The earth-closet system is used; that is the reason people out here do not eat uncooked vegetables. At Hong Kong, on every table at the hotel there was a printed notice warning guests not to eat uncooked vegetables, although such vegetables were served.

When we went to dinner to-night, our man appeared and waited at our table, wearing a special uniform. A third of the waiters in the dining-room were private servants; most travelers have them, as they do not cost much, and are a great convenience. When we went to dinner, our man locked the doors of our rooms, took the keys and piloted us to the dining-room. When we returned, he had the doors open and the lights lit. He wears a turban, indicating that he is a Mohammedan. Think of hiring a man for forty cents a day who boards himself, and carries a special uniform! And this man speaks two languages, and, when he dies, will go to about the finest heaven known in literature. To-morrow morning he will appear at 6:30, and begin his day's work. There are no sleeping-cars on the railroads of India, therefore we shall be compelled to buy bedding for our trip, as we intend to travel a good deal at night.

When my man put on his special dining-room uniform to-night, I did not know him. When he began brushing me, I thought: "Here is another rascal looking for a tip," but when he spoke, I recognized his bad English.

In the yard of the hotel, there is a camp of natives. I asked my man who they were, and he said they were servants; servants employed by guests at the hotel. They do their own cooking and sleep anywhere.

I shall never forget our trip from the ship to Calcutta. After we landed from the sailboat, in a little creek, we walked to the railroad station through a rice-field. In front of every traveler were from two to twenty-two coolies, carrying his luggage; they lost five pieces for Mrs. Williamson. Every traveler was fretting and fussing and hurrying. Arrived at the station, the confusion was greater than ever: the trainmen wanted to pull out, but frantic women held them. I took little part in the excitement, for I was ready on time, but it was a scene worth watching. It was my introduction to India.

WEDNESDAY, January 10.

Last night when I came over to my room to go to bed I saw dozens of private servants sleeping on mats in front of their master's doors, on the long veranda of the annex. Some of the travelers seem to have two private servants; some of the rich residents here have hundreds, but they do not pay the extravagant price I am compelled to pay, to wit: forty cents a day. I saw a queer procession to-day: a string of twenty-three mules, loaded with hay, and a head servant riding in the lead. All were stable servants of one man, and the hay was for his horses. There are very rich people here, as well as very poor people. Every time I shall think of India in future, the term "teeming millions" will occur to

me. The American who has not visited India will never know what the word economy means; we are a great people, patriotic and brave, and we are gallant, and we love our firesides, our school-houses, and our churches devoted to the true religion, but we are extravagant: a poor man in America wastes enough every day to keep a family in India. And in India every man has a family; there are no bachelors here. The people breed like rabbits or the Japanese. Nothing is wasted here; the animal manure is gathered up on the streets, and used for fuel or as fertilizer: the sewage from hotels and private houses is used for fertilizer. When the ship "Somali" anchored yesterday, to wait for a favorable tide, a boat came off to collect the empty bottles. While the natives on the little boat were waiting, they spun some sort of cloth. A poor man who manages to live here must keep busy and be very economical.

We took a drive this morning in a carriage drawn by two horses. Behind rode a footman. In front rode the driver and our man. The new part of Calcutta is more modern than any other city we have seen in the Orient, so we kept to the older portions of the city. In one old, narrow street, we were blocked for a time by bullock teams, and our three men made a prodigious row, in which they were assisted by two native policemen. The object of the row was to compel the bullock carts to get out of the way, and let our carriage pass. The footman was ahead, on foot, screaming like a madman, and the driver and the servant screamed from their perch in front. The carriage in which we rode was an excellent one, drawn by a pair of good horses, yet the total charge for three hours was only about \$1.10; two horses, a new carriage, and two men. . . . Along the Ganges river we saw thousands of people in bathing. At one place on the river-front we entered a place where the dead bodies of Hindus were burning; simply a big enclosure, and fires on the ground, with bodies burning. One young girl was about half consumed; there was nothing left of an old man except his skull. When we came out of the

place, a dozen dirty, half-naked men followed us, asking for tips; they were the firemen, and our man threw them eight cents, which they scrambled for. . . . At another place we visited a really magnificent temple, built by a rich Hindu. In Japan the temples are usually sombre and dull in color; here they are gay with color: mirrors, and colored glass, and mosaic work abound. This place had, in addition to many gay buildings, a remarkable garden. The family of the builder seems to live in some of the buildings, and a son of the founder showed us many of the apartments. We were not permitted to enter the temple; we were permitted only to look in. And we were compelled to remove our shoes before looking in. It seemed queer to me that a Methodist, a follower of the true religion, was compelled to remove his shoes before so much as looking into a pagan temple. But it was a beautiful place, and the son of the founder was a very polite and agreeable gentleman. His family conducts a jewelry business in the city, and he invited us to call there, which we did not do.

In Ceylon, the men dive for pennies; here, they become guides and servants. . . . Calcutta has just had a big spree because of the visit of the Prince of Wales. The streets are still decorated, and, although we heard on the ship that prices were out of sight, and guides, carriages and hotel accommodations not to be had, we have had no trouble in these respects. . . . There is not a great deal of special interest to be seen in Calcutta, so we leave at 9:30 to-night for Benares.

My daughter found some fault with our servant to-day; he didn't speak his English distinctly enough, or something of that kind, and I said:

"All right; he is my man—whip him."

There is a certain smell—I think it is due to frying something in cocoa oil—that you are never rid of in the poorer

quarters of Calcutta. And how the people swarm everywhere! The Indian women you see in driving about are, as a rule, ugly; the Indians are not so good-looking as the Cingalese, nor are they so clean. Many of the Indian women pretend to wear veils over their faces, but it is only a pretense among the poorer classes—I have attended none of the receptions given to the Prince of Wales. The better-class Indians are said to be very decent and genteel. . . . In thinking of India, you should remember that there are many races here, and many varieties of costume. Some of the women wear rings in their noses; others wear bracelets on their ankles. Some of the women wear a metal button through one side of their noses. In this land of four hundred million dark men of many kinds, there are only a hundred and fifty thousand whites. This handful of whites manages to control the country, and dominate it in every way. If any evidence were needed of the superiority of the white race over the dark, this fact furnishes it.

THURSDAY, January 11.

Last night at 9 o'clock we said good-bye to our friends of the "Siberia," the "Simla," and the "Somali," and left Calcutta for Benares, the sacred city of India. In leaving the hotel our man drove ahead with the baggage, and we followed in a carriage. The railroad station is located on the other side of the Ganges river from the city, and, arriving there, we found a swarm of yelling natives. The train for Benares was ready, and on the door of one of the compartments I found my name. The servant attended to all the baggage, and soon appeared to make up our beds, with the bedding we had provided. The first-class railway carriages of India are divided into compartments. At night, shelves may be let down over the two lower seats, and four passengers may thus be accommodated with beds, but they must provide their own bedding. There is a lavatory in each compartment, but passengers must provide their own towels and soap. There were three main compartments in our car, with a small one at each end for ser-

vants. The cars were all lighted with gas, and the track is double. Our train made good speed, and from the time we started until we arrived at the end of our journey we saw neither conductor, porter nor brakeman. . . . We had purchased blankets, quilts, pillows, and sheets; these the servant carried in a bundle, with the aid of a shawl-strap. Dividing these on the station platform, he made up my daughter's bed in the ladies' compartment, adjoining mine, and then gave his attention to fixing me up for the night. I gave him a suit of my clothes I never had liked very well. We call the man Mahomet, as he is a Mohammedan, and Mahomet's appearance, in a combination of clothes from Kansas and India, is very amusing.

This morning, when I awoke, the train was passing rapidly through the plains of India; a flat country, and every inch of it cultivated. At 9 o'clock we stopped at a junction point, for breakfast. Two very good breakfasts for \$1. . . . Arrived at Benares, the servant first took us to a carriage, and sent us to the Hotel de Paris; later he followed with the baggage. A servant is a convenience in a strange country; besides, he saves a traveler many annoyances from other servants and other beggars. At the Hotel de Paris, he waits on us; makes our beds, brings me hot water when I want to shave, etc. We shall have the same servant at the dozen or more hotels we shall stay at in India. The clerk of the Hotel de Paris met us at the junction where we ate breakfast, and accompanied us to the hotel. Arrived there he took us direct to our rooms, later bringing the register, in which I wrote our names. I have not been in the hotel office; indeed, I do not know where it is. The Hotel de Paris is a modern building composed of one-story structures arranged to form a court. The rooms front on a veranda, and in the rear look out on a court. Every room has a bath, the queerest bath you can imagine; also, the usual earth-closet, which is attended to by a miserable scavenger. I always cheerfully tip these scavengers, and they bend double in expressing thanks. My room is built of sun-

dried bricks, and then plastered and whitewashed. It seems like a monk's cell, or a fireproof vault. The bath is the same sort of room, adjoining the bedroom in the rear.

Benares is different from any city I have seen. It has a population of over 200,000 but is typically Indian. There is no European quarter as in Calcutta: the Benares postoffice is in a building that must be hundreds of years old, and it is of the quaintest architecture imaginable. Except in the spots where Europeans have congregated, India is exactly as it was two thousand years ago. Benares is one of the spots where the Europeans have not made much impression; it is a Hindu city, and the most important to that strange race of people. In driving about Benares to-day, I did not see a single European; it was an experience equal to driving about Damascus thousands of years ago. The best houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and then plastered and whitewashed. The poorer houses are of plain adobe, or mud. The streets are crooked and narrow, and every shop a curiosity. In my drive to-day, I saw a thousand sights that reminded me of all the ancient history I know. Benares is built in the valley of the Ganges, and is badly in need of rain, as the dust was stifling. The mixture of races here is more wonderful than that seen at Colombo, and there is something about the buildings, and the streets, and the people, that is pathetic. These people are politer than the Cingalese, or the Chinese; the native police saluted us everywhere, and old men frequently bowed to us. These people, somehow, do not seem to be "getting along" as well as the Cingalese, or the Chinese, or the Filipinos. They are poorer and dirtier, and look less contented. For some reason, Benares has made an "impression" on me.

In the afternoon we went to see the palace of a Rajah. The palace is on the other side of the Ganges river from Benares, and two or three miles above the city. A Rajah

is a petty nobleman who is tolerated by the English government because of his assistance in controlling the people. There are many of these Rajahs in India, some of them rich and a few of them poor, but all are leeches on the people. The Rajah whose palace we visited has a queer old palace on the river-bank. Before we landed at the Rajah's dock, a boatman came out, and asked for my card. I gave it to him, and, hurriedly landing, he raced away with it to the palace. Mahomet, our servant, was the leader of our expedition, and I was a little nervous.

"Can we go in?" I asked him.

"I'm going in," he said, and he went on, arriving at the palace gate, past a lot of retainers dressed in queer garb and armed with battle-axes. In the court-yard to which we were admitted, there were old cannon and a motley crowd of hangers-on. When we entered the gate, loafers who had followed us from the landing went in with us, but when we entered the palace proper these were thrown out by two men who were acting as our guides. The palace is very old, very large, and very quaint. Surrounding it is a dirty village, where the families of the Rajah's servants live. We were shown the throne-room and the family pictures, and many of the other sights of the place, in addition to being permitted to ascend the turrets on the river-front. I was scared all the time, but Mahomet walked about as brave as a lion. In the throne room we saw a lot of wax flowers in a glass case; I have seen exactly the same things in old-fashioned parlors at home. I imagine I might travel a thousand years and not find a more interesting sight than the Rajah's palace. It was real enough so far as the building was concerned, but there was something laughable about it all; it was so palpably a man playing king who was not a king. The palace employees looked ashamed of themselves for keeping up the foolish pretense. When we came to go, the two guides wanted us to go out at the gate we had entered, but Mahomet laughed them to scorn and took a "short cut" down through the kitchen. The two men who had been showing us about wanted a rupee

each, but Mahomet waved them away; he would pay but one, and to that one but sixteen cents. I was not accustomed to royalty, and was nervous, but Mahomet knew his men, and did just about as he pleased.

When we went back to the boat, one beggar was particularly offensive, and I asked what claim he had on us.

"He saw you first," Mahomet said, and that was all, so far as I could find out.

We left the palace at 5:30, just as the moon came up. The river on the opposite side is lined with strange old buildings: palaces, temples, and mosques, with stone steps leading up from the water. At one place a Hindu teacher was haranguing a crowd; at another people were sitting around in a circle, settling a family quarrel. In the water people were standing, praying; this is what the pilgrims came to Benares for, and this is one of the sights of the town. At other places, we saw Mohammedans seated on mats, and bowing to the disappearing sun. Our boat was of a pattern that must have been in use a thousand years ago. When we landed we walked up a hundred stone steps, through booths and bazaars, and I shall never care to visit Damascus or Bagdad: I have seen in Benares all that those cities have to offer in quaintness and antiquity: indeed, had I walked about Bagdad with the grand vizier a thousand years ago, I should not have seen sights more suggestive of antiquity than I saw this evening in the trip from the Rajah's palace to my hotel. When you visit India, do not overlook Benares: it is the gem of the collection.

In looking through the Bible, as a child, I saw strange pictures. I have seen many things in real life to-day that I remember to have seen pictured in the old Bible. The farmers here plow with a wooden stick, drawn by two oxen. They carry water on their heads in earthen jars, and the well is still the great meeting-place.

In the old days, before railways were built, the Ganges river was the great highway, and the important part of old Benares was naturally built along the river-front. Early every morning the stone steps leading up from the river are crowded with Hindus engaged in worship. Benares being the sacred city of the Hindus, it is visited by thousands of pilgrims, who go down by stone steps to the water to bathe and pray. After they have bathed, they go back up the steps, and, looking toward the rising sun, say their prayers.

Along the river-front, also, the Hindu dead are burned, on piles of wood. These fires burn all along the river. On the stone steps are seen, too, the sacred cows and bulls, surrounded by crowds of worshippers. . . . I arose at 6 o'clock this morning, and, after a hasty breakfast, went for a boat-ride on the river. The pilgrims were dressed in all sorts of colors: red, yellow, blue, gray, etc., and their clothes always consisted of a sheet wrapped about them, and a colored cloth wrapped about their heads. This is the principal sight that brings tourists to Benares, but the tourists are not so numerous as the pilgrims: I saw only six tourists this morning on the river. I don't know where the tourists are, but they are not in Benares. At our hotel the guests did not number a dozen, although there were accommodations for certainly fifty.

Our man is a Mohammedan, and laughs at the Hindu religion. The weather was quite chilly this morning, and I said to him:

"How long do these people remain in the water? It is cold."

"They not cold," he replied; "they see their God. That warms them."

I wore an overcoat while watching the remarkable scene from the deck of a boat rowed by four men. Mahomet accompanied us, and did the quarreling.

How many persons expect tips at the hotels we visit? In the first place, when we arrive in a town, our baggage is carried from the train to a carriage by four coolies. I have seen no baggage-wagons here; the custom is for a second-class carriage to carry the baggage, on top, Mahomet riding inside. Arrived at the hotel, the baggage is taken to our room by four coolies. Then there is the table waiter, the room man, the scavenger, the man who brings hot water, the man who does this, that, and the other. Of course the driver of your carriage expects a tip in addition to his fee, as does the footman who rides behind. I have said nothing of the men who are constantly in front of your room offering to sell you a snake, tell your fortune, make a tree grow out of the ground, make music, or perform athletic feats. Nor have I mentioned the man who appears and presents you with flowers, and who reappears with a demand for pay when you are ready to depart.

When I settled my bill at the hotel this morning, the clerk and the manager sat side by side. The clerk made out the bill, and I paid it, whereupon the clerk gave it to a servant to carry to the manager, who receipted it, and sent it back to me by the servant. The clerk might have handed the bill to the manager; the manager might have handed it to me. But the roundabout way is the custom over here, and as it has been the custom for thousands of years, I won't attempt to change it on this hurried trip. But I will say the price at this hotel is not extravagant: two dollars a day on the American plan, with bath.

I enjoyed, to-day, the most entertaining railroad trip of my life. Leaving Benares at 10:30 A. M., we arrived at Lucknow at 6:30 P. M., American time. The railroads here run on the twenty-four-hour system; you leave a place at 13:02, and arrive at 22:40. All day we had a compartment to ourselves; a compartment twelve feet long, and as wide as an ordinary railroad car. Adjoining our compartment was a

lavatory for our exclusive use. Other white passengers might have been placed in our compartment, but they were not; very few Americans or Europeans are traveling in this country just now, although it is "the season"; most travelers visit India in winter, when the weather is cool. It is certainly cool enough now; I wore an overcoat all day.

The country between Benares and Lucknow is as level as a floor, and we crossed several dry rivers. Lack of water is the trouble here. Irrigation is carried on by means of wells, and the water is drawn to the surface in large buckets, with a rope attached to oxen. At some wells I saw several pairs of oxen drawing water; at others, only one yoke: at some places, two men pulled the rope. Arrived at the surface, the water is emptied into ditches. Most of the fields are brown, but in all of them were green patches that were being watered. The soil looked like that of western Kansas, and the clouds of dust were very familiar. In all the fields, women were at work; more women than men. For women are treated worse in India than in any other country in the world; give an Indian freedom to fatten his priest and impose on his wife, and he will remain the willing slave of whatever nation wins him in battle. Along the roads I saw caravans of camels, and in the occasional clumps of trees, monkeys. Cattle and goats, thousands of them, were always in sight, grazing on land that seemed perfectly barren. Occasionally I saw droves of pigs; and very queer, scrawny-looking pigs they were. They seemed to have descended from the wild boars. With every bunch of cattle, goats, or pigs, was a herder; sometimes two or three. In the waste land there is a scrub tree that looks like a sage-brush of the western plains, only larger, and in addition there are a good many trees that seem to grow without irrigation. At several places improvements to the railroad were in progress, and the laborers built up the grade by carrying the dirt in baskets on their heads. In America, four-horse scrapers would be used for the same work.

At every station, we unloaded pilgrims returning from Benares. Some of the better class of women were transferred from the cars into sedan chairs; an Indian woman of the better class does not show her face, and when traveling by rail, rides in a closed compartment labeled "For native women only," and when she alights at a station she is surrounded by servants, and hustled into a covered sedan chair. One of the chairs that I saw was covered with bright red cloth and carried by six servants in yellow livery. As the chair passed me the two women inside were peering out, but only their eyes could be seen. Even the women working in the fields cover their faces to the eyes.

The farming land is divided into very small patches, and every patch has a wall of dirt around it, to hold the precious rain when it falls. Some of these patches are not more than two hundred feet square. Even wheat is raised in fields of this description, and the ground seeded by placing two or three seeds in a hill. This work is done by hand; nothing will induce the Indian to change his methods . . . The people in the country live in little villages, a half-mile or a mile or two miles apart; between the villages are fields. The people originally dwelt together for protection from wild animals; in some parts tigers are still dangerous. All the houses are of mud, or adobe, covered with straw. In many places I saw temples no larger than American smokehouses, and pools of water where the people daily indulge in self-baptism and prayer. Some sections are Hindu, and some Mohammedan, and these two classes cordially detest each other. . . . The Mohammedans are the peace-disturbers of India. They are always clamoring for something. They formerly governed the country, and do not take kindly to English rule. The Hindus are as naturally slaves as the Chinese.

The Indians are very noisy at the railroad stations, and Mahomet always goes out and joins in the clamor. I never

know, of course, what the noise is about. Mahomet is no spring chicken; he told me to-day that he had a grandchild, and that one of the coolies who helped with our baggage at Calcutta was his son-in-law.

Along the road to-day I saw scarecrows in a field, and the scarecrows wore red turbans.

It was so chilly last night that I ordered a fire in my room. A servant brought in a little pot of charcoal, and put it down in the fireplace.

FRIDAY, January 12.

This is written at Lucknow, the scene of the great Indian mutiny of 1857. Here the English were besieged four or five months; here many English soldiers made names for themselves that still endure. The mutiny started because of a story that the cartridges issued to the native soldiers were greased with cow tallow; and because cows are regarded as sacred by Indians, there was trouble. No doubt the meddling Mohammedans started the tallow story, and inflamed the Hindus. Since 1857 there has been no serious trouble, except away up in the country where India joins China; but since the mutiny, the artillery has been in charge of Englishmen, and other precautions have been taken. In the mutiny, native soldiers, trained by English officers, fought the English with English arms and ammunition, which they were careful to secure before they began murdering their officers.

If an industrious man could see me over here he would be greatly disgusted. Early breakfast this morning at 7 o'clock. Mahomet brought the breakfast to me, and I ate it in bed. At 7:30 a barber appeared, and shaved me as I lay in bed. . . . At 9:30, regular breakfast is served. At 10:30, a carriage

is in front of our door, and we go out sight-seeing, with Mahomet sitting up by the driver and a footman riding behind. This magnificence costs a rupee (33 cents) an hour, not including the final tip to the driver and footman. Mahomet always hires Mohammedans; but this morning a Hindu barber slipped in, and he quarreled with him on the veranda for half an hour.

All the birds I saw along the road yesterday were new to me; this is so far from home that I have not seen English sparrows here. The crops in the fields were also new to me, except the wheat.

The old fortress in Lucknow where the English held out against the native mutineers was originally the residence of a Mohammedan ruler, and is more than two hundred years old. It must have been a magnificent affair at its best, but it is now a ruin, in a beautiful garden of hundreds of acres. The Mohammedan ruler who built the fortress, centuries ago, had built a harem in the basement of his palace. Here, during the mutiny, the women were kept. There were upwards of 500 women and children in the fortress during the time 50,000 natives were besieging it. One of these women was Jessie Laughlin, a Scotch woman, the wife of a corporal. One night, when the besieged were in desperate straits she dreamed that Sir Colin Campbell was coming with relief, and persuaded the soldiers (500 English and 400 natives) to hold on. The dream turned out to be true; Sir Colin Campbell was approaching with relief. From this incident originated the air, "The Campbells are Coming," which the English cheer as the Southerners cheer "Dixie." . . . A certain Bob the Nailer, a dead shot, was among the mutineers. He picked off many of the defenders of the fortress. Finally an English engineer, Captain Fulton, built a tunnel under the building where Bob the Nailer was located, and blew Bob the Nailer and forty-seven of his associates into atoms. I shall always be an admirer of Captain Fulton.

The Mohammedan tombs and mosques in Lucknow are very interesting. I recall a mosque entirely surrounding an immense court in which there is a beautiful garden, with fountains and lakes and waterfalls. The place is brilliantly illuminated at night, on state occasions, but candles are used instead of electricity. I know now where modern world's fair architecture comes from: from the palaces of old kings, from tombs and mosques. . . . I have always had a poor opinion of the Mohammedans, but they seem to have been much superior to the Hindus, and to all the other races excepting the Caucasian. When you make your long-contemplated trip around the world, you will be much impressed with the self-importance of the Mohammedans, but you will have to admit that there is something back of the Mohammedan swagger after you have seen their palaces, tombs and mosques, the distinguishing features of which are always double minarets, and round towers. . . . Mahomet, our servant, received a terrible blow to-day: he was not admitted to the cemetery where the heroes of Lucknow are buried. General Neil is buried there, and the natives hated him: during the mutiny he blew certain rebel chiefs out of the mouths of cannon: at Cawnpore, where the mutineers had murdered English women, General Neil made the proud Mohammedans lick the blood off the floor, with their tongues. Therefore the natives hate General Neil, and used to spit on his grave, and an order was issued prohibiting natives from visiting the cemetery. Mahomet was very indignant, but said nothing.

If you have in mind that Lucknow is like a vast world's fair ground, remember that under the big trees in the park are encamped strolling Arabs, Hindus, and people of every kind, except whites; remember that these people are surrounded with their wives and children; with their horses, camels, goats, cows, and pigs, and that their camps are very dirty and picturesque. But to me, the best exhibit was the native city. Our driver turned into a street so narrow that we passed pedestrians with difficulty. On either side were little shops,

in queer houses, two, three, four stories high. Still narrower streets led off from the street we traveled. Some of the shops were nothing but stone cells, with holes leading into back rooms. Under many of the buildings were dark, damp, wretched basements: holes in the ground, and these were occupied—human vermin appeared in them, with something to offer for sale. The women on the street wore dirty white sheets thrown over them, with their faces entirely covered except two holes to look out of. Other women rode in sedan chairs, entirely covered up, and out of these chairs they peered with curious eyes. It was like Benares, and yet it was different, because Lucknow is Mohammedan, whereas Benares is Hindu. It was different from China; it was different from Japan or Ceylon: it had a distinct charm and smell of its own. I was fascinated by the place, yet glad to get out of it, because I thought a carriage had no business in the narrow street. We met a cart, and Mahomet and the footman compelled the driver of the cart to back out; for the two vehicles to pass was impossible. A row grew out of the incident, and there was no policeman, no white man, in sight. . . . I was called "master" in Ceylon, and I am called "Sahib" here, but neither the Cingalese nor the Indians respect me; they look upon me as a fool with money, and they are about right, except as to the guess about money.

SATURDAY, January 13.

If I lived at my home in Kansas as the average Englishman lives in India, the programme would be about as follows:

Early breakfast at 7; then a barber would arrive, and shave me. At 8 or 9 o'clock I should take a bath, the water being brought to my room in tin cans used originally for the shipment of coal oil. At 9:30, regular breakfast, after which I should call my gun-bearer, and go out and shoot a tiger. . . . I should have a head man; that is, a man to act as butler, and overseer of the other servants. It would be the business of

my head man to hire coolies to do my work, at two cents a day, out of which he would exact a small commission, without letting me know anything about it. . . . At two o'clock, tiffin; at 5 o'clock, tea; at 8:30, dinner. After dinner, I should sit on the porch and smoke excellent cigars costing two cents each. While sitting on the porch, a punka, a sort of fan, would be swung backwards and forwards over my head, by a coolie sitting at the end of the porch, pulling a rope. Possibly I should sleep on the porch, in pajamas, and if awakened during the night by a smothering sensation, I should know the punka coolie had gone to sleep: thereupon I should go down and kick him. . . . I should have several bob-tailed polo ponies in my stables, and a separate coolie would look after each pony. Occasionally I should play polo, and other polo-players would visit me on the porch, and lie about their great records. A friend would send me word that a man-eating tiger was eating the natives near Doniphan. Thereupon I should tell my head man to procure forty beaters, and clean my guns. At ten o'clock that night, I should start for Doniphan, riding a camel; I should travel at night to avoid the heat of the day. At daylight the next morning I should be afield, the beaters making a great noise among the hazel-brush to scare the tiger. Presently the tiger would appear, running across an open glade; my gun-bearer would quickly hand me a weapon; there would be a loud report, and the man-eating tiger would be no more. Then the natives would thank me for ridding the country of the dangerous brute, and I should go into camp; possibly later in the day I should shoot a black buck or two, or a hundred ducks or pheasants. The skin of the tiger I should send to some member of the Mutual Admiration Society to which I belong. The grass in my yard would be irrigated by means of a well, the water drawn to the surface by a pair of oxen. A mound would be erected on one side of the well, to give the oxen a down-hill pull in bringing up the water, and this mound, and the two earthen posts on which the pulley worked, would render the yard ugly, as is the case in every private ground in India. The water would

be distributed about my lawn by means of ditches, or by means of tin pipe. . . . My servants would live in dirt houses, covered with a straw thatch, scattered about my residence. These dirt houses would be covered with cow-chips made into cakes by the women, and placed against the houses to dry, for fuel, as the early settlers of Kansas used buffalo-chips for fuel. The wives and children of my servants would be scattered about my premises; the children naked, and the women dressed in red, yellow, blue or white sheets, with their faces hidden from profane eyes. These costumes would not be so bright as in Oriental pictures, but very dirty and faded. . . . When guests came to visit me my servants would expect tips, and fawn and almost cry for them. Strange-looking men would appear in front of my porch, and offer to entertain the guests by making trees grow, or causing a rat and a snake to fight, and in other curious ways; the object being, of course, a tip. A servant would present my guests with flowers out of my yard and expect pay for them. . . . And how warm the weather would be! The sun would come up hot every morning for months, and dust would cover everything; summer would last forever, except a cool spell, without frost, during December and January. During the day, my house would be tightly closed, and darkened to keep in the little coolness that came with the previous night. At night I should hear my servants coughing, for most of them would have incipient consumption, and this coughing would keep me awake a good deal. Occasionally the plague would get among my servants and carry off some of them, and, owing to the hot climate, their bodies would be burned immediately. . . . If I should go to Omaha on the night train, a servant would take bedding and travel with me. His outfit would include a spirit lamp, for making tea, and he would give me an early breakfast of tea, cakes, and fruit. . . . A favorite dish at my house would be rice and curry: rice cooked in the usual way, and a hot curry poured over it. I don't know what curry is, except that it is very hot. Sometimes it has meat in it; always vegetables, and it is made in different ways, and is very good. Most of my

food would come from London, in tins. For a month or two during the hot season, I should go into the mountains, and every two or three years I should take a long journey to London, and remain several months, to recuperate. . . . My servants would have different religions, and hate each other, and do strange things in the name of religion. Their daughters would marry at ten or twelve; that is, those that were allowed to live. In some portions of India, girl-babies are strangled. If one of my servants should die, his widow would be expected to submit to being burned alive; if she escaped that fate, her life would be made miserable in some other way. If I had a garden, the servants would plow the ground with a crooked stick, pulled by two oxen. Loads would be pulled on carts with two wooden wheels; sometimes by coolies, sometimes by oxen. Occasionally there would be great floods in the river; frequently great famines, and always a great deal of sickness. Every little field and garden patch would be perfectly level and surrounded with a low wall of earth, to save the precious rainfall. And everywhere there would be wells, with water being drawn out of them, for irrigating in the most primitive way. There would be dirty pools of water in the low places, and out of these, coolies drawing water by hand for irrigating in a small way. The weeds along the highway would be so precious that the natives would cut them, and use them for some purpose. . . . Somewhere in the vicinity would be a little ice factory, and a place for distilling and aërating water. Beggars would be numerous, some of them suffering with leprosy. Caravans of camels would pass in the main road; also water buffalo and little donkeys, bound for distant points. The oxen would be nearly always of a dun color, with humps on their shoulders, and the pigs would be Arkansaw rail-splitters. Deer and wild fowl would destroy the crops of the farmers, but the farmers would not kill the game, because of religious scruples.

In front of every Indian hotel is a bulletin board, on which is displayed a list of the guests. We are the only American

guests at the Civil and Military Hotel in Lucknow. We are at last strangers in a strange land, as all our friends of the different ships on which we have traveled, have finally disappeared.

SUNDAY, January 14.

Yesterday afternoon we left Lucknow and came by railroad train to Agra, arriving late at night. Immediately after our arrival we drove to the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in the world. It is said the Taj is particularly impressive by moonlight, and we saw it at midnight, with a full moon shining.

On our way from Lucknow to Agra we stopped awhile at Cawnpore, where, in 1857, during the mutiny, 300 Englishmen, women and children were brutally massacred by the natives. After a siege of five weeks the English agreed to surrender, on condition that they be permitted to leave the town without arms. The men and women were separated, and the men were shot down as they took boats to leave Cawnpore. Then the women and children, thirty in number, were butchered, and their bodies thrown into an old well. If you have read the history of the Indian mutiny, you will recall that the outbreak at Calcutta occurred in 1757, and one result of that was the Black Hole horror. The English suppressed this insurrection, and gradually extended their power to Benares, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, etc. The Indian princes had a superstition that if they rebelled again in a hundred years they would be able to throw off the English yoke. Therefore the mutiny of 1857, the massacre at Cawnpore, the sieges at Delhi and Lucknow, and the final supremacy of the English arms. . . . In the journey from Cawnpore to Agra we met an Englishman who was born in India, as were his father and his grandfather. He says it is no place for a white man, and abused the natives freely.

The king who built Agra originally lived twenty-two miles away. He contemplated making extensive improvements to his palace, whereupon his chaplain objected, saying he had made twenty pilgrimages to Mecca, but that none of them annoyed him as life at the king's court annoyed him, by reason of the noise, which left him no time for meditation and devotion.

"Therefore," said the chaplain, "one of us must leave."

The king begged that he (the king) be permitted to depart; so he came to Agra, then a desert, and built a city that will remain one of the world's wonders for many centuries. In addition to the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful structure in the world, Agra contains a fort which is as much superior to that at Edinburgh, in Scotland, as the sun is superior to the moon. And it was built by the Mohammedans more than three hundred years ago.

The Taj Mahal, about which the students of art rave incessantly, is one of the sights that is never disappointing; it is as wonderful as tourists and the books claim. When a traveler attempts to tell you about the Taj Mahal, listen patiently; if the traveler is a fairly good talker, he can tell an interesting story. No other country pretends to have an equally beautiful structure. . . . It is built of white marble, and is enormous in proportions. The architect was an Italian, and, when he had completed his work at the end of seventeen years (with the aid of twenty thousand men working constantly, and the expenditure of fifteen million dollars), his right hand was cut off, and his eyes put out, that he might not build another like it. The reader is at liberty to disbelieve this story, as I do, but it is one of the things heard in traveling. . . . The term Taj Mahal means a tomb in memory of a person named Taj. This person was the favorite wife of a king. The king intended building a tomb for himself exactly like the Taj on the opposite side of the river, but of black marble; before he could carry out his design, he was deposed and imprisoned. . . . This man had many wives and concubines; he could dis-

miss his old ones at will, and procure new ones, but one woman pleased him so much that he forgot all the others. And in building the Taj Mahal, the king didn't make a bad investment: his tomb, and that of his best friend, has been visited many years by people from all over the world, and will be so visited for centuries to come.

The art of a writer, particularly a poor writer, is so paltry, that I doubt if I can give the reader even a crude idea of the Taj Mahal. Imagine yourself standing inside the entrance, looking toward the great tomb at midnight, with the moon shining brightly, as I saw it. Back of you, the entrance gate; a structure of red sandstone that would of itself attract pilgrims in any other country. In front of you the Taj Mahal, built entirely of white marble, and enormous in its proportions. Beyond the Taj, the river. To your right, a palace of red sandstone; to your left, a palace of red sandstone like that on your right. Bear in mind that the gate, the Taj, and the palaces on the right and left, form a square. In the center of this enclosure, a beautiful garden, and fountains, and great pools of water in marble basins. Then imagine yourself walking toward the Taj, or monument of white marble. In the center of the enclosure, a raised platform of white marble, where you sit down, and look in wonder at the great white marvel. You observe that the center of the Taj (always remember that every part of it is of white marble) consists of a great tower and dome one hundred and fifty feet above the general surface. At the base of the main edifice, a great floor of white marble. At the four corners of this marble floor, and many feet away from the main edifice, four round towers of white marble, tapering toward the top, each surmounted with a dome. When you stand on the great marble platform surrounding the Taj with a tower at the four corners, remember that you are above the level of the garden, and that below you is another platform of red sandstone. . . . This is a very brief and imperfect description of the Taj as seen by moonlight at mid-

night. And if you want to imagine what I saw at twelve o'clock last night by moonlight, walk around to the river side of the tomb, and look down at the river, and up the river at the great fortress and city of Agra, with its twinkling lights.

Daylight reveals still greater wonders in the Taj Mahal. The entrance is a deep recess sixty feet high, with remarkable carving in marble. Inside is a dome ninety feet high, and the attendant makes a strange sound which is echoed a thousand times in the vault above you. In the center of the dome are the tombs of Taj, the favorite wife, and her loving husband. These tombs are surrounded with grill work, made of marble, and it looks like ivory. On the tombs, and on the walls around them, are inlaid and mosaic work; many designs traced in the white marble by means of colored marble and precious stones. The tomb of the great Napoleon, in Paris, is pitifully insignificant, as compared with the Taj Mahal; there is nothing anywhere to compare with the Taj Mahal, the world's art wonder,—and it was built by the Mohammedans. Give the moderns all the treasure required, and I doubt whether they could equal it. Every tourist who visits the Taj Mahal walks away with this thought in his mind: "We don't amount to so much, after all." And this is what travel usually does for a man: it takes the conceit out of him. . . . The marble for the Taj Mahal was brought to Agra from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by bullocks, camels and elephants; no railroads when it was built, and the river doesn't run to the quarry from which the stone came.

I found Agra fort almost as wonderful as the Taj. I will not attempt to describe it, dismissing it briefly with the statement that it is a great wall of red sandstone, sixty feet high, with numerous turrets and towers, and surrounded with an immense moat. Entrance to the fort is over a drawbridge: we went in at the Delhi gate, one of four, and our carriage wound upward and through and around great walls and

palaces. The wall of the fort measures a mile and a half, and inside are many palaces of marble, for the kings lived here. In addition to the palaces, within the walls of the fort is the finest mosque in India. But Mohammedans are not permitted to enter the walls, except by special permission, and of course they are not permitted to worship there: it is now a show place, maintained by the British government. Mahomet, our servant, was not permitted to enter with us. . . . One of the kings who lived in the fort was quite liberal in his religious views, although a Mohammedan, and he had a Hindu wife, a Christian wife, a Mohammedan wife, and wives of several other varieties, in addition to dancing-girls and concubines. He built palaces for his Hindu wife, and for his Christian wife, and for his Turkish wife, to show his liberality in religion. The red sandstone palace of his Hindu wife is remarkable, but the gem of the collection is the white marble palace built for this Turkish wife. This is as fine as the Taj Mahal, in many features, and several of its porticos and audience chambers, overlooking the river at a height of hundreds of feet, are marvelous; everything of white marble, beautifully carved, with mosaic and inlaid work everywhere. You never dreamed anything more splendid than Agra Fort. In those old days, water was raised from the river to tanks on the roof, by bullocks, and distributed by means of iron pipes. Thus the palace had great fountains and waterfalls, and systems of baths, that cause the moderns to open their eyes. Tunnels ran from the fort to points miles away. One of these tunnels led to the river, where the Hindu wife went to baptize herself daily. Another led to a deep well; over this well, mischievous courtiers and servants were hanged, and the rope cut. No fanciful description in "The Arabian Nights" equals the reality at Agra Fort.

MONDAY, January 15.

It is a jump from ancient to modern times, but the missy (as my daughter is known among the natives) had her cloak

stolen in Delhi to-day. And I may say in passing that nothing disgusts an Englishman more than for an American to call it Del'hi. The correct pronunciation is Del'lee. . . . When we started out this morning the weather was quite cool, so we took wraps. The missy's disappeared from the carriage while we were visiting the largest mosque in India; she had taken it off some time before, and laid it on the carriage seat in front of us. When we left the hotel in the morning we had four attendants: a driver, a footman, a servant, and a local guide. When we returned at 1 P. M. we had five, a police officer having been added. As soon as we missed the cloak we drove to a native police station, and the officer there sent us to the superintendent of police, a very polite Englishman named Tucker. He sent a police officer back to the hotel with us, as the driver and footman were placed under arrest. This afternoon, native policemen were sent all over Delhi. Each man was accompanied by a crier. A crowd being collected by beating a drum, the crier announced the loss, and offered a reward of twenty rupees for the return of the cloak, which he described. The driver and the footman were with the carriage all the time: the police rather suspect that the footman is the thief, as he could not give a very satisfactory account of himself. The cloak contained a purse, a trunk key, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc. Later we heard the footman was whipped to make him confess, which he never did.

The king who built the beautiful Taj at Agra, formerly lived at Delhi. He was king of all India, and had a marble palace here. You will regret to learn that this king was dethroned and imprisoned for seven years by his son; the son of the woman in whose honor the Taj was built. The son said the old man was crazy on the subject of marble palaces and tombs, and dethroned him. This same son murdered a brother of whom he was jealous; both men were the sons of Taj, the favorite wife of the king, and she died in giving one of them birth.

In the palace at Agra there is a huge throne of black marble. The palace was captured by an invading king, once upon a time, and the new king sat upon the black marble throne. The black marble throne was so much incensed at the sacrilege that it cracked open, and blood poured from the crack. "This is the tradition," the guide said; "ladies and gentlemen do not believe it." . . . Ladies and gentlemen should not believe half they hear, anywhere, about anything.

While most of the Mohammedan palaces of India are in an excellent state of preservation, they are being restored every day by the British government. These old palaces of marble have been besieged and captured many times, and every conqueror has carried off something. Therefore the work of restoration by the government. At the marble palace in Delhi fort, to-day, we found an Italian artist restoring the mosaic work. We had the privilege of going through his workshop and climbing over his scaffolds.

Delhi has a history in connection with the mutiny of 1857. The mutineers took possession of the walled city, and held it five months. At the end of that time it was captured by the English. . . . The force which besieged and captured Delhi, defeating 60,000 natives behind fortifications, consisted of 9,000 English and native troops. The fighting occurred during the hot months; one Englishman told me that during the siege the thermometer registered as high as 130 out in the sun where the English were. The mutineers had the shade of the fortress. During the five months, every member of one English regiment was either killed or wounded, with one exception. This regiment was the Sixtieth Rifles. Even an American regiment could not beat that record more than once.

I thought pretty well of the king who built the Taj, until I heard a little gossip about him. The guide says that when the king took a bath in the marble bath-room of the palace, he was attended by his concubines; by women. Now I am not very particular, but I will say that any king who goes into his bath-room naked, and permits his back to be rubbed by any other woman than the queen, is a rake. This may be strong language when applied to the man who built the greatest work in the entire field of art, but my better manhood is aroused, and I feel that the circumstances warrant the language used.

The king had a devoted daughter who shared his imprisonment, and when she died she asked that grass, and not marble, be her monument. The idea is rather a pretty one. This girl was a man-hater, and never married; you can't blame her, when you remember how women were treated in those days, and in these days, in India.

In the Delhi palace, there is a portico on the battlement overlooking the river, intended for the king's women. Every particle of it is of marble. The interior of the portico is of mosaic work, and in the center of the apartment is a fountain. In the cool weather, warm water ran under the floors, to warm the apartment. . . . I admit I had a rather poor opinion of the Mohammedans until I found out something of their history. In future I shall not think of Greek Art with so much reverence.

All the time I am in India, I am under the delusion that I am in Palestine: everything reminds me of pictures I have seen, and descriptions I have read, of that country. If for a day I leave the Palestine atmosphere, in traveling, I get into what makes me think of Egypt, or Persia, or Arabia, or Turkey, or the land of the "Arabian Nights."

TUESDAY, January 16.

We left Delhi early this morning and made a trip into the country, twenty-two miles, and it was the most interesting day I have spent in India, because we visited villages, and fields, and irrigating wells, and saw beneath the surface in other ways. Incidentally, we visited a fort said to be five thousand years old; nobody knows its exact age, but it is known to be the oldest fort in India. . . . As I have previously stated, there are nine Delhis, and our excursion to-day was to see the oldest one. The trip by carriage was through a country as dry and stony as the worst part of Idaho or Wyoming. Ruined mosques, temples, tombs, palaces and forts were as numerous as farmhouses in an Illinois county. This is a very modest statement: I have no doubt of its truth; there are so many ruins of various kinds that there is little room for farming. The land for hundreds of miles around Delhi—and all over India, for that matter—is owned by rajahs, and the farmers rent it. The scrubby trees along the highway are owned by the government, and when one is injured by the wind, the injured limbs are sold at auction to the highest bidder, for fuel. A drouth and a famine exist here at present, and we saw poor farmers irrigating a little field of wheat out of a well. The water was drawn up by bullocks, in a skin bag, and the men sang prayers as they worked; prayers for blessings on their oxen, their crop, their families, etc. It was a pitiful little field of wheat, no larger than six of our town lots, and the men said they would not have half a crop. . . . We also visited a purely agricultural village; a type of those to be seen everywhere in the rural districts of India. The head man met us and escorted us about, and dozens of children followed us. You can form no idea of the dirt and poverty in the village. We went into many of the houses and the women ran about showing us their homes, but always keeping their faces covered. It was about noon, and one woman was cooking her husband's dinner, to be sent him in the fields, by the children. The dinner consisted of pancakes, made of coarse flour, and boiled milk. You wouldn't have eaten the dinner under any

circumstances. The woman showed us the meal from which the cakes were made, and the grains from which the meal was made, in a crude mill in the house. The meal was made of beans, barley, and millet, so far as I could judge. The head man took us into his house, the best in the village. At first, I thought it was a temple, but he explained that it had been built many years before, by his ancestors, who were better off. In the main room downstairs, cows and bullocks were stabled. Within a few feet of this filth his son's wife was engaged in cooking, over a fire made of little sticks and cow chips. I have never seen a filthier place. Upstairs, the members of the family slept, in open galleries. The village was entirely surrounded by a wall, and in one corner was a little temple; in another corner, the village well. The children who followed us about were very timid, and did not beg; therefore we cheerfully gave the head man a rupee, to be invested for their benefit. All the girls of twelve or fourteen were married. The houses were of adobe, covered with straw roofs. At another place, three dancing-girls entertained us by dancing and singing. . . . We stopped for luncheon at a government rest-house; a house provided with every convenience, except bedding. A man who lived near cooked curry and rice for us, in native fashion; also, an omelette. These rest-houses are maintained by the government for the convenience of visitors in districts where there are no hotels. The women we met at this village attempted to kiss our feet, on receipt of a small gratuity, but we did not see their faces. As long as I live, I shall remember the dirt and poverty of the rural villages I visited in India. And always in the road there was a procession of bullock carts, camels, and people on foot carrying loads on their heads. The wheels of the bullock carts were made of wood: exactly similar carts were used thousands of years ago, and the people live and work to-day exactly as they did thousands of years ago. Frequently we met covered carts, drawn by oxen, conveying veiled women to town, who peered at us curiously; we saw so many unusual things that I could not describe them if I should write steadily for a month.

WEDNESDAY, January 17.

We are making what the theatrical people call a "long jump"; from Delhi to Bombay, two nights and a day of continuous travel. In traveling by railroad in America, you have frequently noticed horses running away from the train in fright. In India, I noticed camels running away from the train, and a camel galloping is an amusing and ungainly object. I saw wild monkeys, parrots, pheasants, snipe, black buck, etc., for game is plentiful here, as natives are not permitted to own guns. . . . Every station was interesting. At one I saw a rajah, with retainers carrying queer-looking swords; one retainer carried a jeweled staff, a warning to all common people to get out of the way. On one lonely, dusty road I saw two travelers dressed in bright colors, riding a camel; evidently making a long journey, for several oxen followed, carrying baggage on their backs. Near by I saw a train of oxen carrying water in enormous skins. When we stopped as long as ten minutes at a station, a native barber would appear and offer to shave me for four cents. The summits of foothills and mountains were often capped with old castles, and nearly every railroad building along the way had a dome-shaped roof, like a mosque. There were many camps of railroad laborers along the way, and every laborer had his wife and children with him. At stations where the locomotives were supplied with water, the water was lifted to the tanks by two bullocks, from a well. The bucket was a huge skin, and this skin, being filled in the well, was pulled up to the top of the water tanks by bullocks by means of a rope and pulley, and emptied by a native.

During the day we found the weather very warm and dusty, and quite cold at night; so cold as to render the nights uncomfortable without a fire. This is the rule in the north of India during December, January and February, but as we approached Bombay we found the nights warm. In spring, summer and fall, however, all India, except the mountain districts, is like a furnace. Many of Rudyard Kipling's stories of India concern the heat, and tragedies it brings about.

THURSDAY, January 18.

We arrived in Bombay this morning at 8 o'clock, sleeping so soundly during the night, in our private compartment, that we should have been sleeping yet, had not Mahomet aroused us after we had passed two of the seven stations in Bombay; for Bombay is a very large city. It is so modern that I shall say little about it; it is much the largest and finest city in India. It has a notable hotel, the Taj Mahal, named for the famous marble tomb at Agra. The return to modern life is not interesting, but it is very comfortable, and we shall spend to-day and to-morrow in resting up, for the ocean voyage of eight days to Port Said, at the eastern end of the Suez Canal.

As soon as possible, we raced off to the P. & O. office, where we expected a lot of mail. Not the scratch of a pen there for us. We have not received a word from home since our departure from San Francisco, November 4, except brief cablegrams at Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, and Colombo. . . . However, we secured excellent rooms on the "Persia," which sails on the 20th. I have a stateroom on the upper deck, and the clerk said I should have no one in with me. He also gave my daughter a room to herself, but it is located on the lower deck. . . . You can't imagine how lonesome I felt when I found there were no letters for me at the P. & O. office; but we now look forward to some at London.

At Bombay are the Towers of Silence, where the Parsees expose their dead, for vultures to eat. I cannot imagine anything more revolting, and shall not devote much space to a description of the place, though I could not avoid seeing it; everyone is taken there. But, aside from the Towers of Silence, and certain caves where certain priests worked and worshipped many years ago, Bombay is largely devoted to sordid business, and to the plague. Some time ago, hundreds of natives died here daily of the plague, but lately the death

rate from this cause is only two or three a day. Bombay is rarely free from it, but the disease attacks very few whites. Because of the plague at Bombay, we shall be compelled to undergo an examination on leaving.

Bombay is built on an island, and the residences on its Nob Hill are as fine as can be found anywhere. Its Hanging Gardens overlook the bay and the city, and are beautiful. The people here are wealthy, natives as well as whites, and of the smart turnouts on the principal drives, nearly all the occupants are natives.

The Parsees are the most intelligent and progressive citizens of India, yet because of an old story, or custom, they permit vultures to eat their dead. The place where the Parsee dead are exposed to the vultures is a fine garden in the best residence portion of the city. The vultures, which live on human flesh, fly about Bombay, and roost in the trees; foul birds that cause people to shiver with horror. The Parsees should be ashamed of themselves for keeping alive this disgusting custom. The Towers of Silence, where the Parsee dead are eaten by vultures, are five in number, located in the finest garden, on the highest point, in Bombay. One of the towers is devoted to suicides; another to a private family: the other three to the general Parsee community, which numbers 46,000 in Bombay.

FRIDAY, January 19.

In no other country in the world are women so badly treated as in India. The whole duty of the Indian woman is to wait upon her husband, and bear him sons; in some classes, she had better be barren than bear only daughters. While the practice of murdering girl-babies has been largely broken up, it has by no means ceased. The lower-class women are slaves, while the upper-class live in seclusion, seeing only husband, father-in-

law, or brother-in-law, of the opposite sex; cases have been known where wives have been killed because their faces were exposed by accident to the gaze of a strange man. A Hindu girl is married, when eight years old, to anyone her father selects; then she returns to the home of her parents, and remains there until physically old enough to go to her husband's. It is a great disgrace for a Hindu girl to be an old maid, and a wedding is made much of; it is to marry off his daughters that the poor Hindu goes into debt, and is never able to pay out.

In India, the professional prostitute, or nautch girl, is considered a necessary adjunct to the temple and the house; in her professional capacity, she is invited to all native festivals; her presence at weddings is considered auspicious, and she fills a place in the Hindu religion corresponding to that which the nun holds in Christianity, for she is consecrated to one of the Hindu deities. In some parts of India the nautch girl is treated with the distinction of a princess, and everywhere receives public attention that no virtuous wife is permitted to receive. The professional prostitutes are the only women who are educated in India; they are the queens of native society. Husbands turn to them when in need of social diversion, and nothing is thought of it; they are the only women who move freely in men's society—the women who come last in our estimate of the sex, come first in theirs.

The Hindu religion requires brides for the idols who are its deities, and their duties are to dance at the shrines, sing obscene hymns, and generally delight the gods, and pander to the lust and avarice of the priests of the temples. In most cases, these temple girls are thankofferings made by Hindus for recovering from illness. The profession to which the girls are consigned is regarded as a most honorable one, and carnal intercourse with the temple girls an act of faith and worship, and, according to some sacred Hindu writers, it effaces all sins. There are thousands of these slave girls in the temples of India, who are the common property of the priests, and there is no lack of recruits. The temple girls are the only Hindu women

who have any place or share in the rites and observances of religion; they rank next to the priests. Some of the religious establishments are very large: in one at Puree, six hundred persons are employed. The idol is treated as if it were a human being; a priest takes it to bed, awakens it, gives it water, washes its face, gives it a toothbrush, feeds it with rice, tells it the time of day, etc. And to delight the idol, there are 120 temple girls, who exercise a religious ministry and are termed brides of the gods.

Every Hindu girl is a wife or widow at fourteen. Girls have actually been married before a year old, and from four to six they very commonly cease to be "single." Consummation of marriage takes place at the earliest possible date nature will allow, and perhaps this is the most inhuman wrong practiced on the women of India. . . . A widow may legally marry again, according to British law, but in India, as elsewhere, law is inoperative in the face of public sentiment. There are twenty-five million widows in India, and only about thirty remarry annually. . . . Wives have been sent to their husbands at the age of eight, and these husbands have been widowers of forty, fifty and sixty. A girl has nothing whatever to do with the selection of her husband. . . . For twenty centuries or more, Indian widows were burned alive, on the bodies of their husbands, but as this is now prohibited by law, what is known as "Cold Sutte" has been substituted; that is, the Hindu widow is condemned to perpetual mourning, mortification, and degradation. A widow is regarded as unlucky: a man starting a journey will postpone it, if he catches sight of a widow on starting out. As in other countries, widows in India try to find solace in religion, in which event they become the servants and mistresses of the priests. . . . As a girl child is married when four to six years old, she may become a widow at that age; but she does not become disgraced until she reaches the age of puberty—the age when she would have been delivered to her husband. And in India, when a father delivers a daughter to a husband, it is his boast thereafter

that he knows nothing about her. He has given her a proper start in life, and will not interfere in her affairs, whatever her wrongs.

Of course the social and religious customs of India tending to debase women, were invented by sensual and selfish men. But while the rules of religion provide heavy tasks for women, it is a curious fact that women are the mainstay of religion in India, as they are everywhere. Our old guide at Delhi told us that his wife carried out all the rules of her faith, and seemed to enjoy the rites and ceremonies. Some of the rites, he told us, interfered with his wife's health, but he could not coax her to give them up. In the temples of Japan, I noticed that seven out of ten of the worshippers were women. And the Japanese gods are no more friendly to women than are the Hindu gods.

Here are a few more of the eccentricities of the people of India: Politeness requires the feet to be naked, but the head covered, on entering a room; the people habitually sit on the floor, and eat off the ground; the people throw away the food that cannot be eaten at one meal, and often the crockery-ware after once using it; in some cases it is the rule to strip naked for dinner instead of dressing for it, as we do; three men out of four consider beef-eating worse than cannibalism, and the fourth is convinced that a ham sandwich would send him to hell; there are a hundred candy stores to one saloon; everyone smokes, but the same pipe travels from mouth to mouth; dirt is used instead of soap; not one man in ten, and not one woman in a hundred, can read; a man may not notice his wife in public, nor a wife so much as pronounce her husband's name; wives and husbands cannot travel in the same railway carriage third class; more men shave their heads than their chins; wives wear nose-rings, as notice that they are dutiful to their husbands; there is sorrow over a daughter's birth, and rejoicing over the death of a widow; a man may have four legal wives, and, in some castes, a woman four legal

husbands, if they are brothers; venomous snakes kill many human beings annually, yet snakes are venerated; and religion teaches its votaries to hate, despise, and grind their less fortunate neighbors. The Indian ox, sacred in theory, is perhaps the most ill-used and over-worked beast of burden in the world. The Indian is always cruel to animals; I seldom enjoyed riding in a carriage in India, because of the driver's cruelly whipping his horses every few seconds. There are customs in India the law dares not touch, which would be considered criminal in England. . . . The shop-keeper sits on the floor of his shop, his various goods within reach of his hand, and his customer addresses him from the street or gutter. The shops all seem about the same size, and each man sells his particular wares, and nothing else. There is no such thing as an electric bell in the hotels in the interior of India; when a guest wants a servant, he steps into the hall, or to the veranda, and claps his hands. . . . To an Indian a male child is necessary to his salvation in a future state; as for his wife, she is a secondary matter, for he can easily get another one, but a son he must have. . . . Two hundred million people in India are denied the services of a competent physician unless they are able to walk to a dispensary, for the native doctors are little better than the voodoo doctors of the South, or the medicine-men of the Apaches. Few countries in the world can grow more delicious fruits than India, but India is noted neither for fruits nor vegetables, the natives being content with the coarse fare of their forefathers. The native weakness is for sweets; for what we would call "candy." . . . When a native goes on a spree, he contracts with a dealer to make him drunk for so much money, which is paid in advance. The dealer then places a tube in the customer's mouth, and pours liquor into a funnel at the other end of the tube. When the liquor runs out of the customer's nose, it is understood that he has enough. The liquor, made from sugar cane, causes the man to become stupidly drunk, and he rolls over, and sleeps it off, instead of going about talking reform, or trying to sing. . . . In parts of India, the women are undraped from the

waist upwards, the survival of an old custom which decreed it as an incentive to matrimony. All along the seaboard the female costume transgresses the law of Occidental decency. . . . The great event in India is the beginning of the rainy season, in May or June. If rain fails, there is famine; if it comes, and abundantly, there is joy and plenty, and green in the fields. The rains are becoming less frequent in India, as time passes and the British government is becoming concerned. Great irrigation systems have been built, but the sources of water supply have been almost exhausted.

SATURDAY, January 20.

This morning at 9 o'clock we sent our baggage to the P. & O. steamship "Persia," by Mahomet, our native servant; at noon we went aboard, and left India at 2 P. M. At the pier we said good-bye to Mahomet, who leaves to-night for his home in Calcutta.

Last night, I had a bilious attack; an attack I have had at regular intervals ever since I can remember. Mateel and Mahomet took excellent care of me, but I feared for a time that I should be unable to proceed on my journey. By the use of remedies I have become familiar with, I was very much better this morning. In the hotel was an American army doctor I had become acquainted with in traveling, and I sent for him, to confirm my diagnosis. . . . During the night, while half asleep and half delirious from fever I had a fear that the port doctor might suspect plague in my case, and detain me, placing me in a hospital where I might catch the plague; but the medical examination was trifling, and I had no difficulty at the pier. My friend, the American army doctor, saw to that.

The "Persia" is a very fine ship; one of the best in the immense P. & O. fleet; much larger, and better in every way, than the "Simla" or "Somali." We have excellent rooms to

ourselves, as the ship hasn't half the passengers it is able to accommodate; the rush of travel is toward India now, and not toward London. . . . All the passengers are English, except ourselves, but they are very polite and agreeable. Colonel Tullock, of the Indian army, presented a letter of introduction from a mutual traveling acquaintance; with this exception we know no one on board—we seem to be ahead of all our traveling acquaintances. . . . One of the dining-room stewards is a Portuguese who waited on us on the "Simla," between Hong Kong and Ceylon, but most of the servants are English, and they are a pleasant relief after the Chinese, Cingalese, and Indians we have been accustomed to for nearly three months.

SUNDAY, January 21.

A good many of the passengers on the "Persia" are English girls returning from an unsuccessful chase after husbands in India. The English call them "Spins," an abbreviation of the word "spinsters." There was a time when nearly any sort of girl could go to India and return with an engagement ring, but the bachelors in India have either become accustomed to loneliness, or dread the marriage yoke, for few of the "spins" are successful of late.

MONDAY, January 22.

This is our third day on the Arabian Sea, sailing westward from Bombay. We have had almost perfect weather. The heat was oppressive in Bombay, but at sea we find the weather cool and bracing, and the officers of the ship promise a continuance of it through the Red Sea, so disagreeable at most seasons. We are becoming acquainted with the passengers; fellow-travelers on the ocean always become acquainted. There is a regular system. The first advance is to say "Good morning," at the breakfast table. With this start, one may know all his fellow-travelers in a journey of ten days. We know Captain Powell; the second day out, as we sat in our chairs on deck,

he approached us, and politely began a conversation. Some captains do this; others mingle little with the passengers. The passengers on the "Persia" seem to be a rather superior lot, in every way; one man is a particularly capable singer, and several real piano-players have developed. I have never mingled with a more genteel lot of people than the passengers on the "Persia"; there does not seem to be a snob on the passenger list.

One of my acquaintances on the "Persia" is the owner of a whaling-ship sailing from his home at Dundee, Scotland. One year his ship returned with eight whales, and his profits that season amounted to 350 per cent. But many times his ship returns without having caught a single whale. One whale will pay the expenses of a voyage; before leaving India, he heard that this season his ship caught three whales, so he was in excellent humor.

TUESDAY, January 23.

This is our fourth day out from Bombay, on the Arabian Sea. The weather is still fine; the big ship rolls a little, but so gently that no one notices it.

The Mohammedan and Hindu men do not want to meet women in heaven. I have never felt that way myself. If women go to church and Sunday-school, and obey the rules of the church as men do, I say, let them go to heaven. To this extent, I am an equal-suffragist.

You have no doubt often remarked that queer things are done in the name of Reform. The only time the people of India ever made a determined fight for Reform was in 1857, and here are the Reforms they demanded: 1. The repeal of the law against murdering female infants; 2. The repeal

of the law prohibiting the burning of widows alive; 3. The repeal of the law providing for general education, particularly that part of it providing for the education of women; 4. The repeal of the law permitting widows to marry again. The people of India fought many fierce battles and engaged in several brutal massacres, to enforce these Reforms.

Long before I reached India I heard of the love affair of a certain Mrs. Monk, and I heard the same subject discussed on the "Persia." Mrs. Monk is seventy years old, fat, rich, and owns a number of hotels in India. A few weeks ago she married a young man, and people are talking. People are always cackling about love affairs, but when a rich old woman marries a poor but good-looking young man, nothing can restrain their merriment. If Mrs. Monk does not own the money she controls, then let it be taken from her, and delivered to its rightful owner; but if the money in her control is hers, then I say let her use it as best suits her pleasure. If she sees fit to buy a young husband, it is her risk and her affair. For all people know, the young man may have married Mrs. Monk for Herself Alone.

The "Persia" is a mail ship, and carries a mail clerk and twenty assistants. These assistants are natives of India, and I saw them at breakfast this morning on the lower deck. All were dressed in uniform. Fourteen of them, evidently of the same caste, squatted on their haunches in a circle. A big dish containing gravy was placed in the center. The men broke off hunks of bread from the loaves passed about, and, dipping the bread in the gravy, began eating ravenously. Then a dish of rice was brought, and placed in the center of the group. Pouring curry over the rice, the men began eating with their fingers. Remember that fourteen men were eating out of one dish, with their fingers. The other six men belonged to different castes, and ate by themselves. . . . The Chinese, Japanese and Cingalese eat in groups, squatting about a

common dish, but the Chinese and Japanese use chopsticks, instead of their fingers, in transferring the food from the common dish to their mouths.

In India, when the viceroy visits points off the railroad, he travels in great state. On one occasion there were twenty thousand persons in his traveling equipage: besides troops, there were several thousand coolies, 500 camels, 500 bullocks, forty elephants, etc. In traveling, the procession was twelve miles long, scattered along the road from camp to camp. On trips of this character, the viceroy calls in state on the native chiefs who live in the remote parts of the country.

WEDNESDAY, January 24.

The statement that we are the only Americans on board the "Persia" was a mistake: L. A. Bigger and wife, of Hutchinson, Kansas, are passengers, and we met them to-day. They left home a month before we did, and are making the tour around the world, though they are not traveling so rapidly as we are. . . . I have long contended that people are always appreciative, when they have reason to be. The "Persia" is a fine ship, excellently managed, and the passengers take pains to say so. I think I have never known a finer lot of people than the passengers.

THURSDAY, January 25.

Last night we passed out of the Arabian Sea into the Gulf of Aden. At 10:30 we anchored off the town of Aden, on the coast of Arabia, for three hours. Aden is possibly the driest and hottest town in the world. All the fresh water used is condensed from the sea, and there isn't a blade of grass or a tree within many miles. A good many English soldiers are stationed there; English soldiers are stationed everywhere. I saw nothing of the town, except the lights, and

a few boats. Three passengers came aboard, and we gathered about them for news. They knew about the English elections, but nothing from America.

By daylight we were in the Red Sea, the desert of oceans. Although it is a big body of water, it has no important city on its shores; the country surrounding it is desolate and dry: Arabia on one side and Africa on the other. One of the ports on the Red Sea is Jidda. Last year forty thousand Mohammedan pilgrims left Bombay alone for Jidda *en route* for Mecca, forty miles in the interior. Every good Mohammedan is expected to visit Mecca at least once during his lifetime; oftener, if possible. These Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca are frightful things, as they spread disease, and thousands of the pilgrims die.

I have noted a peculiar thing to-day in the action of the "Persia." For five minutes the ship will roll prodigiously; then for the next five minutes it will run along quietly. There is very little wind, the weather is quite warm, and the sun shines bright. . . . Yesterday we passed several islands, but in other respects the passage through the Red Sea is much like the voyage from Honolulu to Yokohama. On the map, the Red Sea looks like a river.

FRIDAY, January 26.

Still in the Red Sea, and the unusually pleasant weather continues. We left Bombay a week ago, and the weather ever since has been as nearly perfect as possible. I sat on deck several hours to-day "talking America" with an Englishman who is at the head of the weather bureau in India. He is much impressed by the fact that American parents are slaves to their children. "If our children should act as American children do towards their parents," he said, "we should tell

them that such selfishness was bad manners, and not submit to it." Are American children lacking in thoughtfulness for the rights of parents? The English think so. . . . The better class of Englishmen, as a rule, do not rail at American institutions; indeed, I have been surprised to hear Englishmen speak in enthusiastic praise of many phases of American life. The Englishman who is always grumbling at America is nearly always a cheap Englishman. There seems to be a great difference in the Englishmen you meet between Hong Kong and Colombo, and the Englishmen you meet between Bombay and Port Said, and the difference is in favor of the last named.

The villages around the Red Sea are said to contain the poorest people in the world. Seeing that I was interested in the subject, Captain Powell lent me a book entitled "The Red Sea and Gulf of Aden Pilot," and I spent an afternoon looking through it. The book contains all available information for seamen on the subjects treated, and I found much curious information. In landing for supplies at certain points, it is advised that the landing party be armed, as the natives are treacherous, hate the whites, and frequently massacre unarmed seamen. I also learned that at certain of the little ports, the slave-trade still exists. The town of Jidda has 20,000 population, and it is one of the many places at which Eve is said to be buried, yet the book states that no European is safe a mile out of the town; this in spite of the fact that 900 ships call at Jidda annually, and that many of the civilized countries maintain consuls there. Jidda is the port at which pilgrims for Mecca land. The book mentions dozens of places where the different tribes are constantly at war with one another. In many of the ports are found ruined cities; centuries ago, the country about the Red Sea was fertile, and populous. Many of the villages along the coast are entirely deserted in summer, all the inhabitants going up into the mountains. During the summer, the heat on and about the Red Sea is intense, thermometers often registering 105 on the decks of ships for

days at a time. There is almost no rain, and sometimes, when the wind is following a ship, the captain turns and runs the other way for a time, to give the passengers a little relief. (A story often heard, but no one believes it.)

Some of the passengers on the "Persia" are very interesting. One of them is a young Englishman, a government engineer located in India. During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, this young engineer was ordered to prepare a camp for the royal party. He was given three week's time, and put in an electric-lighting system, a water system, and built roadways throughout the tent city. In addition he built flower-beds, and covered the entire camp with what seemed to be green grass. This last feat was accomplished by planting wheat very thickly, ten days before camp was to be used, and watering it liberally. The result was, the wheat came up, and was about two inches high when the royal party arrived. The Prince had with him fifty guests, and ten newspaper correspondents traveled in the party. The prince used the camp only two days. During his visit to India the prince killed a tiger, and Englishmen say the "hunt" was a great farce; that the tiger had been caged several days before the arrival of the prince.

SATURDAY, January 27.

A few years ago, the P. & O. Company thought it would be a good scheme to fit up one of its old ships for the pilgrim trade. The ship was advertised to start from Singapore, and fifteen hundred good Mohammedans, anxious to go to Mecca, purchased tickets. Captain Powell, at present of the ship "Persia," was one of the officers of the pilgrim ship, and, while walking about the decks to-day, told me about the voyage. The passengers furnished their own food, and the ship soon became so filthy that the plague broke out. Hundreds of them died before Jidda, in the Red Sea, was reached, and they

were thrown overboard almost every hour. Arrived at Jidda, the pilgrims who survived the voyage started for Mecca, on camels. Not half of them ever returned to their homes. Many of them were stranded at strange ports, filthy with disease, and the venture became an international scandal. . . . It is claimed by the Mohammedans that Adam is buried at Mecca, and that Eve is buried at Jidda. Captain Powell says officers of this ship were grossly insulted at Jidda by the native population. Every Mohammedan who makes the pilgrimage to Mecca is regarded as a sort of prophet, locally, in case he returns. A rich Mohammedan in Bombay devotes a good deal of money every year to assisting stranded pilgrims: the plague in Bombay is attributed to the religious pilgrimages to Mecca, but nothing can be done about stopping them, owing to the general belief in religious liberty.

Ever know that a ship must carry seven cats? In case the cargo is damaged by rats or mice, it is a complete defense, under the law, if a captain can show that he had seven cats on board.

SUNDAY, January 28.

When I awoke this morning, I found the weather positively cool, and put on a heavy winter suit; yesterday I wore clothing suitable for July in Kansas. . . . The Red Sea had narrowed down during the night until we could plainly see land on both sides. I had expected to find the country about Suez flat; on the contrary, I found it mountainous. On one side was Egypt, with bare mountains resembling in color the mountains about the Grand Canyon in Arizona; on the other side, Arabia, with Mt. Sinai in the hazy distance. You cannot imagine anything more desolate than the country surrounding the Red Sea.

When we left Bombay on the 20th the officers of the ship said we should probably reach Suez "about lunch-time" on

Sunday, the 28th. When the lunch gong sounded to-day, we were in plain sight of Suez, the Red Sea end of the Suez Canal. The mail ships make their time with remarkable regularity, and the officers can tell you almost exactly when a port will be reached. A rain-storm, accompanied by heavy wind, came up just before we arrived at Suez, a very unusual thing in this country. In addition, the weather was very chilly, and the passengers shivered in their heaviest clothing. The water of the bay became so rough that the doctor could not come aboard, at the first attempt. A boat loaded with vegetables for the ship came alongside, but could not get a line on board for some time. . . . After the arrival of the doctor, the purser called the passengers into the music-room, read their names from a list, and they walked past the doctor. This was the medical inspection, although the 360 members of the crew were examined with more care. At 5:30 the pilot came on board, and we started slowly through the canal.

MONDAY, January 29.

When the waves run high in the Mediterranean, it is a wonder they do not wash Port Said out of existence, for it is on a sandbar, and does not seem a foot above sea-level. We landed there at ten this morning, and by the time the quarantine and custom-house officers were through with us it was time to go to the railroad station, as we were to take the 12:30 train for Cairo. . . I had wondered whether any country could be more barren than India. Egypt is; or, rather, that part of it in the desert. For many miles we ran through a country as barren as a river sandbar. Then suddenly we ran into the valley of the Nile; every foot of it cultivated, and green with growing crops. The Nile valley reminded us of the better part of India: the people were of the same color and dressed after the same fashion; the villages built of mud, and the same crops growing in the fields. The same irrigating wells were seen along the road, and everywhere the same crowds of people. We passed through large towns we had never heard

of; and this also reminded us of India. . . . There were differences, of course; among them, in Egypt we saw a good deal of corn, and many of the houses were covered with corn-fodder. Camels are as numerous in Egypt as cattle in Kansas, and on every road we saw men riding queer little donkeys. . . . You do not know what sunburn is unless you have seen a man from the hot countries. An Anglo-Indian in our train was so tanned that the whites of his eyes were sunburned.

When we went to Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, we found it crowded, and could not get in. This was a new experience to me; I had never before been turned away at a hotel. The manager of Shepherd's recommended the Ghezireh Palace, and we went there. This is one of the hotels that is too fine to be comfortable. The dining-room is of marble; so noble and lofty that at dinner to-night I felt as though I were dining in the Senate chamber at Washington, with United States Senators waiting on me. . . . If you can pronounce "Ghezireh," you can do better than I can; if I should get lost in Cairo, I could not pronounce the name of my hotel, or find my way back. The Ghezireh is on an island in the Nile, but this is all I know about it.

TUESDAY, January 30.

This is "the season" in Cairo, and the city swarms with tourists. There are dozens of big hotels here, all of them crowded. . . . This morning I went into the office of Thos. Cook & Son, and the crowd was enormous: dozens of clerks were working rapidly, and in a tremendous hurry.

We visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx this afternoon, spending the morning in driving about the city. Although I have heard of these wonders all my life, no writer has ever made me realize them. I imagined they were located on the

flat plains of Egypt; all pictures so represent them. On the contrary, they are on a bluff just above the Nile valley. . . . There are many pyramids in Egypt, but generally speaking, when "the Pyramids" are spoken of, the two big ones at Cairo are meant. . . . A good many tourists, riding camels and donkeys, were scattered about, looking disappointed, as we were. . . . Then we began inquiring for the Sphinx; the Pyramids were within a hundred yards of each other, as we had been led to believe, but where was the Sphinx? The guide and the two camel-drivers started off down the hill, to point it out. After we had nearly reached the level of the Nile valley, they pointed out a rock in a gully. That was the Sphinx. We howled with disappointment, but the guide said we should like it better after we had had a look at it from the front. . . . You will be disappointed with the Pyramids, but the Sphinx will startle you, it is so much smaller than you had always believed. And it is in a gully. From the front, it looks like its picture; the best feature is the mouth. The nose and eyes were shot away by Napoleon's soldiers. When you stand on the banks of the gully, you are nearly as high as the head of the Sphinx, whereas it is pictured as enormous, and as dominating a vast plain. Were you to visit the Pyramids without a guide, you wouldn't find the Sphinx at all, it is so little and so completely hidden in the gully on the side of the bluff.

The most interesting thing in Cairo is the Museum. Here may be seen the mummies of the kings who were buried in the pyramids; the tombs have been opened by curious men, and their contents placed in museums, where travelers may see and study them in comfort. The body of Rameses II. may be seen in the museum at Cairo, as well as the bodies of various other kings and queens, and they are so well preserved that you are able to recognize their features and characteristics. . . . In this museum is also shown the jewelry worn by the ancient kings and queens; and it looks about as well as modern jewelry, although thousands of years old. It is not necessary

to tramp over Egypt to see the wonders of the country; the most curious things of every kind have been collected in this museum, which is housed in an immense modern building. When you are traveling, do not neglect the museums; they will save you a deal of running around. . . . After spending several hours in the museum at Cairo, I became tired of antiques. I am tired of seeing sights; I am tired of being a tourist; of having queer natives rush at me to squawk history. I suppose all this will do me good in time—that it will all be useful to me in my “future reading,” but I am dreadfully tired of it now. And I shudder when I think that I still have the Holy Land to see. I wish I could make an arrangement to be loaded in a cannon and shot through Palestine.

In various public places in Egypt, official notices are posted asking tourists not to give money to beggars. The statement is made that thousands of Egyptians are neglecting regular work, to become beggars. As a result, much harm is being done, to say nothing of the annoyance to travelers.

I have spoken of being surfeited with sight-seeing. It is really true; you will have the experience when you go around the world. If I should meet a man without a head, or with two heads, I should glance at him wearily. I saw a procession of a hundred camels, and merely glanced at it. I saw men carrying sheep on their backs, and they did not interest me. The Egyptian women are better-looking than the Indian women, or the Japanese women, or the Chinese women, but I do not wonder what is behind their veils. While out to-day, two running men appeared, preceding a carriage in which a sister of the Khedive rode, and I did not turn my head, although the guide was greatly excited; I am living in the Khedive's palace, and if the Khedive himself should call, I shouldn't pay much attention to him; he has been whipped so many times that I might be tempted to try it myself. Egypt is so old that it is not so interesting as something new would be.

WEDNESDAY, January 31.

We left Cairo at 9 o'clock this morning, and made a trip up the Nile in a modern river steamer, in company with fifty other tourists. After steaming up the river about three hours, we landed, and took donkeys for a visit to the site of Memphis, one of the oldest of the ruined and abandoned cities. . . . I wrote from Japan of our procession of rickshaws, when we were accompanied by Judge Tracy and family. Our procession of seven rickshaws always made me laugh, but our procession to-day was even more amusing. It was made up of fifty men and women riding donkeys, and behind each donkey was an Arab man or boy to whip it along. Our route lay through the Nile valley, through villages and through fields, and our procession was certainly a mile long. Two of our companions were fellow-passengers on the "Persia," and we soon picked up an acquaintance with the others, and ran donkey-races with them. The path through the fields was lined with farmers at work, and this made it interesting. We passed through three villages, and stopped a while at each one. The children all came out to beg, and they were good-looking, as children always are; the people of Egypt are better-looking than the people of India, and seem more prosperous. Every little girl of twelve or fourteen reminded me of pictures I have seen of Cleopatra, and in begging the girls were much more graceful than the boys. All the poorer Egyptians, like all the common people of India, go barefoot, and the two races are much alike in the clothes they wear, in looks, in their actions; and the Egyptian villages are much like those we saw in India. In all the countries we have visited, farm-houses are not scattered about, as in Kansas, but are grouped in villages, which are a mile or two apart. . . . Memphis was the capital of Rameses II., and was very important in its time, four or five thousand years ago. It is located on high land skirting the Nile valley; when Memphis was in its prime, the Nile ran beside it. Now the river is a considerable distance away. Memphis is not only in ruins, but most of it has been covered up by sand-storms. The site of the old city is a suc-

cession of holes in the ground; excavations have been made over nearly every foot of the site, in search for mementos of Rameses and his people. The curious things to be seen in the museum in Cairo, and in the British Museum in London, were found in the course of these excavations. At one place we found a scientist in camp, and, assisted by a gang of native workmen, he was driving tunnels searching for relics of Memphis. Not only is Memphis covered up, but a Roman city was built on the site, and now that is in ruins and covered up, and on top of the ruins of the Roman town are found the ruins of another Egyptian town. . . . We went down into several of these excavations, and found the ruins of houses, but of course we did not know what the excavators found originally. I am inclined to believe that the greatness of Memphis, and of Thebes, and of other ruined cities of this class, has been exaggerated; any story grows after it has been told for thousands of years. Many of the houses of Memphis and of the cities that succeeded it seem to have been built of sun-dried bricks, and these have returned to their natural element, but there are many foundations of stone, and a good deal of carving in granite. A part of the old city is located on top of the river bluff, quite a distance from the river, and here the ruins are in the best state of preservation. At present the tops of many of the buildings are covered with skylights, and cared for by government officials. In others, tourists wander around through tunnels, and carry candles. In these underground buildings are found the Egyptian hieroglyphics of which you have heard. These hieroglyphics have now been deciphered by scientists, and thus has been obtained the history of the people who inhabited Egypt thousands of years ago. When Columbus discovered America, he was looking for a new passage to India, but Memphis was in ruins long before the time of Columbus; we moderns find it difficult to realize the great age of the world. To-day, in the underground ruins of Memphis, I saw perfect records of Egyptian history that were certainly four or five thousand years old. In reading these records, the scientists have learned not only the history of the

ancient Egyptians, but the history of rival nations with whom they fought, and of whom nothing was known until these records were discovered. It is a wonderful story, of which I can give you only the barest outline, but there are plenty of books which tell it interestingly and simply. . . . But the thing that interested me most was the tourists. There were fifty in our party, and everywhere we met others. Our party came by the river, other parties came by rail. Wherever we looked, we saw tourists; processions of them on the desert, and in the Nile valley; and on the river Nile we met other boats containing tourists, and waved at them. There are a hundred tourists in Egypt to one in India, or Japan, or China, or Ceylon, or in the Philippines. The weather here is supposed to be perfect at this season, although we find it chilly, and, as Egypt is reached in five or six days from London, tourists flock here by the thousand. They go up the Nile in house-boats, in steamers, and by rail. Cairo is a fine city of half a million people, and it is probable that seven-tenths of its citizens derive some part of their revenue from tourists. Almost every traveler has been to Egypt, while comparatively few go to India, more interesting, but not reached so quickly and easily.

The Nile valley is Egypt, and Cairo is the principal city on the Nile. The river Nile is more than two thousand miles long, but the average width of the valley does not exceed a few miles. This valley is very fertile, and here was found the oldest civilization in the world. Current history is to the effect that in the Nile valley are found as many as nine ruined cities built on top of each other. In the old days the Nile valley was inundated every year, by floods from the Abyssinian mountains, and this added to the fertility of the valley. But in modern times this has been changed. Great dams have been constructed by engineers, and now the water is stored, and used when most needed by means of irrigating canals. This has resulted in bringing a larger area under cultivation. If you will look at the map, you will find vast deserts on either side of the Nile. By means of irrigating canals, portions of these

deserts have been reclaimed; I think of one oasis in the Arabian desert which has become a flourishing and populous community with a railroad system of its own. Land in the Nile valley around Cairo is now worth fabulous sums, although a man told me yesterday that six bushels of wheat per acre was a good average. . . . In the old days the Nile valley was flooded from bluff to bluff, during the spring freshets. The floods are now regulated by means of the dams, which you hear tourists refer to as the first dam, the second dam, etc. Beyond these is the Soudan; the land of General Gordon, of Dr. Livingstone, of Stanley, and other explorers, at the head-waters of the Nile. This upper country is now visited by thousands of tourists every year; the Dark Continent may be seen by anyone who cares to pay the price, and take the time necessary for the journey. The shriek of the locomotive is now heard beside the lake where the Nile has its source; pioneering has been done in this country as well as in America. . . . The Nile valley has been densely populated so many thousands of years that every foot of it is historic ground. Learned men have given it more attention than any other portion of the world, for the reason that it is regarded as one of the cradles of the human race, and you may stop anywhere along this great waterway, and find enough to interest you for months. Egypt has been studied so much that it has originated a science or cult: Egyptology. Certain of the noted scientists have made Egypt a specialty, and their discoveries are now accepted as a part of the history of the human race. Many of the stories in the old Testament relate to Egypt; while going up the Nile to-day the guide pointed out the spot where Moses was hidden in the bulrushes. The literature of India is vast, but it is a single volume compared with the library containing the printed history of Egypt.

THURSDAY, February 1.

We spent to-day in driving around Cairo, with Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bigger, and did not return until after dark. . . . We

devoted the time to visiting the bazaars. Bazaars are the native shops where goods are manufactured and sold under the same roof. We shopped several hours, and I was much interested in watching Mrs. Bigger, who shopped and shopped, and looked, and wrangled, and didn't spend a cent. . . . In many places, the streets of Cairo are so narrow that we were compelled to leave the carriage, and walk. The native shops reminded me of the native shops in Benares and Delhi, in India, except that they were a little better; the houses were taller, four or five stories high, and in many places the skyline over the narrow streets was covered with boards, or with canvas, to keep out the sun, which is very fierce here, except during a few weeks of the winter season. The streets were full of tourists. To-morrow is some sort of a passover or feast day with the Mohammedans, and the streets were full of Bedouins, selling rams for sacrifice. . . . You hear of the cleverness of the merchants of Cairo, but they were not so clever as Mrs. Bigger, of Hutchinson, Kansas. When a tradesman accosted me, I would say, pointing to Mrs. Bigger: "Satisfy the lady, and I will pay for it." But I knew they couldn't satisfy her: I knew I was safe.

I learned from the barber that the Ghezireh Palace, which has been turned into a hotel, was never occupied by the Khedive. It was built by Ismail Pasha, in which he entertained the distinguished guests invited to witness the opening of the Suez Canal. They talk about the greatness of Rameses II. and the Pharaohs, but Ismail was the Egyptian ruler who connected the Red Sea and the Mediterranean with a ship canal. And it is my opinion that the Cairo of to-day is a larger and better city than Memphis or Thebes ever was. Therefore, if you desire to be just, quit talking about Memphis, and Thebes, and Rameses II. and the Pharaohs, and talk about the greatness of Ismail Pasha. He lost his throne, but before losing it he built the Suez Canal, which gave the English a chance to take over Egypt, greatly to the benefit of Egypt, the Egyptians, and the world generally.

I claim to be a connoisseur of ugly women. The ugliest women I have ever seen are guests at the Ghezireh Palace Hotel in Cairo. The ugly women I see in the dining-room at the Ghezireh Palace Hotel are expensively dressed, but this only emphasizes their ugliness.

This afternoon, at 5 o'clock, I drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Bigger on the veranda of their hotel, the Continental. I not only drink tea in the afternoon now, but I take black coffee after dinner; the next thing, I shall be smoking cigarettes. . . . The sight at the Continental was a very unusual one; certainly five hundred men and women were drinking tea at little tables, and listening to a musical program rendered by a big band from the English army. In the street in front of the hotel, thronged guides, carriages, hawkers, and loafers. This is being gay; and in no city in the world, probably, is there more gaiety, or are tourists and hotels more numerous, than in Cairo. Traveling is the same dreary old round, wherever you go. You may think it would be better in Nice, or Monte Carlo, or Lucerne, or Carlsbad, but it wouldn't: it would be exactly the same thing. While I was sitting on the Continental veranda, a wedding procession, headed by a band, passed in the street. And how the bored tourists stared! Nothing offers so little return for the money expended as what is known as "travel." If you want to see a man who will remain at home contentedly, watch me on my return. . . . To-morrow afternoon the Biggers will take tea with us, on the veranda of the Ghezireh Palace, and listen to our band. It is the same old thing, day after day.

This afternoon, at the Continental, the Educational Bureau met a girl with whom she studied reading, writing, and arithmetic at that wonderful school in Washington, D. C. . . . The other night, having become tired of writing, I concluded to dictate awhile to the Educational Bureau. But I found that legible penmanship was not one of the accomplishments

taught at the expensive school in Washington, D. C., and that I couldn't read her writing. I don't write a very good hand, but it can be read with a little pains and patience.

FRIDAY, February 2.

On the bluff above Cairo is the Citadel, built by the Romans. I visited the Citadel this morning, and, standing on its battlements, enjoyed a very fine view of Cairo, the valley of the Nile, and the Pyramids. Every other building in the city below me seemed to be a mosque; in no other city are there so many mosques as in Cairo; there are twenty mosques here, I should judge, to one church in an American city. And the finest mosque in the lot, and one of the very finest to be found anywhere, is located within the walls of the Citadel. It is built of alabaster, and, to my mind, surpasses any mosque in India. I hope I may not be accused of conceit if I insist that I am a pretty good judge of mosques and temples; I have almost lived in them for the past three months.

Every man is a bundle of prejudices. I am, although I try not to be; you are, and every man foolishly permits his prejudices to master him to his disadvantage. I have always had a tremendous prejudice against the Mohammedans, although knowing they were a wonderful people, in spite of their fanaticism, intolerance and brutality. The Saracens, from whom the Mohammedans sprang, were once in advance of the English in many respects; they lighted their cities with coal-oil lamps at a time when London's streets were not lighted at all at night, and many of our best art ideas are of Saracenic origin.

After leaving the Citadel to-day, we drove through the oldest part of Cairo; the native part of the town, where the shops are devoted to native trade, and not to tourist trade. While the Egyptians remind me in very many ways of the people of India, they are fatter, more prosperous, better-look-

ing, and more intelligent. There is not half the begging here that a traveler encounters in the Indian towns. The Egyptians are meat-eaters, and while it is claimed that meat-eaters are not so healthy as those people who live on a vegetable diet exclusively, no one denies that they are more intelligent. The bare legs of the people of India look like dried beef, they are so poor and shriveled, but in Cairo I meet many natives who are fat.

It is an old saying that "Fools' names and fools' faces are often seen in public places." Wherever you go, you find that travelers before you have recorded their names in public places. This custom seems to have existed centuries ago. On the ruins found in Egypt, many names and dates, cut by mischievous travelers, have been deciphered by the excavators; some important facts in history have come to light through the records made by ancient fools who were determined to leave their names in public places.

The guides we employ are nearly always stupid, except that they can pilot us about. The old wolf we had at Delhi was the best one, with the possible exception of one we had at Tokio. I am not able to understand half that the guides say, and they have very little knowledge of history. I have never heard one guide speak well of another, and they are nearly all dishonest; that is, they will rob you in a small way—probably they would rob you in a large way, did they not fear detection. I become very tired of having them about me. It will be a joy to reach England, where I can make my way without assistance. Some Americans say they cannot understand the English, but I manage to get along with them, with the assistance of a few signs.

While modern Cairo is beautiful, and the old portion very interesting, I shall always remember the town particularly because of the crowds of tourists I have seen. In India I rode in a railroad train all of one day, and only four tourists took their meals in the dining-car attached to the train. Every-

where in India I remarked the absence of tourists, and the great preparations that had been made to entertain them; but if you visit Egypt during "the season," you will never cease wondering that the world has so many idle people able to gad about. In a morning's drive, we meet literally hundreds of carriages containing tourists. On the seat beside every driver rides a guide, telling parrot history.

In Egypt, you see an unusual number of men who have something the matter with their eyes; usually the trouble is, one eye is out. You also see a great many humpbacks, and small men. Every time I see a one-eyed man, I think of the old, old story of four men who were playing poker. One of the players had but one eye, and he was suspected of cheating. "There is cheating going on at this table," another of the players said. "I name no names, and cast no reflections, but if he does it again, I will knock his other eye out." . . .

SATURDAY, February 3.

I desire to make an apology for these travel notes. They are not intended to be learned; simply a record of the impressions of a man hurrying around the world. The little history I quote is probably inaccurate, as I have not looked into a guide-book since starting. The one joy I find in the trip is in looking at the panorama as it unfolds itself. . . . I was much interested this morning in seeing the procession of country people coming into Cairo. This is some sort of a feast day, and the country people were coming in to worship, or dance, I do not know which.

My most interesting experience in Cairo was to-day's ride through the streets: not the streets where are the bazaars patronized by tourists, but the native streets. Saturday seems to be the big day in Cairo, as it is in a country town, and I cannot give you an idea of how densely packed the narrow streets were. The driver and the coachman were constantly

yelling to pedestrians, and it seemed we should never get through in some places. The guide wanted to take us to see more mosques, but we rebelled, and insisted on driving through the oldest native streets that could be found. It seems to be a custom among Mohammedans to visit the graves of their dead once a year. To-morrow is the day, and among other places, we visited an old cemetery. Here every family burying-lot is walled, and driving through a cemetery is like driving through the narrow, crooked streets of a town. Above the walls surrounding the family burying ground are built rooms; for the living members of the family spend the night of February 3 in the cemetery, in the rooms spoken of. Then the following day they perform five religious ceremonies. Poor people who cannot afford houses in the cemetery, spend the night of February 3 in tents, hundreds of which were being erected to-day. The cemetery to-day was like a populous town, and merry-go-rounds, magicians, beggars, etc., were doing business in every vacant space. Fruit-sellers, food-sellers, and vendors of nearly everything imaginable, were crying their wares. Donkeys and camels stood about, having brought in loads of supplies and passengers; altogether it reminded me of a Street Carnival in a cemetery.

Here is a shopping story for the women: The girl who accompanies me went out shopping yesterday with Mrs. Bigger. She found two dresses at a French shop that greatly pleased her. Price, \$95; she says, and Mrs. Bigger confirmed the statement, that they were worth \$300. But we made a rule before leaving home that there was to be no shopping. The clerk, however, found a way out of the difficulty. "Take the dresses along," she said to the Atchison girl, "and send the money out of your allowance, after you return home." And this was what was actually done: the girl brought the dresses back to the hotel, and gave nothing for them except her name and address, and her promise to pay on her return home. The credit of Americans seems to be good here, anyway.

The Mohammedan religion, for some reason, takes a strong hold on its adherents; a Mohammedan convert to any other religion is very rare—almost unknown. Every day we see hundreds of Mohammedans kneeling in the streets, saying their prayers; we have no religious class whose enthusiasm can at all be compared with that of Mohammedan. . . . To-day we visited a Mohammedan university, which attracts students from all over the world. It is an immense structure of one story; the teachers occupy chairs on the floor, in one immense room, and the students sit on the floor about them. Some of the teachers are noted men who exact considerable sums for teaching, while others teach only the rudiments, and do not charge much. The students study aloud, and there is a perfect babel of voices in that strange place. Visitors are allowed, but they are not welcome, and are scowled at viciously. The Mohammedans would chase every white out of Egypt, if they could.

SUNDAY, February 4.

We left Cairo at 11 o'clock this morning, for Palestine, going by rail to Port Said, where we are to embark at 5 P. M. in the "El Kahira," a French boat, for Jaffa. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bigger accompanied us, and the four of us had a compartment to ourselves in the luxurious train. We arrived at Port Said at 4 o'clock, and at once went aboard the "El Kahira," which reminded me a little of the "Tean," the condensed-milk packet between Hong Kong and Manila. After the usual excitement, we got away at 5:30 P. M.; by 6 o'clock we were outside the bar, and I had my first taste of the Mediterranean. . . . It seems to be my fate this trip to sit at the Captain's table; I was placed on the immediate right of the Captain of the "El Kahira," who cannot speak a word of English. At dinner, the girl who accompanies me was compelled to leave the table, and said: "Will you excuse me, Captain?" He looked embarrassed, and said, brokenly: "I speak no English." . . . The boat seemed determined to turn over, but I managed to

remain on deck until bedtime, although Mrs. Bigger and my daughter gave up before that, and went below. Am I becoming accustomed to the roll and pitch of the ocean, now that I am almost at the end of my journey? Am I getting a pair of sea legs, now that I no longer have use for them? Mr. Bigger said to me at Port Said: "You are learning to handle the beggars pretty well." Possibly I am, but it comes too late: I am ruined—knowledge has come to me only after all my money is gone.

MONDAY, February 5.

At six o'clock this morning the steward rapped at my door, and said: "We are approaching Jaffa, sir." I hurried into my clothing, and went on deck. The sun was just beginning to brighten the Holy Land for my first view of it, and I looked at it with curiosity, if not with awe. . . . Jaffa was a noted town during the Crusades; the Crusaders always seized it first, as a base of supplies. It has no harbor, and passengers are compelled to disembark in the surf. The weather has been bad, and for several days past landing at Jaffa has been impossible. This happens quite frequently, and in such an event, passengers are compelled to go on, and try it again at another time. Our ship threw out its anchor with a great splash a mile from shore, and three other steamships and a yacht were at anchor near us. After a light breakfast, we collected our baggage, and went on deck to wait for the little boats from shore. They soon began to arrive, and they appeared and disappeared on the waves in a manner that made us nervous. The big ship was also rocking badly, but some of the men from the little boats were soon on board the ship, throwing our baggage overboard, where it was caught by their companions; they seemed to think the day a very favorable one, although it looked ominous to us. We had sent our trunks to Alexandria from Cairo, and have only three pieces of hand-luggage with us in the Holy Land. The baggage loaded, the boatmen began throwing the passengers overboard. It really amounted to almost

that. The passengers went down the stairway on the ship's side, and when the waves carried the little boat in a favorable position, the passengers were shoved off by men behind them, and caught by the men in the little boats. All the time, the boatmen kept up a great yelling. When my turn came, I went down the stairway, and stood on the landing at the bottom. When the little boat came up with the waves, I was literally shoved off the landing, and caught by the men below. Then I was steadied, and placed in a seat in the pitching row-boat. This continued until all the passengers were off the ship. Some of the women, being timid, nearly had all the clothes torn off them. One fat monk pulled back at the critical moment, and the boatmen waited until the next chance, when they roughly threw him off the landing at the ship's side, and he fell on me, mashing my hat and barking my shins. Then they pulled for the shore with great haste, as many of the passengers were showing signs of distress. . . . There is a sort of pool behind natural rocks, and when this was reached the water was quieter, and landing was easy. When we return here to go to Alexandria, we shall be compelled to go aboard ship in the same primitive and dangerous way; it is a risk every traveler to Jerusalem must run, for Jaffa is the best port in Palestine, and the railroad to Jerusalem starts from Jaffa.

We walked several hundred yards through curious, narrow and dirty streets, and came to a number of carriages, into one of which we climbed, and were driven at a furious pace to a hotel. We hadn't been there a minute before two of the drivers engaged in a violent fight; we see so many fights that we have lost interest in them. The men here fight with their open hands; they seem never to have thought of striking each other with their fists. At least a dozen men engaged in the fight before it was over. Then the victor walked away, and after he had been gone ten minutes, and it was certain he could not be found, the other man put a big stone in his pocket and followed.

Our party of four has a guide who will continue with us until our departure. His name is Joseph A. Markus, an elderly man furnished us by the Cook agency. He took us to the site of the house formerly occupied by Simon, the tanner, and to the tomb of Tabitha, who was raised from the dead by Peter, which is about all Jaffa has to offer, except a piece of the old city wall which existed in the time of Christ. . . . The town has thirty thousand people, and seems to be prospering; we saw many new and modern houses, in addition to the old part, which is about as filthy, odd, and begrimed with age, as any town in the world. There is a general resemblance to all the towns in China, India and Egypt. . . . At breakfast at the hotel, the eggs were served in the shell, and on every egg a date was printed with a rubber stamp: the egg I ate was laid Feb. 2, according to the label. A fat tourist near me was asked by the waiter:

"Will you have an egg?"

"Will I have an egg?" he replied. "No, I want four, and I want them fried with ham." . . . The rooms of the hotel are not numbered, but named: one room is the Daniel room, another the Israel room, another the Judea room, another the Seth room, etc.

There are about fifty guests at the hotel, all waiting to go to Jerusalem by the train departing at 1 P. M. The railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is a narrow-gauge, owned by a French company; its length is fifty-three miles, owing to the tortuous route in getting over the mountains of Judea, but the actual distance between the two points is not more than thirty-five miles. The train to-day consisted of two first-class coaches, two second-class coaches, a baggage car, and two freight cars. The first-class coaches were built to seat thirty-eight each, but were not crowded. The time is slow; we were four hours in making the fifty-three miles. The route runs through the Plain of Sharon for twelve or fourteen miles, and then begins climbing the mountains of Judea. From Jaffa to Jerusalem there is quite a stiff grade all the way, as Jerusalem is on top of the moun-

tains, and resembles a summer resort. Jerusalem was built as a fortress in the mountains, and would not have five thousand people were it not for its religious history; there is no fruitful country near it. Jaffa is much better located, with the Plain of Sharon, a hundred miles long and fifteen wide, at its front door. Nazareth is also more favorably situated, as it has near it the Plain of Esdraelon, which Mr. Bigger declares is as fine as any part of Kansas. Jerusalem is supported by the tourists, and is growing: thirty years ago it had only ten thousand people, but the building of a railroad has helped it, and now it has a population of seventy thousand.

For the first few miles out of Jaffa, the train runs through orange groves. Then it runs through wheatfields, and, as the higher country is reached, through extensive olive groves. The scene at the station was of course exciting, with the fifty tourists rushing about, all talking at once. The train was started by the guard's blowing a cow's horn. Then the station-master rang a dinner-bell, and the engineer blew the locomotive whistle. This was the procedure at every station at which we stopped. The country between Jaffa and the mountains of Judea looked a good deal like America; but the sand-hills are gradually encroaching upon the Plain of Sharon, and may in time cover it. The mountains of Judea are desolate, and we saw almost no villages after leaving the valley. . . . From the Plain of Sharon to Jerusalem the railroad winds through the mountains of Judea, which are about like the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. It is said the mountains of Judea were once densely populated, the heights being terraced, and crops raised on the terraces. The remains of the terraces may be seen, but for many miles no villages are encountered. The mountains are not so bare of vegetation as the hills of Egypt, but they are rather worthless for the Promised Land. No water ran in the mountain gullies, although there had been a heavy rain two days before. . . . The guide pointed out the place where Samson was born; also a rivulet down which blood ran in a

stream to the Mediterranean when Titus killed one hundred and twenty thousand people. I do not believe the story. You may do as you please. . . . A little before 5 o'clock, we arrived at Jerusalem. Our guide hurried us into carriages, and we were driven rapidly to a very good hotel inside the walls, and near the Tower of David. The hotel, the New Grand, is modern in every respect, except that it is lighted with coal-oil lamps. As soon as the clerk had assigned me a room, I went out to get shaved. Fakirs and merchants surrounded me as soon as I reached the street. I said I was looking for a barber. Two men started to show me the way, hoping to receive a tip for the service, quarreled, and while they were fighting I found the barber shop without assistance. After being shaved, I asked the street wolves who surrounded me for a cigar store. Two of them started to point out the way, quarreled, fought, and I found the cigar store without assistance. . . . The street wolves of Cairo are not so fierce as those of India, but I think the street wolves of Jerusalem are the worst I have seen.

TUESDAY, February 6.

Palestine is not a third so large as Kansas, yet it affords every variety of climate, from very cold to very hot, and from very dry to very wet. It is said there are places in Egypt where rain has not fallen in five hundred years, and Palestine has spots that are almost as bad. Pilgrims come here from every part of the Christian world; thirty thousand come annually from Russia alone. A Russian village will appoint a delegate to visit Jerusalem to pray for the sins of the people. I saw many of the Russian peasants in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre this morning, kissing the sacred stones, and praying before the various shrines. Although a self-appointed delegate, I asked for forgiveness for the sins of all my neighbors, while in the presence of the relics. . . . The various church organizations represented here entertain these pilgrims, when they are very poor, in hospices, free; when able, the pilgrims pay what they choose. These hospices are located all over

Palestine, and travelers frequently stop at them, sleeping in cells, and being waited on by monks.

The Greek Church, the church which is the chief power in Russia, is also the controlling power in Jerusalem: that is, it is the principal custodian of the sacred relics of the Christian religion. It owns the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a vast structure which covers the site of the crucifixion, the site of Christ's tomb, etc. By agreement, the Roman Catholics have a chapel in this edifice, and the Coptics, the Armenians and the Syrians, other branches of the Christian church, are also granted privileges. On the great feast days, the Christians of the different faiths clash, and armed Turkish soldiers are stationed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to prevent bloodshed. On several occasions there have been serious riots, in which hundreds have been killed. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a noble structure, as it should be, symbolizing the religion of the greatest peoples of the world, but as I walked through it this morning I could not help thinking that it was very much like the temples in pagan countries. And the ceremonies were much the same. I saw dozens of people, as strange-looking as any I saw in India, reverently kneel, and kiss a certain sacred stone, over and over. The dirty pilgrims from Russia, peasants of the lowest class, were rushing about, bowing at the various sacred spots, and they were in a tremendous hurry to bow and pray before all the sacred spots in the shortest time possible.

One of the places I visited was a public market, and women from the country were sitting in front of the little shops selling country produce; one woman had nothing to sell except five eggs, for which she asked six cents. Here we had a good opportunity of seeing the farmers, their wives and their children, and they were dirtier and browner than any other people we have seen since leaving home. Many of the men wore sheepskin coats that had apparently been handed down from

their grandfathers. . . . Around and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were hundreds of beggars, who moaned and wept, but the farm people did not beg, nor is there much begging on the streets.

It is probable that Jerusalem has been besieged and taken fifty times during the long years of its history. On one occasion the people of Judea, four hundred thousand in number, became the captives of the Babylonians, and were taken to Babylon as slaves, where they remained sixty or seventy years. Jerusalem was besieged and captured by the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, Mohammedans, Crusaders, etc. Palestine lay between Babylon, Persia, and Egypt, and it became the battle-ground of these contending peoples; on the plains of Palestine more battles have been fought than in any other part of the world. Alien armies spread over the little country, and made it a vast graveyard. The valley of Jehosaphat is full of the graves of religious enthusiasts from other countries, who came here to die. Jews as well as Christians expect the resurrection trumpet to be sounded in the Valley of Jehosaphat on the Last Great Day. But the other parts of the country are covered with the bones of millions of unknown dead, killed in ancient wars.

This afternoon we made a carriage trip to Bethlehem, seven miles from Jerusalem, passing on the way the tomb of Rachel, the village of Saul, and the tree on which Judas hanged himself. I have never seen elsewhere as poor a country as that around Jerusalem. It is not only mountainous, dry, and barren, but it is covered with stones. The Arabs we met on the road were a good-looking, intelligent, and industrious people—but industry and intelligence, so potent in America, are of no avail in farming in Palestine. The Arabs are a much better-looking people, and a much more intelligent people, than the natives of India, but progress here is impossible: in Palestine, the common people have to be content with poverty and igno-

rance. We saw dozens of good-looking Arab girls, of fifteen or sixteen, working on the roads; carrying loads of stone on their heads in baskets. . . . Everywhere on the road we met monks, priests, and friars, and nearly every notable building was a church structure of some kind.

Bethlehem is not a peaceful little hamlet, in a valley, as I had pictured it, but a town of twenty thousand people, perched on a rocky hillside. It is noted because Christ was born there. The spot is marked by the Church of the Nativity.

The sacred relics at Bethlehem are to be seen in caves under the Church of the Nativity. You will remember that Christ's mother went to the inn at Bethlehem to spend the night, but the inn being crowded, she repaired to the stable, where Christ was born. The inn was in a cave, as was the stable, and to see the holy relics, travelers are compelled to take candles, and walk through long tunnels under ground. In a niche in one wall is the place where Christ was born, and it has been greatly elaborated and beautified by the Greek Church, which is the custodian of the spot. Twenty feet away, and a little lower down, is the place where the child Jesus lay in a manger. This spot is cared for by the Roman Catholic Church. Standing between the two sacred spots is a Turkish soldier, whose business is to prevent Greek Catholics and Roman Catholics engaging in riots over questions of doctrine.

At Bethlehem I asked forgiveness of the sins of my friends and neighbors, as I had done in the presence of the sacred relics in Jerusalem. I intend to do the same thing at Jericho, at the river Jordan, and at the Dead Sea. If the people of a Russian town can send a representative here, and he can cause the sins of his fellow-citizens to be wiped out, I don't see why I can't do the same thing for my fellow-citizens.

WEDNESDAY, February 7.

This morning, I went to a new shop to be shaved. The barber knew my name, the date of my arrival in the Holy City, my business, the name of my hotel, and he was aware of the fact that soon after my arrival I was sent to the opposition shop to be shaved; and he was very anxious to know who sent me to the other shop, but I could not remember. I thought this rather remarkable, in Jerusalem. I was once in a northern fishing resort, and when I went to the postoffice, the postmaster handed me my mail, without asking my name; I didn't think so much of that, but I was surprised to meet a barber in Jerusalem who was so familiar with my affairs.

I have spent the greater part of the day in walking about the Holy City, with the guide. Jerusalem is indescribably filthy. We walked through the Jewish quarter and the Jewish market, and this part of the town was almost as bad as the walled city at Shanghai. Many of the little shops were underground; the streets were not more than eight or ten feet wide, and densely crowded with the strangest people I have ever seen. Certain of the Jewish men make a specialty of wearing a curl on either side of the face. In the narrow streets of the Jewish market were many donkeys carrying beef carcasses, wretchedly butchered, and we had much difficulty in avoiding contact with them. I smoked while passing through old Shanghai because of the awful smell and filth; I did the same thing in the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem. And how the people breed here, Arabs as well as Jews! In this respect, they are as bad as the Japanese. We went into a Jewish school, and saw the children at their books; and all of them were studying their lessons audibly. . . . Then we visited the House of Caiaphas, where Peter thrice denied his master; an old place where excavations have been made, and many curious things found. From this place we went to the house wherein Christ ate the Last Supper, and the sun was so warm that I almost went to sleep as we walked, and I caught only snatches of the historical song the

guide was singing; the guide is quite an old man, and was almost asleep himself. The court of the house where the Last Supper was eaten was so filthy that we hesitated about entering, but we finally picked our way through, up an outside stairway of stone, and into the room which was the scene of the Last Supper. . . . The guide took us to see a particularly fine view from the old wall, but human filth lay about in such profusion that we balked again. At last we found a spot where we could stand, and had a fine view of the village of Siloam, the Pool of Siloam, etc. The village of Siloam is not more than three hundred yards from the eastern wall of Jerusalem; it is a part of the Holy City, and lies across a ravine. Beyond Siloam is the Jordan, twenty-one miles away, and occupying a canyon much like those found in Colorado and Wyoming. Beyond the Jordan are hills, and Arabia, a country infested with dangerous tribes of Bedouins. . . . During all our walks to-day we were in sight of historical places, most of them connected with the Bible. Pointing out these places to tourists is the industry here; there are no factories, no other industries of any kind. Millions of dollars are collected in America and Europe every year, and sent here to preserve and beautify these spots, famous in biblical history. Whenever we found a new building in course of erection, inquiry revealed that it was a church, a convent, or a hospice. In thinking of Jerusalem, remember that it is on top of hills; that its buildings and walls are of hewn stone, and that when you look from a high place you see narrow, crooked streets, many of which are covered passageways. All the roofs are of dull-red tile, and the only trees you see are occasional olive trees, scrawny and stunted. It is a desolate place, and no attempt is made to change its character: that would be fatal to the main idea, which is to preserve Jerusalem as it was nineteen hundred years ago.

Every barber here has a disciple: a young fellow who hands him things, and studies his methods. I actually found a good barber in Jerusalem, and I appreciate him more than I do the

Mosque of Omar. The Mosque of Omar covers the site of King Solomon's temple, and it is generally admitted that the magnificence of this temple has been greatly exaggerated. I think all Palestine history has been exaggerated. We read of armies here that the country could not possibly have supported, and in the old days means of transportation were very crude. But I do not intend to quarrel with history. Palestine interests me as no other country did, save India, which seemed to me more like Palestine than Palestine itself.

During a drive this afternoon we visited the Mount of Olives, a small hill within the limits of Jerusalem. Here is where the ascension of Christ is said to have taken place, and the exact spot is marked with a stone showing the footprint of our Lord. This is the way the guide described it; the guide talks just like a preacher. From the top of the Mount of Olives may be seen the mountain across the Jordan river where Moses disappeared; also, the high mountain where the devil tempted Christ. On the summit of the Mount of Olives the Greek Catholics have erected a church. The bell in the tower was brought to Jerusalem from Jaffa by Russian pilgrims, who pulled it along the dusty roads in a rude cart: the pilgrims were composed of fifty men and a hundred women. They were four days in performing the journey. Our guide conducted them, and supplied the provisions and tents. . . . On our way to the Mount of Olives we passed a procession of Russian pilgrims, men and women, returning from Jericho on foot, and accompanied by a dragoman and a Turkish soldier. . . . We also visited the Garden of Gethsemane, in a little ravine between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. This place is memorable because Christ was betrayed here by Judas. We were permitted to go inside the garden, and a priest gave me a branch from the olive tree which is the oldest in the place. The garden is covered with flowers, and surrounded with religious emblems. Here, also, the guide and Mr. Bigger had a fuss; Mr. Bigger contended that the garden was owned by the Greek Catholics,

but, much to my regret, the guide proved to be right; the place belongs to the Roman Catholics, and is cared for by them. . . . On approaching the place, we met five lepers crying for money. The guide gave them something, provided they would get out of the way, and not contaminate us with their presence. The lepers very gladly cleared out, and left us in peace.

During our drive we also visited the tombs of the kings of Judah: catacombs in the bowels of the earth, cut out of solid rock. A lot of chickens were loafing about the entrance to the tombs, and the guide found a newly laid egg, which he put in his pocket; afterwards he broke it, and there was a terrible mess. . . . We met to-day many old and tottering Jews who have left their children in far-away places, in order that they may die in Jerusalem, and be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

West of Jerusalem, and in plain sight, is the Hill of Mizpah. Every religious girl gives her lover a ring in which is inscribed the word "Mizpah." It means: "May the Lord watch between me and thee," or something like that. I once had such a ring, but the Lord didn't do it.

THURSDAY, February 8.

We left Jerusalem at 7 o'clock this morning for a visit to Jericho, the trip to last two days. We occupied two carriages, and, in addition to the guide, were accompanied by an armed Bedouin, riding a fine Arabian horse. This Bedouin belongs to the tribe controlling the country through which we pass, and was appointed by the sheik to see us safely to Jericho and back.

In following the winding wagon-road down the mountains, we met the Turkish governor of Palestine, coming up. He has

been spending several days at Jericho, and a troop of Turkish cavalry preceded him. We saluted the governor as we passed, and he very politely returned the salute. The governor is modest in his taste: he had only four of his wives with him. A dozen officials also accompanied him, and they all rode in carriages. The women in the party, fifteen or twenty in number, rode in separate carriages, several hundred yards in advance of the men. . . . A number of laborers, principally women, were at work improving the road; the dirt was taken out of a cut in baskets carried on their heads, precisely as is done in India. . . . The Arabs are the handsomest people I have seen, in spite of their dirt and rags. Many of the middle-aged women, and nearly all the girls, are good-looking and graceful; if women want to become graceful, let them carry loads on their heads. Many of the boys of fourteen and fifteen were as handsome as pictures, and the men had something unusual in their features and in their bearing. After seeing these people, I can understand why the Saracens whipped the Crusaders. . . . Jericho is twenty-one miles from Jerusalem, and after riding three hours we began seeing glimpses of the Jordan river. This river is about two hundred miles long, occupying a valley lying between the mountains of Judea and the hills of Arabia. Seventy miles above Jericho is the Sea of Galilee; a fresh-water lake thirteen miles long and six broad: it is really a widening of the Jordan. A few miles below Jericho is the Dead Sea, forty miles long and ten to twelve miles wide. The Dead Sea is twelve hundred feet lower than the surface of the Mediterranean, and, of course, has no outlet: the water of the Jordan pours into it, and is evaporated by the intense heat which prevails in the valley it occupies.

I had imagined the Jordan valley to be fertile, but it is not; the land is rough and stony, and covered with sage-brush. In driving from Jericho to the Dead Sea, from the Dead Sea to the Jordan, and from the Jordan back to Jericho, a total distance of fifteen or twenty miles, we did not see a culti-

vated field. . . . Jericho is a wretched little hamlet of a few hundred people, and a fairly good hotel. This is the city that Joshua, with an army of fifty thousand men, could not conquer; so he had his priests walk about the walls and blow rams' horns. At a great blast of the horns, the walls fell down, and Joshua's men rushed in and slaughtered the inhabitants: men, women and children. Only a half-dozen of the inhabitants escaped: a courtesan and her immediate family. There is nothing here now to indicate that a city ever existed on the site. Near the town may be seen Arabs, living in tents black with age and dirt. These Arabs are nomads, moving from place to place with their flocks of sheep, goats, horses, and cattle, in search of grass and water. They have very few sheep, very few cattle, and very few horses, but a good many goats. . . . On our way to the Dead Sea we were greatly annoyed by swarms of gnats, and the weather was warm and oppressive. Arrived at the Dead Sea, we found a tent occupied by an Arab, with soda water, postal cards, and curios to sell. We paddled in the water a while, and were then ready to leave. Four girls in our party went in wading, and screamed and tittered. . . . The Dead Sea hasn't much to do with the Bible, except that it is mentioned, and is the reputed site of Sodom and Gomorrah. People living in the Ottoman empire produce little more than is required to support them, owing to taxes. The inhabitants of this part of the country do not seem to care for anything except guns, horses and women. . . . On the side of the mountain near the Dead Sea is a Mohammedan mosque, said to mark the spot where Moses was buried. We Methodists contend that no one knows where Moses was buried. A few other buildings are seen in the distance: they mark spots mentioned in the Bible. One marks the site of the cave where Christ fasted forty days and nights; another marks the spot where the devil tempted Him from the top of a high mountain.

The course of the Jordan is marked by a fringe of willows and cottonwoods. It is a winding, dirty creek, and forded easily at the ordinary stage of water. We visited the stream at the place where John is said to have baptized Christ, and

found there a mud hut occupied by an Arab with soda water, postal cards and curios for sale. Several loafing Arabs were sitting about; our Arab guard was there when we arrived. He had taken a short cut from the Dead Sea, on horseback. I filled a bottle with water from the creek, and was ready to turn back. The water was as dirty as that from the Missouri river. The creek had lately been out of its banks, and I found difficulty in getting down to the water, owing to the muddy shore.

FRIDAY, February 9.

We left Jericho at 8 o'clock this morning for the return to Jerusalem, and had a long and dreary trip. The road is very steep, and rough in many places, and Mr. Bigger and I walked certainly a third of the way; for an hour at a time, we were far in advance of the carriage. As we walked along, Mr. Bigger told a story. When he first went to Hutchinson, many years ago, there was a lonely tree near town, and it was said that many years before an Indian had been killed there. Now the tale is told that a battle between two tribes of Indians was fought on the spot, and that there was great slaughter; strangers now visit the place, and the number of dead Indians increases with every year. I think the stories about Palestine have been exaggerated in the same way. People are encouraged to read legendary tales, and that is considered learning. . . . During our long walk up the mountains we met Arabs driving a herd of milk goats to Jerusalem. The baby-goats were carried on donkeys, in sacks, with their heads sticking out, and they cried like children. Some of the young Arab goat-herders on the mountain-side played rude flutes, and were very handsome, picturesque, and dirty. We stopped a while where some women were engaged in mending the road. They receive so much a perch for broken rock. Instead of breaking the rock, they collected small stones of the proper size from the mountain-side, and carried them to the road in baskets, poised on their heads. The man in charge of the work said the women earned about ten cents a day. . . . Near the village

of Bethany, through which we passed, we made a cut-off by a footpath, and came upon a lot of young girls who were collecting sage-brush for fuel. This brush they made into bundles and carried on their heads. The girls were immensely amused because of our presence, and an old woman who seemed to be a chaperon grumbled at them viciously. The girls sang for us in a kind of drawl, with long sustained notes, and little variation. They did not beg, so we gave each one a small coin. The girls were positively handsome, in spite of their rags and dirt. I doubt that they ever wash their faces, or comb their hair. These people never bathe: they do well if they can find enough water to drink. I am much pleased with the Arabs; they are nearly all good-looking, the men and women as well as the children. . . . The house of Mary and Martha, in Bethany, where Jesus lived a considerable time, is unmarked. A Mohammedan owns it, and charges a small admission fee. The hill in Jerusalem, where the crucifixion is said really to have occurred, is also unmarked. We stopped there, on our return, but were not admitted. It is now used as a Mohammedan burying-ground, and Christians are plainly given to understand that they must keep off the premises. The best authorities agree that the crucifixion did not occur on the site marked within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Many of the other spots now marked as sacred may be spurious; one authority says that the house of Caiaphas was not built until several hundred years after Christ. It would not be surprising if much of the history of Jerusalem were inaccurate. The city was entirely deserted for seventy years, at one time; at another time, many centuries later, it was almost deserted.

SATURDAY, February 10.

Late yesterday evening we visited the wailing-place of the Jews. A drizzling rain was falling, and Joseph, the guide, was in a bad humor, because he contended that the Jews did not wail until Saturday. But Mr. Bigger said the real wailing-

day was on Friday, and Joseph was compelled to guide us to the wailing-spot. . . . A narrow street leading down a hill; the street like a stairway, with the steps of the usual height, but ten or twelve feet broad, and still narrower streets leading off to the town, right or left, some up and some down. Dirty little shops on either side, and men, women, children, and donkeys jostling each other in the slush of the street, for there are no sidewalks. This is the sort of street we traveled in going to the wailing-place of the Jews, old Joseph, the guide, leading the way, the four Kansans carefully following, for the flagstone paving, worn smooth by countless feet, was rendered still more slippery by the rain. Ragged children were hurrying along in the crowd, carrying purchases of food from the queer shops. Twisting and turning with the narrow street, we finally arrived at the wailing-place of the Jews. . . . Old Joseph was right; a number of tourists were waiting about, but there were no Jews wailing; this was another triumph for the guide. The wailing-place is on the outside of the wall surrounding the site of Solomon's temple, and devout Jews go there at certain times to cry over the fall of Jerusalem. . . . This morning we had better luck, and on visiting the place found fifty or sixty Jews leaning against the great stone wall, black with age, and uttering their laments. The wailing-place is about sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide. It is a court, entirely surrounded by stone walls, except a narrow entrance. One side of the court is part of the stone wall which formerly surrounded Solomon's temple; this is possibly forty feet high, built of huge blocks of stone, black with age, and badly weather-worn. The other three walls surrounding the wailing-place are more modern, and about ten feet high. The Jews, in praying for the restoration of Jerusalem, lean against the stones which once formed a part of the wall around Solomon's temple, the site of which is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, to which no Jew is admitted. Many of the wailing Jews seemed to be reading from the Hebrew Bible, and as they read aloud they swayed to and fro. A few sat on benches just in front of the wall, devoutly reading their Bibles aloud, and swinging to and fro.

Others were leaning against the wall, and crying; they had no books, and their grief seemed to be very real: I saw tears in the eyes of some of them. Many of the Jews, old men, wore fur caps, and two of them wore purple robes. Among the wailers were a few young people, but they were mainly very old men and women. Twenty or thirty tourists were walking about, laughing and chatting, and the wailers often looked at the tourists in a way indicating that they appreciated a good audience. I was told that every Jew who wails receives pay for it, the money being furnished by a missionary society, or by rich Jews in America and Europe, who do no wailing themselves. . . . I leaned against the wall and wailed a while for forgiveness of the sins of my friends and neighbors at home. . . . Old Joseph, the guide, was very much elated because of his second triumph over Mr. Bigger, who had contended that the Jews wailed only on Friday, and he showed it plainly when we visited the Mosque of Omar, by displaying a forgiving spirit. When Mr. Bigger asked him a question, he would reply sweetly: "Yes, my d-e-a-r sir," and glow with self-satisfaction.

The Mosque of Omar occupies the site of Solomon's temple, according to tradition. It is striking, and the dome is beautiful from the inside, but close inspection shows that in many places the work is cheap. This mosque is held almost as sacred by Mohammedans as the Holy of Holies at Mecca, and we were accompanied while in the grounds by a guard furnished by the American consul, and by a Turkish soldier. Many Mohammedan pilgrims come to Jerusalem to pray at the Mosque of Omar instead of going to Mecca. These pilgrims are fanatical and lawless, in many cases, and Christians would not be safe in the place without a guard. The mosque covers the rock on which Abraham is said to have offered up his son Isaac as a sacrifice. You remember the story: Abraham prepared to offer up his son Isaac, but when the Lord saw that Abraham was in earnest, he provided another sacrifice. Mr. Bigger says it was a goat; old Joseph, the guide, says it was a sheep. The Mohammedans, Jews and Christians are pretty

well in accord about the history of religion until the coming of Christ, and the Mohammedans recognize a good many of our saints; indeed they recognize Christ, but contend that Mahomet was a later and greater prophet.

This morning we also visited the Pool of Bethesda. The pool is in a deep cavern in the earth, and in visiting it I got my feet wet: I stepped into the pool without intending to. At the entrance to the pool, the Bible story concerning it is printed in fifty-six different languages; people speaking that number of languages are interested in the Christian religion, according to the priest who showed us the place. How many languages are there in the world? Over three hundred are spoken in India alone.

SUNDAY, February 11.

One of the important events in the history of Jerusalem was its capture by Titus, the Roman general, some forty years after Christ's death. The Jews, who had long been under the rule of the Romans, rebelled, and Titus was sent to force them into submission. Josephus and Tacitus both tell the story. Titus besieged the city, and finally starved it out after nine months. It is claimed by the historians named that more than a million people lost their lives as a result of that siege: most of them women and children, who starved to death, or died of pestilence induced by famine. After conquering the city, Titus selected ninety-seven thousand of the strongest Jews, and took them to Rome with him, where they became galley-slaves. Before leaving Palestine, Titus utterly destroyed Jerusalem, believing the Jews to be a turbulent race who could not be controlled. This was the second destruction of the city and enslavement of the people, the first occurring at the time of the Babylonian captivity.

This morning, in walking about, I saw an old man whip his son, who was almost grown. In all the Oriental countries, parents are highly respected, and retain authority as long as

they live. The young fellow who received a flogging cried in a pitiful way, and Joseph, the guide, interfered: he was about as old as the angry father, and had influence with him.

"The whip," the angry father said, excitedly, "was sent from heaven."

Afterwards we met the young man who had been flogged. He was a donkey-driver, and we talked to him about the trouble with his father. He explained that he did not cry because of the pain, but because of the disgrace. He said he tried his best to please his father, but could not always do it. He did not call him the "old man," or say he was in his dotage and always unreasonable.

A woman sat on the street offering a basket of wood for sale. She says she lives three hours from the city; that is, she walked three hours in getting here, carrying the wood on her head. The price of the wood was ten cents. Asked how long she worked in collecting the wood, she said it came from her husband's vineyard: dead roots and vines.

Russia sends more pilgrims to Jerusalem than any other country. Frequently a thousand Russian pilgrims arrive at Jaffa in a single ship, and the railroad carries them to Jerusalem in three or four special trains, one after another. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem are almost identical with the pilgrimages to Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans. . . . There are two thousand Russian pilgrims in Jerusalem now, and during Easter the number will reach 8,000. At that time there will be 2,000 tourists here. These pilgrims are cared for in the Russian hospice. The Russian section of Jerusalem includes this immense hospice, fine gardens, monasteries, and a large and handsome church. There are several acres in the enclosure, and the street leading to it reminds one of a Russian village, as it is lined with Russian shops kept by Russians, and crowds of Russian peasants jostle each other in buying supplies, candles for the church services, curios, etc. We went through the Russian hospice this afternoon, and saw

the pilgrims packed in the rooms like sardines. Somewhere near the grounds, I have forgotten whether it was inside or just outside the gate, I met a hermit, the most curious man I have ever seen. He wore a single garment which was very ragged and dirty, and it was fastened about his waist with a strap. He was bareheaded and barefooted, and his long red hair hung down over his shoulders. He looked like a wild man, and as he walked along he used his staff to stir the rubbish in the gutters: he seemed to be looking for food. These hermits live in caves, and other lonely places, where they meditate. You will remember that it was Peter the Hermit who inspired the Crusades, which cost Europe five million men. But all this sacrifice of human life did not rescue the Holy Sepulchre.

I attended services in the Greek church in the Russian quarter. It was crowded with pilgrims; seven-tenths of them old men. No seats were provided, and the old people stood during the service, which lasted nearly three hours. They were constantly crossing themselves, and every little while they would kneel and touch the stone floor with their foreheads. Many of them kissed the cases containing the relics. . . . I have attended many Roman Catholic services, but never saw anything so elaborate and ceremonial as the service in the Russian Catholic church. There was a fine male choir on the right of what might be called the stage. There were a dozen singers; monks, or priests, and one of them was the best basso I have ever heard. All the officiating priests wore long hair, hanging loosely down their backs, and full whiskers. Their robes were of gorgeous colors, and one of the number frequently came down into the audience and read portions of the service. When the service was about half over, an archbishop appeared, and when he went down into the audience, all the other priests followed, and kissed him. Then the priests surrounding the archbishop sang, assisted by one tenor who came down from the choir, and they did pretty well. Afterwards the archbishop, who wore a sort of crown, walked

through the audience, swinging a smoking censer. Once during the archbishop's part in the service, the chimes in the tower were rung. It was the most impressive religious service I have ever attended; but what interested me most was the audience. As a visitor, I was given a chair on a raised platform to one side, down in front, and the Russian pilgrims were packed in front of me. Half of the men looked like the pictures I have seen of Count Tolstoi, the Russian reformer and philosopher. Without exception, the men were old, and all wore whiskers. Nearly all were bald. They were peasants, and their hands were knotted with age and toil. They reminded me of the Methodists I knew as a boy; they all seemed to be good, sturdy men; men who had worked hard all their lives, and accomplished little. I thought of the days when I rode about the frontier with my father, who was a Methodist circuit-rider; many of these Russian peasants reminded me of the old, hard-working, earnest men I saw at his meetings. And one of the old men was strikingly like my father when I saw him last; when he was old and unsuccessful, but still firm in the faith. . . . There was a commotion in the audience, and a hysterical woman, one of the Russian pilgrims, was carried out. This, too, reminded me of the old days. I leave Jerusalem to-morrow, and shall never see it again, but as long as I live I shall remember that service in the Russian church.

MONDAY, February 12.

We left Jerusalem at 8 o'clock this morning, for Jaffa. We said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Bigger here, as they will spend another ten days in Palestine. . . . At the railway station we found a body of discharged Turkish soldiers leaving for home. A number of their companions, and a regimental band, accompanied them, to make the departure as impressive as possible. When Turks say good-bye they kiss each other twice, and dozens of men kissing each other was the novel sight we witnessed on leaving Jerusalem. Arrived at Jaffa, we found the sea so rough that embarkation was

impossible, so we took rooms at the Jerusalem Hotel, and made the best of a bad bargain. The rooms at the hotel are not numbered: they are named after characters in the Bible. I am occupying the Benjamin room. . . . The peddlers of postal cards, curios, etc., bothered me so much that I could not remain on the front porch, and finally went to my room, to be rid of them. The room was as cold as a barn, as no arrangements for heating houses are made in this country. Plum trees are in bloom, but we find the weather uncomfortably cool. As I could keep warm in no other way, I went to bed, and listened to the falling rain, the howling wind, and the surf beating on the shore. . . . The prospect is not very encouraging. The boat which arrived this morning, and on which we were to embark for Alexandria, did not attempt to land passengers, and went on its way, taking the Palestine passengers with it. If we are unable to go aboard the boat arriving to-morrow, we shall be detained here until Saturday. And another storm may be raging on Saturday. As a howling gale is blowing this afternoon, the prospect for to-morrow is not good.

I managed to secure a coal-oil stove this evening, when a number of my traveling companions joined me in the Benjamin room, and we played cards. One of the players was the Rev. Wm. T. Brush, an Episcopal minister of Jersey City. The others were Mrs. Martin and her two daughters, of Reno, Nevada. One of the daughters is a little girl, and between deals she went out into the hall, and to the veranda, to report that the surf was becoming rougher.

TUESDAY, February 13.

The first thing I did this morning was to go on the roof of the hotel and look at the sea. During the night three steamships had arrived, and were at anchor in front of the town, but the surf was running so high that there seemed no prospect of going on board during the day. After break-

fast, the Alexandria passengers walked down to the shore and saw two small boats turned over in the surf: some venturesome boatmen had attempted to reach one of the ships, and had been beaten back. . . . All day long, rumors reached the hotel. One was that the sea was becoming calmer; another was that it was becoming rougher. There were twenty tourists at the hotel, anxious to reach Alexandria and avoid the delay of a week, and they made life a burden for the man from Cook's. But he could only say that he hoped the sea would become calmer late in the afternoon. The French ship we hoped to reach was lying at anchor, waiting, and there seemed to be a reasonable prospect of success. At noon a number of tourists arrived from Jerusalem, and added their lamentations to ours. Beggars swarmed in front of the hotel, and aided the postal card and curio sellers in bothering us. . . . At 2 P. M. a messenger came up from the beach and told us to get ready; that an attempt would be made to go on board the French ship. There was great scampering to pack baggage and bring it downstairs. But when we were in carriages, ready to drive to the landing, another messenger came up hurriedly, saying the Turkish officials had decided not to permit the boats to go out in the dangerous surf. Then we carried our luggage back to our rooms, and took a walk. In half an hour, another messenger came running after us: an attempt was to be made to reach the ship. This time we left the hotel in carriages, and went to the landing, where we waited for more than an hour. Two boats had gone out to the ship, and presently we saw one of them returning. The waves ran so high that the little row-boat entirely disappeared at times, and when it passed through the great breakers near the shore the scene was a frightful one. The boat finally reached the landing with a number of drenched and seasick passengers, and some of us had half a mind not to risk it. But presently another boat came in from the ship safe, and then boats loaded with oranges began going out. They bobbed and leaped about in a frightful way, but they got along pretty well after passing through the great rollers near shore, so

that we all decided to try it. The boat in which we embarked was a big row-boat, with sixteen rowers; all skilled men, and very strong. There is a fringe of ragged rock at Jaffa, forming a sort of harbor for row-boats. The big row-boat rolled and pitched badly at the dock, but finally, about five o'clock, the twenty passengers were aboard, with their baggage, and the boatmen started for the ship. It was really a serious experience for a man from the prairie, although I suppose there was no real danger, or the boatmen would not have gone out. The little harbor is not a hundred yards square; and there are ragged rocks just showing themselves above the surface, but it enabled us to get fairly into the surf; otherwise a boat could not have possibly got away from the shore. I stood up, facing the sea, and watched the performance. There were three or four big rollers near the shore that were really as high as a two-story house. We shot up on the crest of these, and then plunged down into the trough of the sea. The girl from Kansas became deathly sick soon after we started, and I held her over the side. An English woman sat at my feet, and was very sick. It was an intensely disagreeable experience. I saved myself by pushing on one of the oars, and crying out to the passengers huddled in behind me: "Look out! Here comes a big one!" And they were big ones: I never want another experience like it. The boatmen sang a sort of song as they worked, and they worked very hard. Occasionally one of them became exhausted, and lay down in the bottom of the boat to rest. Their song, a man told me, was a sort of prayer to protect them. . . . After getting away from the shore the plunging was a little less terrible, but it was very bad all the way to the ship. And when we arrived there, we rolled in the sea ten minutes before we could get to the stairway hanging over the ship's side. Finally part of the boatmen took positions on the stairway, and, as the little boat came heaving up to them, their companions threw them a passenger, and the passenger was pushed and hauled up the ship's side. After considerable delay, all the passengers were on deck; and then the baggage was passed

up in the same way. All the women were sick, and, being led into the dining room of the ship, lay down wherever they could; and there is nothing much worse to look at than a seasick woman. . . . I managed to keep on my feet, and see that all my baggage came up the ship's side. Then I went to the purser's office, and was assigned rooms. The ship was pitching and rolling badly at its anchor-chains, and when I found the Atchison girl, lying flat on a bench, I almost carried her to her room. There the stewardess assisted her to bed, and I heard no more of her until next morning. . . . Among the passengers were Don Carlos, and Sir John Forrest, who made a good record as premier, or governor-general, of Australia. Both are very large men, but the big boatmen threw them about like children. The wife of Don Carlos became hysterical and refused to attempt to go up the side of the ship, whereupon the boatman grabbed her, and carried her bodily. I was watching the performance from the deck of the ship, and after the woman, the last passenger, had been started up the ship's side, two of the boatmen engaged in a violent fight. A representative of the crew of the row-boat passed the hat, and I never contributed more cheerfully to any fund. . . . After the excitement was all over I found it wise to tumble into bed, with my clothes on, and did not eat any dinner. After dark I went up on deck, and remained several hours, watching the process of loading oranges from little boats in the open sea. Jaffa is noted for its oranges, and ever since I have been in Palestine I have eaten great numbers of them. Wherever we went, we carried a big basket of the fruit; you can buy a half-bushel for sixty-cents. . . . At ten o'clock at night the ship got away, two hours late.

WEDNESDAY, February 14.

When I awoke this morning the sea had quieted down, and we were in sight of Port Said, where we remained until 7 o'clock at night, discharging and taking on cargo. The ship "Congo," on which we are passengers, is of the Mes-

sageries Maritimes (French) line, and a big vessel. At dinner to-day, two kinds of wine and cognac with the coffee were served free. This is the rule on all French ships. We also had fried gold-fish for dinner. You may doubt the statement, but it is true. There isn't a man on board who can speak English: but they all know where we are going: to Alexandria, at which place we shall to-morrow take the big English ship, "Republic," of the White Star line, for Naples. . . . To-day we went ashore for a few hours, and strolled about. Port Said was as dull to-day as a Western plains town when the cowboys are out on the round-up, and so many sellers of postal cards and curios followed us that we retreated to the ship, where Sir John Forrest told me a story. It isn't a very funny story, but it may be of interest because a man with a title told it. He was explaining that every Englishman named Smith adds something to his name to avoid being confused with the army of other Smiths; as Fitzsmith, or Hugosmith, or Hartsmith. Then he told me of a man who once made a bet that he could ask a hundred men the same question, and receive exactly the same answer. The bet was taken, and he asked a hundred men this question: "Where is Smith?" And everyone replied: "Which Smith?"

THURSDAY, February 15.

While our ship lay in the harbor at Port Said yesterday evening a violent storm of wind and rain came up, but we went to sea at 9 o'clock, in spite of it, and tossed about until morning, when we reached Alexandria. . . . About the first thing we saw on entering the harbor at Alexandria was the big ship "Republic," on which we embarked at once for Naples. We found our trunks in our rooms, thanks to the faithfulness of Thos. Cook & Son.

It is said that there are only two things to see in Alexandria: the catacombs, and Pompey's Pillar. Several years ago an Alexandrian was digging a cellar, and ran into a cave. Investi-

gation revealed an immense subterranean burying-place, as old as Christianity. Visitors now go down into these caves, which have been cleaned out, and fitted with electric lights. Pompey's Pillar is an immense solitary column, standing on a hill. It is nearly a hundred feet high, and one piece of stone in it must be sixty feet long. It is surmounted with a Corinthian capital. . . . Alexandria is a clean, modern city, with three hundred thousand people, at one of the mouths of the Nile. . . . Nearly every English-speaking child has recited at school the piece beginning "The boy stood on the burning deck." The incident on which the poem is founded happened within sight of Alexandria, in the time of Napoleon. The French and the English were engaged in a naval battle, and the commander of one of the ships went below, and ordered his son to remain at a certain post until his return. The commander was soon killed by a shell, but the boy did not know it, and remained at his post on the burning ship, "whence all but him had fled," until he was burned up. The poem was written to teach children the importance of obeying orders; I mention it here for the same reason.

It is a thousand miles from Alexandria to Naples. We left Alexandria at 3:30 P. M. on Thursday, and shall arrive at Naples at 10 A. M. on Sunday next. On the way we shall pass the islands of the Ægean sea, so dear to the hearts of students of the classics. Also, the island of Crete, where Theseus killed the Minotaur. Also, Sicily, where is Mt. Ætna, the picture of which you see on insurance calendars. Also, the shores of Greece, where Ulysses and his ship were turned into stone. We shall also pass through the Straits of Messina, where are Scylla and Charybdis; when a scholar wants to say that a man is between the devil and the deep sea, he says he is between Scylla and Charybdis: one a dangerous rock in the sea on the shores of Italy, and the other a still more dangerous whirlpool on the shores of Sicily. The old story was that if a mariner missed Scylla he was certain to be swallowed by Charybdis, but I do not imagine that the big "Republic" will pay much attention to them.

In the dining-room of the "Republic" we sit with Mrs. Martin and her two daughters, of Reno, Nevada, with whom we traveled to and from Palestine. The only other person at the table is a young lady from New York, who also accompanied us through Palestine. Two Catholic priests from Massachusetts, who made the trip with us through Palestine, are also passengers on the "Republic." They were fellow-passengers on the terrible trip through the surf at Jaffa and we often get together and express thankfulness that we are alive to tell the story.

FRIDAY, February 16.

At sea, on the Mediterranean, in the big ship "Republic." It is the same old story, except that the ship is a little better and larger than any of the others. The weather is somewhat boisterous, but the ship is so large that we do not mind it. If you must go to sea, go on a big vessel.

One of our traveling acquaintances is Margaret Martin, twelve years old, of Reno, Nevada. I heard her complaining the other day that she had been able to find only seventy different postal cards in Egypt. These cards she sends to her friends at home. After my return home I expect to receive a picture card from Algiers, where the girl is going, with this written on the bottom: "With love, Margaret." This young lady asked her mother for permission to sit beside me at table; she is rather friendly because of an incident at Jaffa. After the voyage through the surf, she was very seasick on reaching the deck of the ship, but her legs were so short she couldn't reach the rail. So I lifted her up and held her; her own mother having deserted her—Mrs. Martin was very busy about ten feet away. Margaret hasn't forgotten this kindness, and is disposed to be my friend.

SATURDAY, February 17.

Among the passengers on board is a man named Chisholm, who was in my home town on the 30th of December last. He told me some American news this afternoon. Another passenger is a bishop from New York, accompanied by a rich wife he recently married. Have you observed that the men are lately becoming thrifty in affairs of the heart: that they are picking up the rich widows? The old maid, with her wealth of affection, cannot compete with a widow's hard cash.

SUNDAY, February 18.

Last night, as I sat in the smoking-room of the steamship "Republic," enjoying a talk with the passenger who had been in my home town on the 30th of last December, a man came in and said excitedly:

"It's going again!"

I went on deck and saw a volcano spouting; a volcano toward the north. We were passing through the Straits of Messina, with Sicily a few hundred yards away on one side, and Italy a few hundred yards away on the other side. It was my first view of a volcano in action. I asked the man what volcano it was, and he said it was Stromboli. It looked like a big torch burning on a mountain-peak.

This morning, when I awoke and looked out of my window, the "Republic" was in the Bay of Naples, and steaming slowly toward the harbor. By the time I had dressed, and gone on deck, the ship was at anchor. A hundred yards away were four white American warships, and as I looked at them admiringly, a bugle sounded, and an American flag went up on every ship. You don't fully appreciate the American flag when you see it at home—at Fourth of July celebrations and on Decoration day; at least, I never appreciated the Old Flag at home as I did this morning, in Italy. Besides, Italy is near home; it is only ten days from Naples to my home.

Naples looks not unlike Hong Kong, when viewed from the deck of a ship at anchor in the harbor. Mountains surround it, and one of these is famous: Vesuvius, the base of which forms a part of the harbor. The volcano was smoking fiercely when I first saw it. Away in the distance may be seen other great mountain-peaks, covered with snow, but the weather is warm and pleasant. It is the first sunshine we have had in two weeks. Breakfast on board at 8:30; at 9:30 the passengers filed down the long stairway at the ship's side, went on board a tug, and were soon landed. As the tug pulled away from the ship's side, it passed close to the "Baltimore," the largest of the American warships. A young marine was walking on deck, with a musket over his shoulder. The passengers cheered him, and the American grinned at them in an appreciative, awkward way. He was on duty, and probably did not dare return the salute. Several rowboats containing singers hovered about us; after singing a while, the women held up their aprons, and asked us to throw coins into them.

Arrived at the custom-house landing, I hired a guide, and he rushed us through the custom-house, and to the Vesuvius Hotel, which fronts on the bay. Mrs. Martin and her two daughters are still with us. It is a saying among travelers that Naples has as many churches as Cairo has mosques. Naples has 367 churches; two more than Rome. Naples is also the largest and most important city in Italy, with a population of seven hundred thousand. I shall always remember Naples pleasantly, because it is the first town inhabited by white people that I have seen since leaving San Francisco, November 4: from Honolulu to Alexandria, the people are dark-skinned. Therefore I felt keen delight to-day in again being surrounded by people of my own color.

In driving about, we saw flowers growing in the open air, and oranges and lemons on the trees. The markets were full

of fresh vegetables, although severe snow-storms are reported in France. In the evening, we saw numerous herds of milk goats in the residence portions. These goats are driven in from the country, morning and evening. Goats soon learn where they are milked, and climb six or seven stairways to the flats where they are wanted. Here they are milked, and the goats hurry home without a herder, the attraction being their evening feed.

The cheapest thing in Naples is music. To-night our party of five occupied a box at the finest opera house in Europe, and the charge was \$5. The opera was "La Tosca," but we were all tired and sleepy, and left after the first act, although there were seventy-four men in the orchestra. On our way back to the hotel, we had a fine view of Vesuvius. Lava, red hot, was pouring down the side of the mountain in crooked streams, and made me think of a zigzag lightning-flash permanently hanging in the sky on a very dark night.

MONDAY, February 19.

We devoted this morning to seeing Pompeii, destroyed something like eighteen hundred years ago by an eruption of Vesuvius. We arose at 6 o'clock, and made an early start, going by trolley road through vineyards and gardens. . . . After an hour's ride we alighted at a station, and a few feet away we entered the gates of Pompeii, now maintained as a government museum. . . . Pompeii was covered to a depth of thirty feet by ashes from Vesuvius, and it remained buried for sixteen centuries. Two hundred years ago, the Italian government began making excavations, and now has a great part of the town uncovered, while work is still in progress. The eruption came on gradually; Vesuvius kept acting worse every hour for three or four days, and most of the people got away; the number killed did not exceed five hundred. Pompeii was destroyed by being buried in ashes, but Herculaneum, near by was destroyed by being covered up with red-hot lava. It

has been a comparatively easy matter to excavate at Pompeii, but excavations will be very difficult at Herculaneum, which many people believe was a more wonderful city than Pompeii; that it was occupied by a better class of people, and that finer art works will be found there. But almost nothing has been done at Herculaneum, the site of which is now covered by an Italian town nearly as dirty as Jerusalem: and Jerusalem is the dirtiest city in the world. . . . Some of the art works that have been found at Pompeii and Herculaneum are among the finest in the world; notably "Resting Mercury," copies of which are seen everywhere. Although Pompeii was built 300 B.C., it resembled a modern city in many ways. It had theaters, baths, hotels, shops, market-places, squares for public amusements, etc. Fountains were numerous, and the lead plumbing was as good as that of to-day. The streets were narrow, but all of them were paved with blocks of stone, and the ruts made by the carts may still be seen. Restaurants, bakeries and wine-shops are about as numerous as in a modern town, and the hotels are very elaborate: they had gardens and courts that very few of the modern Italian hotels surpass. There was a forum, where the orators and philosophers addressed the people, and an arena, where the gladiators fought. It was all on a much larger scale than I expected to find it. Of course the roofs are gone, but up to the top of the first story of the houses, Pompeii is complete. Pompeii at the time of its destruction had from twelve to thirty thousand inhabitants; it seems to have been a summer resort for people living at Rome. . . . In a museum at Pompeii may be seen many curious things. A negro was evidently looting the nearly deserted town, and had his belt full of money. When the last eruption came, the negro was smothered, and his body is in the museum, with many others. These bodies have been perfectly preserved, and their positions indicate that the victims died in great agony. Bread was found in many ovens, and thousands of other articles are preserved in this museum, and in the larger one in Naples. A sign over a pawnshop, liberally translated, is to this effect: "I say good morning, but I

am here for business. Please transact your business as quickly as possible, and get out."

A fact that impresses me is that Pompeii was built before the Christian era, yet in its ruins were found many works of art that have not been equaled to this day. In the museum at Naples are preserved eleven thousand articles deemed of particular interest. If my home town, of about the population of ancient Pompeii, should be covered up by a volcano to-day and excavated in twenty centuries, how many works of art would be found and preserved as the best of their kind?

TUESDAY, February 20.

There is an electric railway to the top of Vesuvius. Some of the villages in the vicinity have been destroyed thirteen times, and every year, usually in August, the volcano becomes threatening. When you see the great volume of lava that has poured out of the crater, you can't help thinking that the entire mountain is hollow and will some day cave in. . . . We went up the first and second sections of the railway without accident, but when we started up the third section, a violent eruption sent a flow of lava down the mountain in a new direction, and covered up the track just ahead of us to a depth of twenty or thirty feet. We walked up to the place where the break occurred, but, as the wires were knocked down, there was no hope of going to the top by walking around the break and taking another car. However, the sight was a very wonderful one from the point where the break occurred. The bay and city of Naples lay far below, and all around was molten lava, slowly creeping downward. The smoke was as dense as in a forest fire, and from above came the report of frequent explosions. Occasionally a great mass of lava would give way from above, and go rolling and crashing toward the valley. We put coins on sticks, coated them with boiling lava, cooled them, and carried them away as souvenirs. Little Margaret Martin was frightened, and held my hand; as though that would do any good. I confess to

feeling relief when we left the place and started to walk down the mountain, away from the crater. Usually Vesuvius is quiet, contenting itself with sending out a volume of smoke from the top, but lately a crack has opened in the side of the mountain, and from this has poured out the stream of lava that "washed out" the railroad.

In the afternoon we left for Rome by railroad train. I kept count from the car window this afternoon, and out of one hundred persons at work in the fields, seventy-two were women. In one field were eight women spading, and no men. . . . In many of the towns we passed through, we saw macaroni drying on racks in front of the houses; in some places, there was so much macaroni in front of the houses that the air was full of the smell of it.

We arrived in Rome at 9 o'clock at night, and drawn up in front of the station, in two parallel rows, were forty hotel omnibuses. In front of each omnibus was a hotel runner: all very polite—no loud talking or scrambling. Rome boasts of its churches as an American town boasts of its "natural advantages." The guide at Naples told me that his town had 367 churches: two more than Rome. The guide at Rome says his town has five hundred churches, and that Naples has fewer, than three hundred. Rome has five hundred thousand people, and it is clean, modern and beautiful, but it has no manufactories, and little commerce; it is an important town almost entirely because of its religious and historical associations, and because it is the seat of the Italian government.

WEDNESDAY, February 21.

Jerusalem is ragged and dirty and unusual, and in many ways disgusting, but Rome is modern and clean. Its ruins are not emphasized as in Jerusalem; and Rome has forty or fifty excellent hotels. It has a modern system of electric railway, and you can be as comfortable there as in Chicago

or New York. . . . I made an early start this morning, determined to see as much as possible in one day, as I am hurrying toward home; to-morrow I leave for Paris, and a few days later start to London, where I expect a large quantity of mail. . . . The hack horses of Rome know the sights as well as the drivers or guides; I noticed to-day that the horses attached to the carriage in which we drove, stopped of their own accord at the different points of interest. The driver was half asleep, and well wrapped up, as the day was cold, and when we had sufficiently admired a wonder, and climbed into the carriage again, the horses would start on a trot and stop at the next one, of their own accord; they have gone over the same ground so many times before that they know it as well as the driver.

We saw the first wonder of Rome at 8:30 this morning: the largest fountain in the world, situated in a crowded public square. Enough water poured from the mouths of the lions in the fountain group to run a dozen different manufacturing establishments. But I have been sight-seeing so long that I was not really impressed until I saw St. Peter's Church, the largest in the world. Connected with this church is the Vatican Palace, where lives the Pope of Rome. From a balcony in front of St. Peter's Church is announced the name of the Pope, when a new one is elected, and thousands of people collect in the great court to hear the announcement. I have been seeing churches, and temples, and mosques, for several months, but they all sink into insignificance when compared with St. Peter's. . . . The most beautiful church in the world—St. Peter's is the largest—is also at Rome, and is a Roman Catholic church: St. Paul's, so fine and valuable that it is now controlled by the State.

The art works of Rome are divided among twenty-four different art galleries, museums and churches. Michael Angelo's masterpiece is in St. John's Church, known as the

mother of cathedrals, and in a tomb in the basement of St. John's is also shown a celebrated piece of statuary executed by a boy of fifteen. Certain noblemen also admit visitors to their art galleries on certain days of the week, but the weather was so cold to-day that I did not visit all of them. Late in the afternoon, the guide wanted to take me to see "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," said to be the most famous painting in the world. But I was cold, and on comparing the joy of seeing it with the joy of sitting by a fire in my room at the hotel, the fire won. Besides, there are twelve other paintings, said to be the finest in the world, and I have seen, I believe, the other eleven. . . . "The Crucifixion" was painted by Guido Reni. One of the stories told by art enthusiasts, is that he crucified his mother, in order to get the expression of agony on Peter's face. He also painted "The Aurora," which I saw to-day on the ceiling of the Rospiglioso Palace, and "Beatrice Cenci" was by the same man. I have a few notions on art, but I am in too much of a hurry to reach that bundle of mail waiting for me at London, to attempt airing them now.

About the only ancient building in Rome still in use is the Pantheon, a temple erected by the Romans to all the gods. It will be remembered that the Romans became very liberal in their religious opinions, and finally didn't have any very serious ones. The Pantheon is now used as a Roman Catholic church. Its dome is open to the air at the top; to let the gods fly in and out at will, was the original intention. When I visited the place, rain was pattering down on the floor. I was never so cold in my life before as I was while viewing the wonders of Rome.

I have heard so much of Raphael that I am glad to know that art enthusiasts now declare that at least two men painted better than he did; but I was so cold when I heard the statement that I cannot recall the names of the men.

You find the "musical atmosphere" everywhere in Italy. At our hotel, three male singers appeared in a little gallery above the dining-room, and gave a concert during dinner. They looked like grand opera singers, and were really quite clever. They were accompanied by two men playing violin and guitar. When we went out of the dining-room, one of the singers was at the door, taking up a collection to pay for the music. . . . The violinist with this party was almost a genius: he played alone during dinner, and his playing was almost wonderful. But he is getting old; he will never get over the line, and become a wonder, although he is very near greatness: just a little would make him a great artist. . . . I once knew a man who invented a machine. "Just one little thing more," he said to me, "and I shall have a machine that will make me rich and famous. Just one little thing more. Why can't I find it?" So with the old violinist; just one little thing is needed to send him over the line to greatness and riches, but he can't achieve that one little thing; and he is becoming gray-haired and tired. He has worked hard, and can't make it. So many others are in the same class.

THURSDAY, February 22.

We left Rome at 8 o'clock this morning for Paris, a ride of thirty hours. Three hours after starting, the sleeper broke down, and we completed the journey in an ordinary day coach. . . . I have frequently complimented railroad brakemen, because of their fidelity in looking after passengers, but hereafter I shall except Italian brakemen. Of course they could not help the sleeping-car breaking down; but they paid the passengers no attention, and we were compelled to look out for ourselves during the entire journey.

FRIDAY, February 23.

We arrived in Paris at 1:40 P. M., and made a bee line for the sleeping-car office. The official we met was so polite and

apologetic, and so promptly agreed to return the money, that our indignation soon became good-nature, and we went to a perfect hotel, had a perfect dinner, and I am now ready to forget all about the sleeping-car incident. . . . There are no other hotels equal to the French; no other city equal to Paris. People go to Cairo and Rome and Jerusalem to look through museums and study, but they go to Paris to be comfortable. Across the street from my hotel was the Grand Opera House, wherein was being presented Meyerbeer's "The Prophet," by a wonderful company, but my room was so comfortable that I preferred to remain in it. I am tired of running around—of sights. While in Pompeii, the guide took me to one side and mysteriously whispered that there was a sight for men only which I might see by slipping away from the women a moment. I refused to look at the "men only" sight; I didn't care for it. It is worth while to travel a long time and be uncomfortable, in order to be a guest at a Paris hotel. The steamship companies try hard to equal the Paris hotels, but can't do it; neither can hotel managers in other countries. Cleverness oozes out at the fingertips of the French; and their hotels are better than their wonderful books and plays.

SATURDAY, February 24.

I have lately been hearing so much about the cleverness of the ancients that I have become almost jealous of them. Therefore, I was glad to visit the Luxembourg galleries, and find pictures by living artists that suited me better than any examples of ancient art I have seen. Every picture in the Luxembourg was painted by an artist now living, or who has not been dead more than two years, and I say with all sincerity that, in my judgment, modern art is superior to that in the Louvre galleries, all of which is old, some of it very old: no living artist has a picture in the Louvre. . . . You have no doubt heard of the French Academy, where a committee of artists annually decide on the best pictures by vote. These best pictures are displayed in the Luxembourg, while the artists

are living; when the artists die, their pictures are transferred to the Louvre. . . . The best pictures and the best sculpture I have ever seen are in the Luxembourg. The statement is often made that the best paintings and the best statues are the oldest. In my opinion, this is not true. Perhaps it is only fair to say that many of my most deliberate opinions are not generally accepted or respected. I am willing to admire ancient art, but refuse to find in it merit which does not exist merely that I may satisfy people who have gone crazy on the subject. . . . The art of the Luxembourg galleries is much cleaner than that in the galleries where the products of ancient art are exhibited. I am not very particular, but I have been disgusted, in walking through galleries, by the unnecessary indecency of ancient sculpture and painting. In the Louvre, I can point out an "art gem" by Rubens that is as unnecessarily indecent as is a filthy word written with a stick in the snow. I saw nothing of the kind in the modern galleries, where the art is also more human: it exploits good men and women more, and angels less. I can point out hundreds of religious pictures in the Louvre that are ludicrous: people laugh at them in spite of the sacredness of the subjects treated. A funeral may be made ridiculous, and so may sacred art. The girl who accompanied me had studied art at that famous school in Washington, D. C., and had been particularly admonished to see the Rubens gallery in the Louvre. These pictures are ridiculous in design, whatever may be said of the execution. One of them represents Marie de Medici at the birth of her first child. Another represents Marie de Medici in her drawing-room, holding a reception; and of course Marie is painted naked—Rubens couldn't paint a woman with her clothes on. Imagine a woman holding an afternoon reception in a state of perfect nudity! That isn't good form for decent people: why should it be in art? . . . Art critics will say that in looking at this picture and in pictures like it, you must "read between the lines"; but every person who reads between the lines, reads whatever he chooses to put there.

SUNDAY, February 25.

We left Paris at noon, for London, on the fastest train in Europe. The distance from Paris to London is about 320 miles, and we made it in seven hours, including the delay in crossing the English Channel by boat.

MONDAY, February 26.

In front of a good fire, in our hotel in London, we read our letters and exchanged bits of news. Blessings on the writers of those letters. For hours we read, and when a caller was announced, we realized we had enjoyed the mail so much that we had forgotten to become hungry at the dinner hour.

TUESDAY, February 27.

London is the town New York is jealous of. . . . The great museums and galleries here are not only free, but they are heated. This is also true in France; but in Italy, you pay for admission to everything, and there is no heat. The National Gallery in London is said by many to be equal to the Louvre. The pictures here amused me, as they did in the Louvre; I was not entranced, as visitors are expected to be.

WEDNESDAY, February 28.

I packed my trunk for the last time this morning, and prepared to leave for home. . . . At 11 A. M. the porter in front of the hotel called for a four-wheeler, and, placing my trunks on top, we entered the carriage and drove to Euston Station, where we took a special train for Liverpool. There were three dining-cars on the train, and all the passengers were booked for the "Baltic," which sails from Liverpool at 4:30 P. M. . . . The train was a very fine one, as English trains go, and ran to Liverpool, 200 miles, without a single stop, making the distance in four hours. The coaches were marked for "American special traffic only." . . . Arrived at Liverpool, the train slowed up a little, but kept going until

it stopped at a dock within a hundred feet of the "Baltic." And then there was a scramble to get on board, as the ship was to sail at 4:30. . . . Half an hour after our arrival, the big whistle of the ship began to blow at intervals; the lines were cast off, and three tugs began pulling the "Baltic" into the stream. Before five o'clock, we were under way for home.

THURSDAY, March 1.

At daylight this morning we were in sight of Queenstown, Ireland, and the ship lay in the harbor until noon, taking on mail and passengers. Irish women came on board to sell "real Irish lace," and how eagerly the women passengers looked through the lace! Women are always ready to look at lace, and buy, if it suits them. The Irish lace-sellers were very witty, and greatly amused the passengers; you won't know what real wit is until you have been in Ireland. . . . A little after noon, the ship got away, and started on its long journey of three thousand miles to New York.

FRIDAY, March 2.

At sea on the Atlantic. It is the same old thing, except that the ship is larger, the waves higher, and the weather colder. The Atlantic is the bully of oceans; it is always looking for trouble. This is our tenth week at sea, and last night we had fog for the first time; the fog-horn, the ship's big whistle, blew every minute for hours at a time, and sleep was impossible. The fog-horn was blown at intervals to-day, and we have had showers of rain. The sea is rough, but the ship is so large that the 160 first-cabin passengers stand it pretty well. Men seem to be better sailors than women: most of the passengers missing from the dining-room are women. . . . Although it is generally supposed that ships cross the Atlantic in six or seven days, we shall really be on the "Baltic" ten days: from Wednesday at 4 P. M., until the second Friday at about noon.

SATURDAY, March 3.

The weather is quite cold, but not so cold as I had expected on the Atlantic in March. My room is heated with an electric heater, as are the bath-rooms. The big assembly-rooms of the ship are all cold, as the wind blows fiercely, and penetrates every crack and crevice. As a result, I have caught cold, and am somewhat miserable. It is impossible to be comfortable on deck, the wind is so strong, and the trip promises to be a disagreeable one, although the officers say conditions will be better when we reach the middle of the ocean.

SUNDAY, March 4.

At noon to-day we were about twelve hundred miles west of Queenstown; a little more than a third of the distance between Queenstown and New York. The sun appears at intervals, but the wind is blowing a gale, and the sea is very rough. Both the Kansas travelers are on their feet, although the immense ship is pitching wildly. Passengers on smaller ships are having an uncomfortable time, and many on the "Baltic" are laid up.

The weather this afternoon has been the wildest I have ever seen at sea. The wind is blowing a tremendous gale, and the waves are running high. Some of the passengers are badly scared, and one man carries a life-preserver about with him. The Kansas tourists have not had a touch of seasickness during the present voyage, either because the ship is a very large one, or because they are becoming accustomed to ocean travel.

Religious services were held to-day, in the dining-room. This is the seventh Sunday I have spent at sea. The day I land in New York will be my seventieth day afloat.

MONDAY, March 5.

The bad weather continues, but I am still able to be about. Owing to the head-wind and rough sea, the ship made only 348 miles from noon yesterday until noon to-day. Nobody on deck, as the flying spray is disagreeable; in addition, the weather is cold. There isn't a warm room on the ship, except the boiler-room. I write this in the big smoking-room, and am the only occupant: most of the passengers are in bed to keep warm. The screws come out of the water every few minutes, and shake the ship from stem to stern.

TUESDAY, March 6.

The storm has increased in violence; there is nothing to note except the roar of the winds and the creaking of the timbers in the ship. Both the Kansas tourists have escaped seasickness; the big "Baltic" is a great pleasure after the nine smaller vessels on which we have been passengers. . . . At two o'clock this morning my cold was so bad that I sent for the doctor. He said I had a very bad cold, but that I was not threatened with pneumonia; so he went back to bed, and I tossed about until morning. Everybody is miserable and cross; one man sat in the smoking-room to-day and contended that there were better people in the second cabin than in the first. He was a first-cabin man, but I do not think he is very well satisfied with life: he weighs about 130 pounds, and I heard him say a while ago that his wife weighs 260. That is enough to make any man ill-natured. A woman should not only weigh less than her husband, but she should be younger, shorter, more patient, politer, and more forgiving.

On the miserable "Tean," running between Hong Kong and Manila, the force in the engine-room consisted of an engineer, an oiler, and four firemen. On the "Baltic," there were fifteen engineers on duty during every watch, and two hundred firemen.

WEDNESDAY, March 7.

The ship suddenly ran into good weather this morning, and, the sun coming out, we are all more comfortable; the decks were full of people by ten o'clock. They began to gather in groups, and tell "stories."

An attempt was made to-day to get up a concert. Only one man volunteered to sing, so it was given up.

THURSDAY, March 8.

The good weather continues. "Now that we are approaching God's country," an American said on deck, "we are getting good weather."

At 1 P. M. we passed Nantucket lightship, and this notice was posted in the smoking-room: "Communication now established with Siasconset, Mass." I accordingly sent a wireless message home, announcing that we shall arrive in New York to-morrow morning.

FRIDAY, March 9.

When I awoke this morning, we were at anchor off Sandy Hook. At 7:30 a pilot came on board and we steamed slowly over the bar, and toward the city. Breakfast at 7, and all the passengers packing and exchanging cards. We anchored again off Staten Island, and waited for the quarantine officer, and for the custom-house officials. The quarantine officer, when he arrived, did not bother the first-cabin passengers, but six custom-house officers did. After this delay, the ship again started toward its dock in the North River. . . . I was so cold the return to America did not impress me as much as I had expected. . . . Presently we could see the White Star docks, and crowds of people waiting for friends. They were waving handkerchiefs, and dancing about. The ship missed its slip at the first attempt, and was compelled to back out and

try again, with the assistance of six tugs; these tugs, a passenger informed me, received \$25 each for docking the ship. They placed their noses against the iron sides of the ship, and pushed and puffed. All the time we were getting nearer to the White Star docks, where we were to land, and all around us were the great city, and ferries, and shipping of every kind. As the crazy people on shore recognized their friends among the crowds on deck, they became crazier. "There they are!" a man on deck would shout, and thereupon he would violently wave his handkerchief; if he had a woman with him she would begin to cry. "I don't expect anybody," I said to an acquaintance who had recognized friends ashore; "I don't blame people for not coming out on a cold day like this." Just then I heard a man exclaim: "There he is! Old Ed Howe! Hurrah!" Looking down into the cheering crowd, I picked out eight friends, and they were carrying on as wildly as any of them. So I did pretty well; and most of them had waited in the cold for three hours. I also received letters and messages. I was so proud of the friends who welcomed me that I introduced them to a good many of my friends of the "Baltic," after I reached the dock.

I arranged to leave New York at 5 P. M., and arrived at the station a half-hour ahead of time, I was so afraid the train would go off and leave me. And how good the negro porter looked to me as he handled my baggage! "Passengers are not allowed on board for twenty minutes," he said, "but I'll see if I can't arrange it." And he did arrange it, and I passed through the gate and sat down in a luxurious car, all ticketed and fixed, and read my letters and papers from home. . . . When five o'clock arrived, the magnificent train pulled quietly out of the station; no ringing of hand-bells or blowing of cow's horns. And at six o'clock dinner was ready in the dining-car; no waiting until 8 P. M. "At what time do you serve breakfast?" I asked the waiter. "At seven o'clock, sir," he replied. Conditions are rapidly improving; they will be perfect by 9 o'clock Sunday morning, when I reach home.

They say Americans brag a good deal. If this is true, I rarely catch them at it; but if they do forget their manners occasionally, and say they live in the greatest country on earth, they at least do not tell that which is not true. I have lately ridden on the best trains in Europe, but they were toys compared with the Pennsylvania train on which I am now a passenger. And the comparison holds good in other things: in railroads, hotels, people, buildings, progress, decency, politeness, comfort, Uncle Sam has his competitors beaten, although I do hope he will have a new picture taken. I have never admired either his clothes or his looks.

And the luxury of cars properly heated! England will never be comfortable in winter until the people keep fewer fox hounds and polo ponies, and spend more in properly heating their houses.

SATURDAY, March 10.

This morning, at Canton, Ohio, I set my watch back for the last time. I now have the same time as the big clock in my office at home.

I have enjoyed this day immensely, looking out of the window and thinking that at nine o'clock to-morrow morning I shall eat breakfast at home.

At 3:30 P. M. the suburbs of Chicago began to appear. Chicago is like America: it has reason to brag, but really, for the sake of politeness, it should restrain itself. For that matter, every man who lives in this blessed country has reason to go to his front door every morning and cheer because he is an American. If you don't know it, I do; I have just spent a good deal of time and money in discovering the fact.

At 4 P. M. we reached Chicago, but attractive as the city is, it did not interest me; I was more interested in reaching home. . . . The Burlington train did not start west until 6 P. M., so I walked about to take in the good old United States names on the signs.

My train for home was a handsome one, with an observation car on the rear, and the track double: nearly a thousand miles from the sea-coast, and here was a palatial train going west. And at the end of its run, other palatial trains will be found waiting, bound for San Francisco. Ours is a big country, and a great country; out in the western mountains and deserts there are railroad trains finer than run between Paris and London, or between London and Liverpool, where the traffic is enormous.

SUNDAY, March 11.

I awoke this morning about daylight, east of Cameron, Mo., and found a pretty stiff snow-storm raging; the first I had seen during the winter, except that I encountered a little snow on entering France from Italy. I called the porter, and he said the train was on time. . . . After a short delay at St. Joe, the train pulled out for home—twenty miles away. I was the only passenger on the sleeper: the girl left me at New York, to revisit that famous school at Washington. The Pullman porter looked at my valise with its strange tags—Bombay, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, etc.—and said: "For goodness sake, boss, where have you been?" "No matter where I've been," I replied; "I'm more interested in where I'll be in a few minutes." . . . Soon after, the train stopped at Armour Junction, and I followed the porter out of the car to the platform. The engineer of the Atchison train waved his hand at me, and said: "Hello, there!" The brakeman and the conductor, and the fireman waved at me, and on the platform I found a reception committee: people I'd been longing to see. It was snowy and blustery, but they had come over to meet me, just as I had hoped they would. . . . How we chattered and rejoiced! We had such a good time that we were in the union

station in Atchison before we knew it, and I was aroused by the crash of a band. More of my friends, and they had brought a band with them. . . . I never enjoyed anything as I enjoyed getting home. When I go to heaven, I shall think to myself: "This isn't so much; I had a better time when I returned to Atchison, after an absence of five months." . . . And then I hurried up home. Some more of my friends had sent flowers, and after I had admired them, I thought, "The best thing about it all, is that big wide bed of mine." . . . For months and months I have been sleeping in narrow steamship beds, and in hotel beds "made up" after a fashion I do not admire. And when I actually got into my bed, it seemed something special had been done to it, it was so comfortable. But it was the same old bed. . . . And so I completed my journey around the world, going by way of San Francisco, and returning by way of New York, always traveling westward.

THE END

